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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

APRIL, 1857.

- ART. I.—1. *Adventures in the far West.* By S. N. CARVALHO, &c. New York: Dudley and Jackson. 1856.
2. *Utah and the Mormons.* By BENJAMIN G. FERRIS, late Secretary of Utah Territory. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1854.
3. *Key to the Science of Theology.* By PARLEY B. PRATT, one of the Twelve Apostles of the Mormon Hierarchy. Mormon Publications' Dépôt. 1853.
4. *The Voice of Joseph.* By LORENZO SNOW, one of the Twelve Apostles of the Mormon Hierarchy.
5. *Marriage and Morals in Utah.* By PARLEY P. PRATT, &c. &c.
6. *The Mormons: or, The Dream and the Reality.* Edited by a CLERGYMAN. London: Masters. 1857.

THE principles which, when overstrained, result in religious fanaticism, are too deeply seated in our nature for society ever to be entirely weeded of them. Nor amidst all the vaunts of human progress is there any greater probability that in religious matters—

Which knaves do work with, called—a fool,

will ever fail the master's hand, than that pocket-money will cease to be picked, and paper-money to be forged. Our own century and age has been fertile in examples of the religious sentiment thus abused; but none in this or any age comes near the monstrous proportions in which the gross frenzy of Mormonism shocks the usual average of spiritual extravagance. The more we look into the facts of its history, the more we marvel at the ascendancy gained over so large a portion of the cold-blooded, sage, and selfish Anglo-Saxon race by an individual who had no qualifications whatever for his eminence, save an unctuous cunning, and a profound belief in the unlimited capacity of mankind

for imposture. A spotless character has before now recommended principles which nothing else could have made endurable, and given influence to teaching which without it would have earned contempt. Again, on the other hand, the mere energy with which a single forgotten great truth has been proclaimed has sometimes thrown the halo of that truth's splendour round a character of dross. But it was reserved for this intelligent and self-complacent age to furnish an instance, on a colossal scale, of an imposture, made revolting by its organized immorality, palmed off with success by the most barefaced liberline that ever made religion the pander of his guilt. Mormonism, odious alike in the blasphemy of its creed, the profligacy of its practice, and the infamy of its founder, has found a moral influence on its own level, and by that means fastened its slur upon mankind in an age which thought it had skinned the wisdom and rejected the folly of every earlier one. How vast is the problem which such a state of things bequeaths to our posterity! how weighty the rebuke which it administers to ourselves! Perhaps we can most safely build inferences upon facts in the slippery region of moral causes and effects by looking steadily at the character of its author; for such as we find him to have been we may surely gather the elements to be out of which his social structure has been reared. The general facts of the history of Joseph Smith are by this time probably well known; yet there are some points of detail which incidentally offer illustrations of his character, and on which it may be worth while to touch. He appears to have advanced from small beginnings of pretentious fraud, and was at first a 'money-digger,' i. e. an impostor of that order which profess a power of revealing hidden treasures. In this early calling he gradually felt his way towards a more vast and audacious speculation in the credulity of his neighbours. With a verbose jargon of hypocritical cant at his command, he played upon the ears of the simple, and always turned their easy faith to a source of emolument. 'His physiognomy,' says Mr. Ferris, late secretary of Utah territory, 'betokened sensuality and cunning;' and if his portrait prefixed to the volume entitled 'Utah and the Mormons' be not libellously drawn, we entirely agree in this estimate of his features. Gazing on the portrait, we can face there presented, we can imagine one of his followers disenchanted from his influence, exclaiming with Caliban—

'What a thrice-double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!'

In the vagabond life of delusive mystery which he thus led, he seems to have made convincing experiments of his peculiar

powers, and to have derived from his treasure-seeking pursuits the cue which he presently followed on a wider scale. He may possibly have heard of, or perhaps even seen, some one of those curious metallic records which are said to exist among the scanty antiquities of America, and appears to have carried about what he called a 'seer-stone,' by which the discovery of treasures was alleged to be effected. This may have given him the hint of a pretended discovery of a book composed of golden plates, containing an alleged record of the migration of certain Mesopotamians and Jews from Asia to North America. The whole, as he stated, was disclosed to him by an angel, and the 'book' was forbidden by the same supernatural authority to be generally shown. Yet eight persons, who, however, were all members of his own or of one other family, recorded and circulated their testimony, that they 'had seen and hefted' the plates of gold of which the book was composed. It is a striking fact that divers of these witnesses are stated, by the testimony of one of their own communion, to have been persons of disreputable character, and connected with a gang of 'counterfeiters, thieves, bars, and black-legs, of the deepest dye.' Robbery and intimidation were distinctly charged by one of themselves against two of the others. This is only mentioned here as showing how utterly destitute the cause is of any shadow of respectable testimony, even where testimony is vouchsafed to be adduced.

One, however, of the prophet's more pertinacious followers, Martin Harris by name, 'who had been a Quaker, Methodist, Baptist, and finally Presbyterian, was so much captivated by the scheme, that he advanced some money, and requested to see the plates. All that he could obtain was what purported to be a transcript of some of the characters on paper; and this he submitted to Professor Anthon, of New York,—the same, we presume, whose name is known in the London book-market as an editor of classics. The reply of the Professor to a friend who wrote to inquire what he knew about the alleged record is given by Mr. Ferris, and is so interesting that we extract it entire:

NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1834.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter of the 9th, and lose no time in making a reply. The whole story about my pronouncing the Mormon inscription, to be "referred Egyptian hieroglyphics" is perfectly false. Some years ago, a plain, apparently simple-hearted farmer called on me with a note from Dr. Mitchell, of our city, now dead, requesting me to decipher, if possible, the paper which the farmer would hand me. Upon examining the paper in question, I soon came to the conclusion that it was all a trick—perhaps a hoax. When I asked the person who brought it how he obtained the writing, he gave me the following account:—A "gold book," consisting of a number of plates fastened together by wires of the same material, had been dug up in the northern part of the State of New

York, and along with it an enormous pair of "spectacles." These spectacles were so large, that, if any person attempted to look through them, his two eyes would look through one glass only; the spectacles in question being altogether too large for the human face. "Whoever," he said, "examined the plates through the glasses, was enabled, not only to read them, but fully to understand their meaning." All this knowledge, however, was confined to a young man, who had the trunk containing the books and spectacles in his sole possession. This young man was placed behind a curtain, in a garret in a farmer's house, and being thus concealed from view, he put on the spectacles occasionally, or, rather, looked through one of the glasses, deciphered the characters in the book, and having committed some of them to paper, handed copies from behind the curtain to those who stood outside. Not a word was said about their being deciphered by "the gift of God." Everything in this way was effected by the large pair of "spectacle." The farmer added, that he had been requested to contribute a sum of money toward the publication of the "Golden Book," the contents of which would, as he was told, produce an entire change in the world, and save it from ruin. So urgent had been these solicitations, that he intended selling his farm, and giving the amount to those who wished to publish the plates. As a last precautionary step, he had resolved to come to New York, and obtain the opinion of the learned about the meaning of the paper which he had brought with him, and which had been given him as part of the contents of the book, although no translation had at that time been made by the young man with the spectacles. On hearing this odd story, I changed my opinion about the paper; and instead of viewing it any longer as a hoax, I began to regard it as part of a scheme to cheat the farmer of his money, and I communicated my suspicions to him, warning him to beware of rogues. He requested an opinion from me, in writing, which, of course, I declined to give; and he then took his leave, taking his paper with him.

This paper in question was, in fact, a singular scroll. It consisted of all kinds of singular characters, disposed in columns, and had evidently been prepared by some person who had before him at the time a book containing various alphabets, Greek and Hebrew letters, crosses, and flourishes; Roman letters, inverted or placed sideways, were arranged and placed in perpendicular columns; and the whole ended in a rude delineation of a circle, divided into various compartments, arched with various strange marks, and evidently copied after the Mexican calendar, given by Humboldt, but copied in such a way as not to betray the source whence it was derived. I am thus particular as to the contents of the paper, inasmuch as I have frequently conversed with my friends on the subject since the Mormon excitement began, and well remember that the paper contained anything else but "Egyptian hieroglyphics."

Some time after the farmer paid me a second visit. He brought with him the "Gold Book" in print, and offered it to me for sale. I declined purchasing. He then asked permission to leave the book with me for examination. I declined receiving it, although his manner was strangely urgent. I adverted once more to the rogues' plot, in my opinion, had been practised upon him, and asked him what had become of the gold plates. He informed me that they were in a trunk with the spectacles. I advised him to go to a magistrate and have the trunk examined. He said "the curse of God" would come upon him if he did. On my pressing him, however, to go to a magistrate, he told me he would open the trunk if I would take "the curse of God" upon myself. I replied I would do so with the greatest willingness, and would incur every risk of that nature provided I could only extricate him from the grasp of the rogues. He then left me. I have given you

a full statement of all that I know respecting the origin of Mormonism, and must, beg you, as a personal favour, to publish this letter immediately, should you find my name mentioned again by these wretched fanatics.

Yours respectfully,

CHARLES ANTHON.

We have a peep behind the screen afforded us by this epistle; and there we see Joseph Smith, with his tongue doubtless thrust a long way into his cheek, quietly enshrined in the mystery with which ignorance and credulity had invested him, and there concocting the sham hieroglyphics which were to be the frontispiece of his imposture, and affecting the airs of inspiration as he read off Spaulding's MS. to the dupe beyond the curtain. Mr. Ferris, in support of the authenticity of this version of the matter, says:— "The occurrence of the same leading events and names in "The Manuscript Found," and the "Book of Mormon," which fact is proved by a perfect cloud of witnesses living in and about New Salem, Ohio, establishes to the satisfaction of the Anti-Mormon the identity of the two works beyond all possible question."

We hardly know whether our readers will be surprised to find that the character of one of the select witnesses, on whose deposition rests the only fragment of *quasi* evidence that the 'Golden Book' was ever *in rerum natura*, was not only infamous, but that it was notorious even among the victims of imposture whom his shameless perjury had helped to dupe. This deponent—one Oliver Cowdry—was actually found guilty, and incurred the spiritual censure of the Mormon hierarchy, for defaming the prophet himself. He, together with his brother Martin, are said to have been repeatedly driven from the ranks of the faithful; and again received within them; whether as being too able impostors to be spared, or too deep in the guilty secrets to be permanently alienated, we leave our readers to judge.

By the year 1830 the experiment of imposture emboldened the successful knave to traffic more shamelessly in supernatural claims, at the same time that he launched on a complicated scale into secular business. The town of Kirtland, Ohio, was now the scene of his prophesying; and here the whole affair seems to have

¹ Solomon Spaulding was a minister of some religious sect in the States, who, in the first quarter of the present century, becoming insolvent in business, sought to retrieve himself by publishing a religious romance, which he entitled 'The Manuscript Found.' The publishers seemed very shy of the speculation, and the MS. went about from hand to hand till it came across a certain Sydney Rigdon, an associate and accomplice of Joseph Smith. These worthies saw, perhaps, that it would certainly sell it out forth as a romance, so they sent it abroad as a revelation, under the title of the 'Book of Mormon,' a name of one of the fictitious personages in it. Its literary merits are described as being utterly contemptible; but, under the guidance of the genius of impudence, Smith, it passed easily from the ridiculous—thus inverting the adage—to the sublime.

taken a commercial turn. Joseph Smith set up here a mill, a store, and a bank, and was delivered of an astute oracle, bidding the saints support him, 'build him a house, provide for him food and raiment, and whatsoever thing he needed.' This appears to have been a well-timed precaution, for the mill in a few years was closed, and the bank stopped payment. Men's eyes were open to unsound finance; but though 'business' failed, 'prophecy' succeeded. Those who did not refuse the 'Golden Bible' would not look at the seer's notes. Men freely staked their souls, but buttoned up their pockets. And now as the impostor advanced in audacity, every emergency was provided for by a new revelation. These fresh emanations of the spirit of lies appear to have been collected into the book of 'Doctrines and Covenants.' The neighbourhood of Kirtland, however, was not it seems sufficiently prolific in simpletons to favour the advance of imposture; accordingly, the supernatural machinery was set in working order for a new start westward, and dreams, visions, and revelations followed in rapid succession. A spot in Missouri was fixed on for 'Zion,' and set aside as an 'everlasting inheritance'; and 'all the moneys that can be spared, it mattereth not whether it be much or little,' are now directed to 'be sent up unto the land of 'Zion.'

Possibly the following oracle may not improbably have made a commercial country too hot to hold its promulgators:—'It is not said at any time that the Lord should not take when he pleases, and pay as seemeth to him good; wherefore, as ye are agents, and are on the Lord's errand, and whatever ye do according to the will of the Lord is the Lord's business, and he has sent you to provide for his saints in these last days, that they may obtain an inheritance in the land of Zion.'

Our readers will see that the language is not grammatical, but the intent is clear—one of blunder, under the plea of religious duty. The Church is to advance in wealth by spoiling the Philistines; no wonder, then, that all who did not wish to supply the wants, and submit to the rapacity of these marauding blasphemers, were anxious to rid the country of them. Their 'Zion,' therefore, became highly locomotive, was pushed forward into Missouri, and thence to Illinois; but at every remove their character appears to have preceded them, and though the numbers of their own body increased, beyond its limits no one trusted them. We may just notice that the same Oliver Cowdrey, who was previously mentioned as infamous and excommunicate, appears high in spiritual favour again, 'whitewashed' by special revelation, and sent forth to 'drive the stakes' of the newly-located tabernacle. Whilst the main body of his followers was thus migratory, the prophet was still at Kirtland, in Ohio, striving in vain to ward off

by spiritual pretensions a secular and commercial smash. During their sojourn in Missouri, rumours of disaffection and factious rivalry seem to have reached Joseph's ears amidst the mill-wheels and money-bags. His understrappers, Brother Phelps (described as 'a broken-down literary hack from New York') and Rigdon, seem to have set up as visionaries on their own account. They are duly rebuked by their chief as follows: 'If you have fat beef 'and potatoes, eat them in singleness of heart, and boast not 'yourselves in these things.' A more dangerous juncture arose about the same time, in connexion with the slave-holding Missourians, owing to an attempt made in the columns of a Mormon journal to excite the coloured population of the State. This seems to have brought on the crisis in Missouri, and was probably the work of 'Brother Phelps,' unable to unlearn the abuse of slavery in which he had been used to indulge freely in New England. The 'Morning and Evening Star' office was shut up, and two principal saints were tarred and feathered,—a form of expression which, as our readers are aware, public opinion in those countries sometimes takes.

One of the most curious facts, if fact it be, in the career of Joseph Smith is the attempt, or at least design all but attempted, to defy public law by armed ruffianism. That the project may have lodged in his brain, half-crazed by the vanity of successful chicanery, is not unlikely, and probably the overt recklessness of the depredations of some of his followers may have given fair pretext for the military organization on the part of the governor-general of the State, which there appear to be no grounds for doubting. But all else that we know of Joseph Smith forbids the notion of his ever seriously betaking himself to the carnal weapon. His bullies, called in Mr. Ferris' book *Danites*, or *Brothers of Gideon*, appear to have arisen from that superabundance of physical energy in the raw population of a border country which, for want of lawful adventure, is always eruptive with irregular violence. Amongst a following collected as his was, many such loose, half-tamed spirits must have been found; and to organize them under some sort of discipline, and turn their strength to account, in the way either of protection or depredation, was no very far-fetched resource. That they were very efficient on those 'errands of the Lord' which outraged human right under the pretence of divine sanction is highly credible; and their known existence probably helped to justify the statement officially, as it seems, made by the general in command of the United States troops to the governor, that 'there is no crime from treason down to petty larceny, but 'these people, or a majority of them, have been guilty of—'all, too, under the counsel of Joseph Smith, the prophet.

' They have committed treason, murder, arson, burglary, robbery, larceny, and perjury. They have societies formed under the most binding covenants, and the most horrid oaths, to circumvent the laws and put them at defiance, and to plunder, and burn, and murder, and divide the spoils for the use of the church.'

The allegations of the above despatch are greatly confirmed by depositions made on oath about the same time by different persons, all of them familiar with the inner workings of Mormonism, and some of them of high official connexion with that body. One of these is the notorious W. W. Phelps already mentioned, who, besides confirming the account of the amiable fraternity of *Gideon*, asserts that on one occasion 'there was a short speech made by Joseph Smith, jun., about carrying on the war, in which he said it was necessary to take spoils to live on; and that Wight asked Smith, jun., twice, if it had come to the point now to resist the laws. Smith replied, the time had come *when he should resist all law*.'

To a similar purport speaks Thomas B. Marsh, at that time in secession, but whose statements are attested by Orson Hyde, then similarly a seceder, but now one of 'the twelve apostles.' He gives evidence that 'the plan of the said Smith, the prophet, is to take this State; and he professes to his people to intend taking the United States, and ultimately the whole world. The prophet inculcated the notion, and it is believed by every true Mormon that Smith's prophecies are *superior to the laws of the land* . . . that, like Mohammed, whose motto, in treating for peace, was the Alcoran or the sword, so should it be eventually with us, "*Joseph Smith or the sword*.'" No doubt big language in every direction was an inexhaustible resource; and we are disposed to believe, on less formal assurances, that Joseph Smith promised, threatened, and boasted on every possible subject, without the irksome restraint of the consciousness of probably being ever called on to fulfil his words. Bombast, never far from the lips of a demagogue, and which infects the public air of America, had to him become the breath of life. The prevalence of this staple produce of the country is painfully conspicuous in Mr. Ferris' own book. We have to reduce everything as we read to lower terms, and take off a large percentage of bubble superlatives. Even so, we can believe Smith himself plied the minds of his dupes with every form of braggadocio, indulging in a greater recklessness of assertion as mendacity and imposture wrought out the moral ruin of his intellect. There is, perhaps, room at this moment for a compact treatise, illustrated by famous ancient and modern examples, on the mental disease engendered by mendacity, showing its graduated effects

on the mind, from the man who lends a circumstance to a good story, to him who becomes a perennial fountain running down with lies. Persons who dwell habitually in the cold open air of truth are at a loss to estimate the change which passes on the moral organization from its being ever surcharged with the fumes of falsehood. But there seems good reason for supposing that it is possible for a man to lie, till, as a general rule, his assertions gradually become transparent to all but himself. The wonderful part of Joseph Smith's career is, not that he could be the living lie he was, (for he had probably long lost all consciousness that he was an impostor,) but that his influence was felt at the distance of an ocean and half a continent. No doubt, when a man is brought in direct contact with others, the complete belief in his own pretensions becomes a mainspring of his ascendancy over them. But thousands traversed a fourth of the globe's circumference to become members of a communion sitting at Joseph Smith's feet. He might say one thing to-day, and its total opposite next week. But he uttered each assertion with the same unctious assurance that it was a great truth. A man in such a position may contradict himself nearly with impunity, so long as he never hesitates in doing so. It is idle to inquire whether he meant what he said about the 'sword,' since, for all purposes of truth and falsehood, such a mind becomes incapable of the serious use of words.

The circumstances here stated in evidence, however, go a long way to account for the vehement intolerance with which one State after another swept the Mormons from its area. It was surely no religious feeling, but a mere social instinct, which swelled at last in the bosom of the mob, when, in 1844, they outraged public faith in the murderous assault on the impostor in the Carthage house of detention. The full burst of success which had followed Joseph Smith's matured machinery of deception in the latter years of his life seems to have carried him forward, rolling on a tide of licentious indulgence. Passions unmasked their foulness in his private character under no timid plea of human weakness, but with a defiant boldness of blasphemy which appals us as we read. As his debaucheries became more gross, his 'revelations' became more frequent, and the hypocrisy of his soul more outspoken and shameless. We are told that about this time 'he was in the habit of having revelations accusing himself of falling away, and threatening punishment, which were succeeded by other revelations that he had repented and was forgiven.' But we forbear stirring the full depths of pollution which such a character presents.

The tract entitled 'The Voice of Joseph' is a lachrymose appeal to the tender sympathies of the British and American

public, ever most tender on the score of religious persecution. As might be expected, no attempt is made to meet the charges of outrage and violence publicly made against the Mormon community, with the official authority for which Mr. Ferris' book supplies us. The wolf throughout keeps the wool outside, and bleats with a suspicious parade of suffering and wrong. Their woes are treated as the unprovoked aggression inflicted by the world and the devil on blameless and harmless children of God. They complain, with self-complacent meekness, 'that a class of 'people, *moral, virtuous, and innocent*, should become an object 'of envy, hatred, malice, spoliation, and murder, by their surrounding neighbours. . . . Every *religious reformation* has been 'attended with more or less persecution and martyrdom, from 'righteous Abel down to the last murder committed upon the 'Latter-day Saints.'

We will proceed to deal with a few facts which both our authorities agree are genuine, and thus give the statements of 'The Voice of Joseph' a direct point of contact with those of the secretary for Utah. 'The most prominent of these is the murder of Smith in prison. Let us see how the Mormon publication touches the question of how he got there, and what the design of his incarceration was.

'Believing that the continuance and prosperity of the Saints were dependent on the existence of their prophet, Joseph Smith, they (the "enemies") set about concocting schemes for his destruction. By resorting to false accusations and perjury, they procured a state warrant for his apprehension, and also that of his brother Hyrum. Aware that their diabolical schemes *would be frustrated if the prisoner had a legal trial*, they succeeded in lodging them in Carthage gaol. . . . On the 27th June, 1844, while Joseph and Hyrum were in this situation, *awaiting their trial on the following day*, their enemies determined to execute their designs.'

The other version of the circumstances is, that one Forster publicly charged the prophet, in the columns of one of the local journals, with an intrigue with his wife. The full-blown impostor seems by this time to have thought that he could assume arbitrary airs, so he stopped the newspaper and seized the presses. On this act of violence a warrant was procured for his arrest, and he was imprisoned in order to be tried. Our readers will notice in the previous extract the inconsistency of the motive attributed with the fact stated. The very same statement which suggests the design of their imprisonment as being to *prevent* their trial, lets out, after another sentence, the fact that that trial was fixed for the morrow. The world, indeed, can hardly too much regret the blundering vindictiveness of the Carthage mob, in applying Lynch-law to intercept the course of justice, and thus, by a massacre easily wrested to a martyrdom, throwing a false glare round a name which the investigation of the next day might

have devoted to perpetual infamy. No doubt, in this case, as regards the consequences to mankind, the blunder of such a murder was worse than the crime.

We have stated thus concisely the primary cause and sudden sequel of Smith's imprisonment; but one episode of this series of events claims to be told by itself. Mr. Ferris says that—

'When the warrant for the prophet's apprehension reached Nauvoo, he refused to acknowledge the validity of this Gentile document, and the officer who had it in charge was unceremoniously expelled from the city. The militia of the county was thereupon ordered out to support the officer in the execution of his process, and the Mormons in Nauvoo and its vicinity prepared to defend the prophet. The excitement rapidly spread, the militia of the adjacent counties was ordered out, the governor repaired to the scene of the disturbance, and, as in Missouri, there was every prospect of a civil war.'

After some negotiation the Mormon force was disarmed without violence, and the prisoners surrendered under a pledge of personal safety. The charge, however, had now grown from that of an assault on the printing-presses to one of treason; and we know not at which to be most astonished—the carelessness of public authority thus pledged for their safety, in leaving the prison amidst the known excitement of the neighbourhood with no sufficient guard, or at the committal of prisoners to custody on what is probably a capital charge without depriving their persons of deadly weapons. The loose and careless habits which these facts betoken are aggravated by the statement that there was 'no lock on the door' of the prisoners' chamber, that that door 'was a common panel,' and that it had 'no ketch that was usable.' Circumstances further show that the window had no bars.

The story of the American judge sitting in his shirt sleeves and cigar is perhaps familiar to some of our readers, and certainly will sound less apocryphal after the slovenliness of custody manifested here. The prisoners, on the first rush of the mob up the stairs to this door, set their backs against it till dislodged by a bullet through the panel. Another soon killed Hyrum; and now follows the most extraordinary part of the whole affair. Joseph Smith drew a revolver, and partly opening the door, fired off several shots down the stairs, without showing more than his hand at the barely open doorway, and consequently without aim. This aperture was presently bristling with gun-barrels, also firing without aim into space; whilst Richards, a fellow-captive of the Smiths, diverted with a walking stick their muzzles from the terrified group. Taylor, the remaining one, then endeavoured to leap the window, but received a wound which rendered him helpless, and Joseph Smith made a similar attempt, but fell from it pierced, both in front and behind, almost simultaneously, by balls from the mob

below, and their comrades on the stairs. All this while, which, however, need not have exceeded two minutes, Richards, if we are to believe his own statement, was fencing with loaded muskets round the edge of a door, from the repeated discharges of which it barely screened him. On seeing the fall of Joseph, who received the *coup-de-grace* from a hundred bayonets below, he also, as he says, rushed to the window, and there gave a perilous expression of heroic attachment to his departed chief. The death of Joseph was at once the signal for the cessation of the attack, and Richards carried his wounded comrade into the 'dungeon or inner prison.' The whole scene throws a strange light on national character and usages. The free and easy method of custody under our republican cousins, the cowardice of the mob, and the absence of all superfluous blood-thirstiness from their certainly resolute purpose to take the life of Joseph Smith, together with the singular spectacle of a 'prophet,' who had expressed himself as bent on martyrdom, going to prison with a loaded pistol,¹ and snapping it from behind the door at his assailants, all come in for their turn of admiration as we read. It would, indeed, be difficult to believe that the so-called 'prison' was not some temporary accommodation improvised for the occasion, but for the mention of the 'dungeon,' which seems to show that though the prisoners' chamber was guiltless of bolt, bar, or 'ketch,' the building had a strictly professional character. It should be remarked that there is no charge of complicity on the part of the governor made even in the 'Voice of Joseph;' and we may be sure that had he been chargeable with anything beyond gross negligence, that veracious publication would have informed us. Perhaps such negligence is too common an official fact in those parts to invite special censure. At any rate, its existence in the States may be a useful hint to the Administrative Reform Association amongst ourselves.

The vacant throne of imposture was stoutly competed for by Rigdon, already mentioned as an early fellow-labourer of Smith, and Young, who then holding the rank of president of the so-called twelve apostles, had a better position in the game, as well as, it seems, superior tactics in playing it. Rigdon again claimed to see visions and reveal mysteries; but he seems to have lacked that peculiar unction of imposture which makes a lie easy to the deglutition of the many. Singularly enough, his revelations were called by their right name of falsehoods;

¹ Joseph Smith had said to his friends on leaving for Carthage, 'I am going like a lamb to the slaughter . . . I shall die innocent, and it shall yet be said of me, he was murdered in cold blood!' A lamb pistolling the butcher will be a novel image to most of our readers.

and he retired excommunicate to a frontier state, an example of the proverb, that 'one man may steal a horse, when another may not look over a wall;' whilst Brigham Young obtained the presidency, which he still retains.

A speedy result of Young's succession to power, and perhaps a condition of its security, was the similar expulsion of William Smith, the sole surviving brother of the promulgator of Mormonism. This fact seems to testify to the extent to which intrigue had already penetrated the workings of the system, and given the practical supremacy to a knot of demagogues unable to endure a possible head of a rival faction. Since his 'apostasy,' William Smith has been profuse in his denunciations of his late brethren, which, of course, like the tidings of all deserters, are to be received with suspicion. Subsequent facts have, however, confirmed his statement of their design 'to set up an independent government somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains, or near California;' although, from the published reports of the sentiments lately uttered by Mormon leaders, there seems little reason for the assertion that the mass of their followers 'will be alike purged of American feelings, and shut out by a barrier of mountains and church restrictions from any other than Mormon freedom.' Those leaders have now adopted the policy of claiming admission for Utah among the States of the Union, which accounts for the fervour of their feelings in behalf of the 'star-spangled banner.'

That secession of the Mormon population from their settlement at Nauvoo, which was barbarously precipitated by the suspicions of the surrounding population, had been deliberately resolved on by their president and his council, and notice given of their intention to quit, due time being allowed for the sale of unremovable property. But the fact of the erection of the new Temple not being discontinued, seems to have aroused the distrust of their impatient neighbours, who, after the first detachment had marched westward, thrust the remainder by force of arms, amidst the desolation of winter, upon the open prairie, where they underwent sufferings which have been heard and remembered in places where the tale of their robberies and licentiousness has never been told, and where the name of the 'Brothers of Gideon' is probably unknown. This and the murder of Smith have given them a *locus standi* in the sympathies of the world, as the persecuted followers of a martyred chief, from which no subsequent enormities of their own have been able to dislodge them. Trading on their injuries, they made a moral gain which more than compensated their material losses; and names only fit for the Newgate Calendar take rank in the Martyrology. Had Smith been kept alive, to be exhibited in tar and feathers

once a quarter through the bars of a cage, and his followers allowed to build where they would, and travel whither they pleased, it is probable that Mormonism would by this time be far on its way to the limbo of exploded follies.

Having thus traced some curious passages in its rise and progress, and touched on some peculiarities in the character of its founder, it may be useful to show the connexion of Mormonism with some of the phenomena of our own generation. As we have already intimated, this task will be easier for our generations than for ourselves to perform. Yet as remoteness of site compensates some of the disadvantages of nearness of period, we here in the old country may claim some of the functions of a contemporary posterity in regard to the singular system of opinions and polity which powerfully disturb the current of our times.

The puzzle of good and evil which pervades and makes up the world as we see it has never startled mankind more than in those convulsive epochs of moral life which have issued in the promulgation of new systems of belief. Nor is it possible to understand any such movement by studying it merely in its progress and results, without regard to the state of things in which it had its birth, and the elements which, surcharging human society, ran into each other, and produced it. Perhaps there is always in moral matters a decomposition going on parallel to that in the physical world, which is the condition of its life. Substances lose their form, as during some centuries the substance of Christianity among ourselves has been gradually losing it; or forms exhale away their vitality, and agglomerate their dead shells one upon the other as elsewhere in the Western Church; or both processes go on together, as was the case in some portions of the Eastern, whose sloth was scoured of its inbred pollution by the fierce fanaticism of the Moslem. Nor are we ever able to judge, at the moment of the projection of a new dogma into the existing system of creeds, what the moral value of it may be, or what seeds of future growth it may contain. Yet the fact of its emerging is one of evil omen for mankind, as showing that the blessing which God designed for them in revelation has so far, through their impotency for good, proved a failure and become corrupt. Truth in its purity has lost its power over the minds; but when adulterated with certain equivalents of falsehood, it seems capable of dissolving and crystallizing into new and glittering shapes, which fascinate and beguile their proper victims. Of course, the minds so caught have lost their power of discernment, and their due sensibility; in them the intellect is feeble, and the moral feelings in part are paralysed, and again in part are unhealthily active and morbidly acute. Such a state seems to

follow upon the total disorganization of religious life, in which the extreme developments of Protestantism result. A sense of weariness and decay besets a society where these have unchecked sway. There is a fearful watching of the growth of evils within its own bosom, and a tendency to stave off despair by seizing on desperate remedies. In this dead lock of jarring influences, which nothing but truth could reconcile and rally, the weaker brethren, astonished and bewildered, and having lost the gift of instinctively detecting a lie, which is powerful in a better state of the human mind, are eager recipients of monstrosity in belief. Some such condition seems now to prevail in the widely sectarianized masses of free men in the United States; and to the great decrepitude of spirituality which pervades the successors of the pilgrim Nonconformists, the strange nightmare of Mormonism is largely indebted for the fascination which it exercises.

In a preceding volume of this review,¹ this question of the causes which provoked its early success has been more fully discussed; and we purpose now to point out the stimulants which it has since received, the ampler degree in which some of its features have been developed, and the relations in which it appears to stand with the spiritual and political prospects of the western world. We have seen how it was pruned down to the quick by persecution, and rudely transplanted to a fresh and safe retreat. Its vital powers, thus repressed and husbanded, have since sprouted both from root and branch with a teeming increase, which at first made the most rapid growth of colonization previously known appear insignificant in comparison. The persecution of impulse, which merely goads and chases its victim, rather tends to stimulate than subdue his moral energy, and exhausts its own perseverance, whilst it only increases the endurance of the sufferers. It 'keeps under' and brings into subjection' the carnal element in whatever communion is subjected to its bracing power; and in proportion as it elevates and purifies the temper of the persecuted, its agents lose their moral caste by the blind ferocity which they exercise. It was nothing else but the onslaught on the Mormons at Nauvoo which cudgelled into substance and tenacity the clumsy imposture of Joseph Smith. We cannot say that this attack was unprovoked, or that, when the whole circumstances are considered, it deserves to be called a persecution on religious grounds. Still it preserved the appearance and produced the effect of one. The new 'Church' of 'Latter-day Saints' straightway teemed with converts under this treatment, as the bees of mythology swarmed forth beneath

¹ *Christian Remembrancer*, vol. xxiii. p. 186.

the blows which fell upon the Reifer's carcase. This is precisely the course which makes men fanatics who might have reasoned once, but who have lost that power, and now can only feel; and who send the glow of their kindled feelings, unchecked by the non-conducting media which the intellect interposes, radiating through that wider throng who are impatient of reflection.

Curiously true to the law of all sects and debasements of Christianity, the Mormonistic basis of peculiar tenets is to be found rather in the Old Testament than in the New. The degree in which the Puritans assimilated to themselves the language and feelings of that old and awful theocracy is well known. The same fact is true more broadly of Mahomedanism; the parallel to whose author is to be sought, as implied throughout the Koran, rather in Moses and Solomon than in Christ. And in this latest corruption, which the degeneracy of sectarianism has bred, a still further retrograde is manifested; one which reaches to the Patriarchal period, as that in which the perfect model of human society is to be sought. Hence the Asiatic idea, long thought alien to the Anglo-Saxon mind, is brought into the same sphere with it; and even in the mingled theft and forgery which has resulted in the book of Mormon, the same guiding instinct is traceable. The notion of a patriarchal colony from Babel to the shore of the Pacific Ocean is a quaint illustration of the direction in which a large section of thought and feeling gravitates on the Western Continent; whilst the preaching of a settled system of polygamy, though mixed up with much crude mysticism, approves itself no doubt to the popular mind through this seeming weight of early Scriptural examples in its favour. It is the Old Testament from whose venerable language has been rifled the fringe and embroidery which enliven the vulgar blasphemy of the supposed new revelation. The style is aped to a caricature; but the type affected is unmistakeably that of the grand Hebrew-English, in which 'Moses and the Prophets' are known to our countrymen. Where the model is obscure from loftiness, the imitation is so from mere involution of expression and feebleness of thought; where that is pregnant and ponderous, this is turgid and verbose. It is a stilted dwarf aping the gait of a giant, and would be utterly unworthy a single line of criticism, did not the accident of its success give an external interest even to the cumbrous style of this shameless figment.

Another fortunate circumstance was the perfect escape into the wilderness which the Mormons effected. They wholly disengaged themselves from all that clung most closely to them; and in one bold plunge, made beneath the spur of persecution, found freedom

for the conscience, and a clear wide area on which to shape at will their own polity. They started off and left the world behind, with neither law nor creed to bind them, save such as they had chosen and carried forth in their bosom. Now that law and that creed could pour itself forth freely in the mould of self-government. Hence, at the same time that they found all that invigoration of moral growth which suffering for a tenet gives to the apparently persecuted, they burst forth into an unimpeded sense of privilege, and large exercise of rights, the more thrilling owing to all that they had endured, and all that they had abandoned, to attain it. They immediately seized the opportunity to model a commonwealth on the lines of their religious system; and as rails are laid down on sleepers, they firmly embodied the spiritual in the temporal, and made one handiwork of both. With an organization thus compact and homogeneous, the Mormons went to work and planted the wilderness. And they had besides, what no mere organization can bestow, that thorough freshness and reality of conviction, and that intense individual and corporate self-reliance which self-sacrifice bestows. In all these respects, the intrinsic baseness of their code and dogma was of no account. It was not the thing itself so much as the means through which it had been attained, and the moral discipline of attaining it, which at this period gave such a stimulus to their career. Now that stimulus is exhausted, and they are left to the deleterious influence of what they profess. Extravagant as the parallel is, save as regards that transitional period of Mormonism, the comparison which they challenge with the Exodus of Israel is not, as regards that period, entirely without its point. The opportunity of self-moulding in things temporal and spiritual, under real or assumed supernatural guidance, was common to both. The Mormons, however, when they set forth to seek their unknown asylum, had not, as the Israelites had, walled towns to take, and a warlike race of tenacious enemies to dislodge. And thus, however degrading the sentiments innate in their system, nothing of the fierceness with which internecine warfare tinges the feelings of a community took hold on their infant republic. The plough and the spade were the only weapons with which they won their home on the virgin soil of the wilderness. Thus they swelled out amidst the fatness of the earth and the fertilizing influences of peace. It is true that their moral power seems to have been exhausted at its first burst; and the moment that the stress of persecution was relaxed, the native baseness of the material began to betray itself. Released from the pressure of the mould, the image had no solidity nor compactness of its own, and began at once to

shrink and dilate, to crack and crumble. Still the initial point of the independent existence of Mormonism is one of the most interesting epochs in the history of this Century.

The romance which attends a distant object, wooing effort with golden promise, lent its magnetism also to the adolescent institution, now striking root in a newer and further home. The modern fact, too, of locomotion on the vastest scale being within the reach of those masses of the population who are always most susceptible of a current emotion, and least able to test it by reflection, gave such a crude, gross gospel a chance of reception among those who, twenty or even ten years sooner, would have idly sighed after the golden shadow, and turned to plod again with dull contentment in the ruts of the old track in which their fathers had trodden. To such minds was presented not only the powerful charm of distance, but also the means of traversing it, and a contagion of emigration seized on whole districts. They swarmed over the Atlantic as sheep leap a ditch after the belwether. This Mormonism—a decoction from the sour dregs of sectarianism beyond the seas—wrought at first like a charm on the minds of a parallel and sympathising class in this country; and though there seem signs of the delusion having spent its power, as a few rays of fact struggle gradually through the haze of imposture, yet the reaction is not yet strong enough for us to think the mischief wholly past. But in no age in which great locomotive power had not been widely spread, could the steady draught of emigration have taken place which the Mormon delusion has for some years exercised on the population of our shores. The prophets of that persuasion recognise and boast of this subserviency of physical discoveries to their cause; one of them speaks thus, in his ‘Key to Theology,’—a shilling’s-worth of trash, without one spark of literary merit to redeem the bombast of its blasphemy:—

‘The triumphs of steam over earth and sea, the extension of railroads, and, above all, the lightning powers of the telegraph, are already gradually, but rapidly developing, concentrating, and consolidating the energies and interests of all nations, preparatory to the universal development of &c. . . . Physically speaking, there seems to need but the consummation of two great enterprises more, in order to complete the preparations necessary; . . . one of these is the Great Eastern Railway, from Europe to India and China, with its branches and accompanying telegraphic wires, centring at Jerusalem. The other is the Great Western Railway, with its branches and accompanying telegraphic wires, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.’

Nor is it difficult to trace other elements in the social and moral state of our lower people to which Mormonism spoke its lie with powerful persuasion. The great mass of mankind are,

probably, so far capable of benefiting by experience as to become sufficient judges within their own compass of observation. Even so long as that compass is not widened they are pretty safe from rash counsels, provided that no question comes in their mind's way which rouses their interests and passions at the same time that it goes beyond the range of their judgment. No power exists which can suddenly expand their experience; but every now and then there occurs a crisis in human affairs which causes an upbreak of the settled crust of usages, in which valleys are, so to speak, exalted and mountains brought low. Such was recently the result of great temptations to emigrate accompanying, as in the gold discoveries of the West and South, great facilities for emigration. In such crises undisciplined minds are forced on questions which they have no power to solve, and take up purposes which they have not duly weighed. Then such minds throb, reel, and fluctuate, between the cross impulses of hope and fear, credulity and hesitation. They are lost in the sudden future, starting out over the present, and cannot tell which is the sea and which the shore of hope. The most powerful bait which Mormonism has held out has, without doubt, been a secular one. The mere announcement of a new revelation, attended with whatever apparatus of wonders, would no more have led masses of men to think of going to a new continent than to another planet. But a gospel not only of peace but of plenty, a millennium of broad acres and hard cash, was certain to draw. This tapped the nation in its grossest vein, and set flowing freely the myriads with which its plethora is surcharged. And such tidings form the burden of the Siren-song with which the missionary of Mormon wins the stubborn ears of British industry, preaching to the poor indeed a gospel, but a gospel not of God, but of Mammon. The fertility of Utah has been certainly exaggerated, although by those who came first and enjoyed 'the pick' of the locality great advantages may have been secured. There seems, also, a fair prospect of mineral wealth; but the development of this resource must wait for the accumulation of capital,—a slow process under a thriftless hierarchy, with such needy recruits as Mormonism now draws. The following specimen scrap is culled from one of their most popular tracts, entitled, 'The Voice of Joseph.' It describes the happy valley of the Salt Lake:—

'All is stillness. No elections, no police reports, no, &c. &c. Here no prisoners groan in solitary cells; no chains or fetters bind the limbs of man. . . . Here all are free to do right, and are warned and chastened and corrected if caught in doing wrong. Here, too, all are rich—there is no real poverty; all men have access to the soil, the pasture, the timber, the water-power, and all the elements of wealth, without money or price.' (The italics are those of the original.)

How can seven shillings a-week be expected to resist the claims of such a doctrine? 'This it is a thousand times more than the itch of schism, infectious as that, too, is, which has tickled successfully the ears of those whom poverty makes credulous. The ploughman, settling down to his evening crust, stiff as the clods he has all day been crushing, thinks with envy and wonder of the tales which, with open mouth and ears, he caught from the Mormon elder whom he heard last market-day promising the 'pure Protestant faith,' and a dozen virgin acres of freehold in the Far West, to whoever would cast in his lot with 'the Saints.' If a train of calamities brings him to the verge of the union-house, or lays three or four of his children under the clay in the course of the next winter, and the following spring a letter finds its way to the village, and is read at the ale-house by the parish clerk, describing the reality of luck which befel some bolder venturer, he fumes over his own slowness of heart, smites his fist on the tap-room table, orders another pot of ale, and makes up his mind to turn 'Saint' on similar terms. Thus, thousands of sturdy, ill-informed men, with no guide or counsellor save their own discontent, swarm away to join a population wholly made up of similar elements. The breadth of mind which education and experience give is not enjoyed by a sufficient number to resist the blind ravenousness of the rest; and, as it is considerably easier to dupe and cajole a thousand than a dozen persons, when once set in motion by this sanguine restlessness, their numbers render the proselytes a secure and easy prey to the imposture and fanaticism of their new hierarchs. Nor need we doubt that among the mechanics whom the lectures of institutes keep in a mental ferment, there are many whose religious state is one of unquiet pruriency after some newer tenet. Having learned to handle holy mysteries with a coarse and common touch, they have lost the sense of reverence which, just as decency is a barrier against moral impurity, is some safeguard against the last outrages of fanaticism; and whilst the sacraments and doctrines and services of the Church are treated, if not with contumely, at least with neglect, they are ready to give a cold-blooded acceptance to the grossest assertions of charlatanism.

It is curious to watch the way in which infidelity and superstition seem spreading within and around each other. The whole tribe of 'cunning men,' 'fortune-tellers,' 'witches,' and the like, appear to be thriving, as the Americans say, 'in our midst,' while the pamphlets which preach that man should eat and drink, for to-morrow he dies, sell off by the ream and by the load, and while we are boasting that we educate one in eight of the population. That such a boast represents only

a thin film of fact spread over a vast bulk of cases in which the statement is substantially untrue, hardly needs the proof which the popularity of Mormonism furnishes. Our own criminal records prove it not so much by the amount as the kind of offences current, and the agency which stimulates them. The public have hardly forgotten the share of the rogne Harrison in the crime of the wife-murderer Dove. In the diocese of Exeter, this very Christmas, a person enjoying the reputation of a 'witch' signed a paper, complaining to the Bishop of the church-evergreens being shaped into a cross. *Quis tul-rit Gracchos de seditione querentes?* Yet a low impostor edifies a parish by his horror of 'superstition,' without, it seems, any public indignation being excited. And while we write this article a 'fortune-teller' has been brought before a city magistrate to answer for the like practices on the credulity of her neighbours, who are stated by a witness to have consulted her for a fee in considerable numbers. Why should not such persons turn Mormons, or anything else?

We adduce here the remarks of Mr. Carvalho, who accompanied Colonel Fremont across the Rocky Mountains in the winter 1853-4, and spent ten weeks in the Mormon settlement:—

'Nine-tenths of this vast population are the peasantry of Scotland, England, and Wales, originally brought up with religious feelings at Protestant parish-churches. I observed no [Roman] Catholic proselytes. They have been induced to emigrate, by the offers of the Mormon missionaries to take them free of expense to their land flowing with milk and honey, where they are told the Protestant Christian religion is inculcated in all its purity, and where a farm and house are bestowed gratuitously upon each family. Seduced by this independence from the state of poverty which surrounds them at home, they take advantage of the opportunity, and are baptized into the faith of the "Latter-day Saints;" and it is only after their arrival in the valley that the spiritual-wife system is even mentioned to them. Thousands of families are now in Utah who are as much horrified at the name of polygamy as the most carefully educated in the enlightened circles of Europe and America. More than two-thirds of this population (at least, this is the ratio of my experience) cannot read or write; and they place implicit faith in their leaders, who, in a pecuniary point of view, have fulfilled their promise; each and all of them are comfortably provided with land and tenements. The first year they, of course, suffer privations, until they build their houses and reap their crops; yet all their necessities, in the meanwhile, are provided for by the Church; and in a social point of view they are much happier than they ever could hope to have been at their native homes. From being servants at will of an imperious and exacting landlord, they suddenly become land-holders in their own right; free men living on free soil, under a free and enlightened government.'

Here one might ask, What proportion of the peasantry of Wales, for example, are 'brought up at Protestant parish churches?' Of course, since 'free and enlightened' are words

which form a sort of chorus, chiming in whenever anything American is contrasted with anything British, we must allow our author to apply them to the Mormon hierarchy as he would to Franklin and Washington.

We proceed, however, to contrast with these somewhat rose-coloured statements the following remarks of Mr. Ferris, who writes after a six months' residence on the spot, as secretary of the territory of Utah during the year 1852-3. We suppose that official character which he bore gave him some advantages of information, at the same time that it is probably some guarantee for his veracity:—

'Many of them (the converts) were poor, and, especially in Great Britain, unable to defray the expenses of so great a journey without aid from the (Mormon) Church. This gave rise to two institutions, the "Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company," and the "Public Works;" which, in connexion with the "Tithing Office," are now engines of state in the hands of the ecclesiastical despotism existing in Utah.'

The reader may observe that 'ecclesiastical despotism' is here the equivalent for the 'free and enlightened government' of Mr. Carvalho. That gentleman appears to have received considerable attentions, during his stay at Salt Lake City, from the 'government' there. It was of course worth their while, considering the delicacy of their political prospects, to be civil to all Fremont's staff. Those attentions are perhaps required by the phraseology of the author.

In reference to these institutions, Mr. Ferris quotes a letter from the president, Brigham Young, to his 'apostle,' Orson Pratt, then in England, speaking of the necessity of thus facilitating emigration. 'We expect,' says the Mormon president, 'all those who are benefited by its operation will be willing to reimburse that amount as soon as they are able, facilities for which will very soon after their arrival here present themselves in the shape of public works.' Mr. Ferris proceeds:—

'These "Public Works" were soon afterwards permanently established, under the direction and control of the Church. They consist of workshops, built on Temple-block, in which various mechanical trades are carried on as systematically as in manufacturing establishments in the States. The poor emigrating saint is, through the "Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company," furnished with the means of performing the great journey; but when he gets to Zion he is without food, raiment, or shelter. A house is speedily built for him; and he is placed in the "Public Works" to work out the debt; during which process he is furnished with the necessaries of life from the "Tithing Office," to the amount of a moiety of the value of his labour; and as he is charged enormously for what he receives, as well as a tithe of his labour, he is in a state of almost hopeless servitude; like the frog in the well, which fell back one foot at night for every two feet hopped out in the day-time, his final extrication is hedged around with discouraging drawbacks.'

It is obvious that the tenor of these two accounts are in conflict. Judging from our knowledge of human nature, the palm of probability lies with the ex-secretary and his stern, shrewd statements of the drawbacks found in the land of promise. It is only too like what we find elsewhere, that men should be decoyed over seas, and find themselves put thus to labour at an unfair remuneration for the benefit of others, even though, to take the supposition most favourable to the Mormons, it be for their own benefit in the remote future. We use the word benefit, of course, merely in the commercial sense, and not as implying that it is for the highest benefit of one party to hold out, or of the other to catch at, such prospects as are found at Utah. The distinct point at issue between our authorities is, whether the promise which induces emigration is substantially fulfilled or not. Mr. Carvalho says, 'aye;' Mr. Ferris, 'nay:' but the circumstantial detail with which the negation is attended seems true to all the general statements which the testimony of both writers concurs in establishing. It is obvious, that emigrants of small capital must, as a general rule, arrive impoverished; that a community engaged in planting themselves in a new soil cannot have enough in hand to support the new comers; and that the pawning of their labour to the State, or 'the Church,' as Mr. Ferris prefers to call it, is the only available resource. Human labour, therefore, and the materials on which it expends itself, being the only forms of capital, can only result in tangible wealth where there has been time for one to be efficiently applied to the other; and to turn hungry men out to dig the wilderness would be at once inhuman and absurd. We take it, therefore, as admitting of little doubt, that a position little better than that of hewers of wood and drawers of water awaits the great mass of those who have eaten up their little all in traversing so large a portion of the earth's circumference as intervenes between these islands and that valley. Still, 'like the frog in the well,' they struggle out slowly, and perhaps arrive at that happy state of 'free men on a free soil' which so fascinates Mr. Carvalho.

The 'tithing'¹ system is the basis of the Mormon common-

¹ Elder Phelps, at the September Conference, 1851, discoursed as follows: "I stand before you to address you on one of the most important acts of life that tends to salvation. *Pay your tithing!* Yes, from this day, and from this place, let every elder of Israel carry this (the) glad-tidings with the Gospel of repentance, that all that pay their tithing shall not be burned, if they obey the ordinance of the Lord. . . . So with the man worth \$100,000, that needs only \$10,000 for himself, \$90,000 belongs to the Lord, or to the Church, for public works, as directed by the presidency."—Deseret Almanac, 1852, quoted by Mr. Ferris, p. 180.

wealth, and the means whereby the oligarchy of priests supports itself upon the patient and broad-shouldered masses of their laity. Of the paying class—the stupid believer with a swallow wide enough for any lie which policy may dictate—Mr. Ferris speaks in terms of greater respect than we could have expected from the general tone of his volume. He says:—

‘This class constitutes about two-thirds of the entire Mormon community, and furnishes the reliable power—the grand lever—by which the whole is governed. They are generally industrious and honest to an exemplary degree, and manifest, on ordinary occasions, the kindly instincts and sympathies of humanity. *But their fanaticism renders them blind instruments in the hands of “council” for the perpetration of any atrocity, however criminal or revolting.*’

The passage which we have italicized seems to point to the germ of future extravagances which will probably issue in the dispersion of this ill-cemented community. The uncontrollable element of fanaticism neutralizes, wherever it gains the ascendancy, the wholesome constituents of a state. The vital condition of Mormonism appears to be that that element be always kept just at the boiling point—a little more excitement, and it will be in an instant over the lip of the cauldron; and it has been ascertained by experience that the only population now likely to furnish sufficient recruits for the Mormon commonwealth are those over which poverty, ignorance, and sectarianism have the greatest sway. The bewildered state of the artisan, whose ears are crazed by the discordant fulminations of spiritual demagogues, seems that in which the grossest illusion has the largest influence, and the most monstrous pretensions find the readiest acceptance. In South Wales especially, where about one-fourth of the whole population appears massed in the vast works of one town and its outskirts, ignorance and vice may be assumed to be superior at the point of contact to all religious and humanizing influences. Sunk far down in hopeless heathenism, these myriads hear far above their heads the dull crash of the spiritual civil-war, in which the Church is weak, and the sects are strong; and the rising blade of faith is beaten down by the hailstorm of polemics. On minds thus ‘empty’ and ‘swept’ the pretended prophet finds just the occasion which he seeks in order to carry all before him by the cry of a new revelation. As in medicine, amidst the disagreement of licentiates, the most barefaced of quacks seizes on the patient’s confidence, and gets the last and largest fee, so in religion, after all forms of ‘Protestantism’ have been exhausted, comes Joe Smith with the ‘Golden Bible,’—a fitting type of that Mammon-worship which is the essence of his preaching,—and secures the doubter, body and soul. We regard Mormonism as the last monstrous distortion and corruption of all truth, in

which unlimited sectarianism finds its legitimate issue, and its proper punishment. As Mahomedanism started from the decayed and effete Christianity of the East, so the creed of Mormon propagates itself from the prurieny of private judgment which vexes the Western Continent. It is the latest example of the power of falsehood, amidst the negation or abeyance of spiritual authority, to prey upon the souls of the ignorant and the weak. And thus it finds sympathy amidst ourselves wherever modern disorganizing influences in religion pervade society; where, as in South Wales, for instance, education is rare, religious education rarer, and education supported by endowment rarest of all. It is possible that, since the valuable work of Sir Thomas Phillips was published, and even since the last census, a tendency towards better things may have set in in the Principality; but its then condition was the one under which the result which we are now considering was attained. At that period, at any rate, if not at this moment, it was the favourite recruiting ground of the Mormons, and furnished beyond doubt a large contingent towards that utterly uneducated majority of the population of Salt Lake city. It is singular that Mr. Carvalho's estimate of the uneducated should correspond exactly with Mr. Feris' estimate of the 'industrious, honest, and exemplary,' but withal 'fanatical,' members of that community; and the statement that that uneducated majority consists almost entirely of emigrants from England, Wales, and Scotland, confirms the notion that they correspond almost individually with that valuable class of steady-going bigots, those working bees of the Mormon hive, who are so largely supplied with sectarian venom. Such are the votaries who stimulate with retaining fees the talents of Mr. Harrison, of Leeds, and of 'the good lady' of Old-street. It is the same spirit which leads the dupe in these cases, and in the grosser and grander spiritual imposture—the masquerade of Mammon and Belial as angels of light—which has peopled the great basin of California. Whether it be the pedlar in palmistry, the spirit-rapper, or the false prophet, a Harrison, or a Joe Smith, into whose open arms the victim casts himself, signifies little; the same field furnishes game for either. The fact that a 'Spiritual Intelligencer' has taken its place among the organs of the public mind, and has apparently a thriving circulation, forbids us to suppose that Mormonism can as yet die out for want of a sufficient number of drivellers and dotards to receive it. In vain do the upper, and, of course, wiser classes vent their indignant contempt at the prevalence of such a state of things. It is not enough to point to great educational efforts, to shrug our shoulders, button up our pockets, and say that no more can be done, and that if after all people will be such

fools, why, so they must. The weak dilution of knowledge which goes by the name of education, and which merely irrigates, not steepens and saturates the mind, can never secure our peasantry against the combined workings of selfishness and fanaticism. Even were it not so largely neutralized by the spit-fire sectarianism of the day, it would be insignificant against the strong temptations of that Sodom of the West. The segregation, too, of vast masses of people from their proper social leaders, as in South Wales, where, through the comparative scarcity of great landed proprietors, all relations of life tend to merge in the commercial one, and all the better feelings of our nature in selfishness, furnishes another facility for the Mormon missionary to move the mass. Multitudes of these patient boobies who form the real rank and file of the cozening hierarchy, are, probably, even now on their way to the far-off paradise of knaves. But not only these, but others of superior station, too, are found, whose minds have long drifted wearily in search of something which appealed with a direct elation of the supernatural to their jaded and excited minds. They sicken of a stand-still religion, and long for signs and wonders, and listen eagerly for the voice which says, 'Behold, He is in the wilderness!' and summons them to 'go forth.' Nothing but servility to a name prevents them from finding in Popery the stimulating diet which they crave; but, as Mr. Carvalho witnesses, it is only by a profession of 'Protestantism in its purity' that they can be baited. No doubt that observer was correct in saying that Romanism furnished few or no perverts. The 'Miracle of La Salette' is only a single instance of an equivalent to the 'lying wonders' which the 'Saints' hold out, while at the same time it must be owned that they who require such stimulants generally retain a grasp on some vital dogma, however corruptly held, which prevents the loose mental fluctuation of the more degenerate sectary. Some curious specimens of the latter kind are quoted by Mr. Ferris. He encountered on the shores of the Salt Lake a man and his wife who had been reared in Presbyterianism, but—

'Fascinated with the ideas of direct communication with heaven, through the medium of a prophet, the performance of miracles by duly authorized apostles, and especially of the "last days" being at hand, they had embraced the new faith, and bid adieu to their old friends and pleasant home in the State of Connecticut. The woman was very voluble, and ready enough to talk on all Mormon subjects except polygamy, and on that she was sore. In one conversation with her I pointed to a lofty mountain which reared its snowy summit to the sky within a mile of the dwelling, and asked her if that would ever literally subside into a plain. "Yes, indeed," was her response; "I expect to see that mountain literally made low; for the last days are at hand, and the Bible says, that every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain made low; and the Bible means exactly what it says."'

These last words furnish a key to the scanty spiritual element which pervades Mormonism. Wholly blind to the spirit of both Testaments, its votaries, by culling a text here and there, and incorporating with their own crude fancies the literal meaning of many of the metaphors of Holy Scripture, have caught the ear of those who know little or nothing of it beyond the letter, and whom ignorance disqualifies for attaching to that letter any but the most directly superficial sense. The greater appetite with which they have seized on the Old Testament has been already noticed, and may be in part accounted for by its greater capacity for such treatment. The ready dupes catch the well-known shine of those weighty words, and find that now, for the first time, a meaning which they can readily appreciate is attached to them. This prepossesses them in favour of the new doctrine, the more shocking of whose tenets were at first carefully reserved. It is impossible, however, to suppose that this suppression of revolting practices can now subsist after ten years have elapsed. The things which shock us most 'will out.' The old lady who knows nothing else of the news is always duly posted up in the last murder; and thus polygamy and its resulting abominations are by this time the most generally known of all Mormon peculiarities; and those who are drawn to its profession join it with these before their eyes. Hence its votaries must, one should think, be of a less worthy and more unscrupulous class, the floating scum of civic population, and the grossest dregs of rustic ignorance, amongst which the baser animal vices abound. This, if it be so, must weaken the influence of the delusion, and tend to explode it; and if the settlement still fascinate, it must lure only those who seek the same attractions which of old distinguished the cities of the plain, to which the vast fertility of Utah, and its horrible licentiousness, no less than its position upon the edge of a salt inland lake, make it a striking and awful parallel. It is a loathsome task to trace the abominations with which this unhappy commonwealth reeks; yet an instructive lesson, in the connexion of religious dogma with moral practice, may be found in the fact that the Mormons began by preaching a corporeal deity, and ended by debasing their own bodies into temples of carnal lust. Denying in terms the corner-stone of all spiritual religion, that 'God is a Spirit,' they launched out into divers blasphemies affecting each and all of the awful names of the Trinity, and which easily affiliate themselves to this monstrous result of the anthropomorphic language of Scripture literalized. A haze of unconscious pantheism also pervades their teaching, as now developed, whilst it is here and there curiously veined with a streak of what, eighteen centuries ago, under the famous

name of 'Gnosticism,' roused the spiritual war-cry of the Apostolic Church. In how marvellously wide a circle does the revolution of error sometimes run! As seen from this point of view, the foul superstition of to-day throws a ray far back across the gulf of ages upon the early struggles of the truth, and seems to show how that poison of the first century distilled from the corrupted dregs of Jewish and Gentile speculation, even as now Mormonism has resulted from those of Christianity in its most lately decomposed forms. A greater presumption seems also to lie in favour of the truth of those charges of corrupt practice which history stores up against divers sects of the Gnostics, but which some modern critics have discredited as the suspicious testimony of theological enemies, whilst others have set them down as too shocking to be credible.

We have already given a specimen of the mode in which the 'Saints' deal with facts to make out their own case in the preceding extracts from 'The Voice of Joseph.' We quote the following statement of Mr. Ferris; as bearing on the same point, although the publications to which it alludes have not fallen in our way:—

'It is libel enough upon the integrity and intelligence of mankind that Mormonism, in any form, ever had an existence; but it is due to many to say, that they have been brought into the Church under the strongest assurances of the missionaries that polygamy did not exist among them. Smith had his pretended revelation on the subject, July 12, 1843, from which, until the 29th of August, 1852, it existed as a *secret* institution. At the last-mentioned period, it was publicly justified in a sermon, preached by Orson Pratt, and the revelation and sermon were, on the 14th of September following, published to the world in the *Deseret News Extra*. During this entire period of nine years, their missionaries were instructed to deny the existence of polygamy, and they have proved themselves prompt and ready liars on all occasions when the subject has been called in question. On this point the proofs are abundant. In or about the year 1845, one John C. Bennett apostatized from Mormonism, and in his *exposé* alleged that the spiritual-wife system was in vogue at Nauvoo. Parley P. Pratt, then, and now, of high authority in the Church, promptly denied that any such doctrine was "known, held, or practised as a principle of the Latter-day Saints;" and urged that it was "but another name for whoredoms," "and that it was as foreign from the real principles of the Church as the devil is from God, or as sectarianism is from Christianity."—*Milennial Star*, vol. vi. p. 22.

'In a series of pamphlets, published in 1851, the reader will find an account of a discussion between Elder John Taylor, another Mormon dignitary, and some persons in France, in July, 1850. One of the charges brought against the Mormons was, that polygamy was practised among them. To refute this, Elder Taylor remarked, "We are accused here of polygamy, and actions the most indelicate, obscene, and disgusting, such as none but a corrupt heart could have contrived. These things are too outrageous to admit of belief; therefore I shall content myself by reading our views of chastity and marriage from a work published by us, containing some of the articles of our faith." He then read from the book of "Doctrines and Covenants" on the subject, containing the following marriage obligations:—

“ You both mutually agree to be each other’s companion, husband and wife, observing the legal rights belonging to this condition ; that is, keeping yourselves *wholly for each other, and from all others, during your lives.*”

‘ Also the following—

“ Inasmuch as this Church of Jesus Christ has been reproached with the crime of *fornication and polygamy*, we declare that we believe that *one man should have one wife and one woman but one husband.*”

‘ It will be recollected that polygamy was introduced by the prophet in August, 1843, nearly seven years before this discussion; and yet this sacerdotal villain quoted from the lying book of “*Doctrines and Covenants*” in denial of the charge. But this is not all: this unmitigated scamp was at that very period living in a state of adultery with a plurality of *wives*, so called. Perhaps his Mormon conscience justified him with the plea that he did not directly deny the charge himself; he only said it was too gross an accusation to be believed, and then quoted what he knew to be false from one of their sacred books! It is difficult to find terms in which to express the baseness of these falsehoods.’

We will not follow Mr. Ferris in his endeavour to find terms in which to express his detestation of this exposure of lust whitewashed with lies. The subject-matter, however, is one of grave consideration to those of our Bishops and Clergy amongst whose dioceses and cures the unclean spirit is angling for the bodies and souls of men and women. The Mormons no longer affect the prudery of reserve on these once esoteric points of practice. In proof of this we refer to the pamphlet entitled ‘*Marriage and Morals in Utah*,’ standing amongst others at the head of this article. It informs us that Judæa at the Christian era ‘*was a Roman province, under Roman laws, which were opposed to polygamy. On this account the Jews had greatly degenerated; they had corrupted their way and perverted the pure institutions of their more virtuous fathers.*’ Hence John the Baptist and Jesus Christ reproved them sharply, calling them ‘*a generation of vipers—an “evil and adulterous generation.”*’ The main argument of the pamphlet is, that God’s covenant to Abraham included, to say the least, if it did not consist in, polygamy, as the means whereby, through his seed, all families of the earth should be blessed. The argument from this covenant, thus interpreted, is followed up by the examples of nearly all the persons mentioned in the Old Testament as having had a plurality of wives, and is then applied to Christians, as being ‘*Abraham’s seed and heirs according to promise.*’ This conclusion is practically enforced by contemplating the state of morals in the modern capitals of European and American Christendom. In those cities, says the pamphleteer, (no less a person than ‘*Parley P. Pratt, one of the twelve apostles,*’ and brother, we believe, of Orson before mentioned,) prevails a great laxity of morals, and things are done in the twilight of society which sound very ugly when called by their right names; but turn to virtuous Utah, and the whole moral

character of the scene is changed! Polygamy leaves no 'surplus female population' afloat in the streets, such connexions become 'sacred domestic institutions;' in short, as has been well said, 'Adultery is impossible if you only assume a licence to take your neighbour's wife. It is Dido's old apology,

"Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam."

'It is easy enough to denounce robbery when it is declared lawful to steal, or to be eloquent in proving that infanticide is a crime unknown to the law, where it is the recognised custom of the country to expose the surplus children.' (*Saturday Review*, Sept. 6th, 1856.)

But let us hear the 'apostolic' peroration:—

'Let us educate our sons and daughters in all that is holy, and true, and virtuous, and pure, and lovely, and of good report; let us gradually and carefully develop in them the true affections and attributes of their nature; let us cultivate every intellectual and moral sense and faculty within them, and lead them gently onward in the great science of life and exaltation; that when time shall be no more, we may rejoice with the untold millions of our posterity in the eternal mansions.'

Thus the serpent of licentiousness crawls from beneath the altar and devours the sacrifice, as of old, and leaves his corrupting slime upon the holy books which contain the words of life. It is plain, however, that the concubinage which they call the 'spiritual marriage' is no longer dissembled save in name; and the fact that they feel their ground sufficiently popular to risk this avowal, is another testimony most damaging to the character of our own people and times. The most fearful question which occurs, as we turn these pages, is, how can women be prevailed upon in sufficient numbers to close with proposals which imply their ignominy? On this point Mr. Ferris has some remarks which may be instructive:—

'The Mormon missionaries make especial efforts to get female converts, esteeming success in this work paramount even to the acquisition of wealthy disciples. When, however, they manage to obtain a lodgment in a family where girls and money both abound, they regard themselves in pursuit of a prize for which they will put forth their best exertions.'

.. Again:—

'It may excite surprise that so many females can be found who are willing to be made the ready instruments of debauchery; but they are generally young, exceedingly ignorant, and are made to believe that their salvation depends upon it; and it is regarded as no disgrace in the community in which they live. This community is so completely isolated as to form a world by itself; and its habits and morals are borrowed from the cock-pit and third tier of more civilized regions.'

The result of the disclosure of what the real practice is which prevails among the 'Saints' seems here to be presented to us. They have ceased to draw, as once they drew, recruits from the lower middling population of this country, and now attract

only, or chiefly, those who grovel at the bottom of society, over whom their superiors possess or exert no power to reach them for their good. The extent to which both Mr. Carvalho and Mr. Ferris praise the general conduct and morals of these poor creatures, when mormonized, is no mean testimonial to the native grain of character in favour of law and order which marks our countrymen in every station of life. It is not, after all, so surprising, on reflection, however shocking the fact, that ignorant minds, in starving bodies, should be wrought upon by the artful propagandism of a knot of unscrupulous knaves. Yet, as the most recent returns show throughout this kingdom a considerable recent diminution of the number of persons in receipt of legal relief, we should expect a corresponding decrease in the numbers of emigrants it has furnished to Utah. Besides this diminished influx, Mr. Ferris speaks of discontent and faction springing up among the community of Mormons, and of a constant drain of their population in the direction of California. It seems that the sheep are getting less patient of being fleeced, and that the priesthood are at their wits' end for devices to restrain this efflux in quest of the untithed freedom which a sail farther west offers. They no longer now catch men of capital and wealth as once, it seems, they did; and even in the wide abundance of the prairie, if capital recedes, there must be practical limits to its gradually enlarged circle of settlements. In short, the secular advantages will soon ebb to the market level, and cease inordinately to attract.

Neither is the spiritual peace of the 'Saints' undisturbed by serious discord. The schism opened by the rivalry for the office of president has never, it seems, been thoroughly healed. Besides six or seven detachments who have swarmed away under various leaders, there seems to be a persevering heresiarch named Gladden Bishop, who, ecclesiastically speaking, has had 'as many lives as a cat.' He was, during the lifetime of Joseph Smith, nine times excommunicated, and nine times received anew, each time with Mormon baptism, into their body; but, lapsing the tenth time, appears to have been since 'given over to the buffetings of Satan for a thousand years.' Whether this football of priestcraft is still in the land of the living does not seem clear, but his sect is said to be, though small, vigorous by the intensity of its fanaticism, and to be an abiding root of offence in the very heart of the Mormon community. The present leader is also a Smith—a name to the notoriety of which there seem no practical limits; and as the hierarchy of Sodom have by the instinct of fanatics administered persecution to all who attempt to follow their own private judgment, there seems every chance of their body being

split by the resistance of the sectarian mass which they thus compress. On an attempt of this heretical Smith to preach, his audience was dispersed. On his repeating it he was arrested; and the president, on the same day, roared from the pulpit against the man whom he had silenced, in the following terms:—

“When I was returning from meeting last Sabbath, my ears were saluted with an apostate crying in the streets here. We want such men to go to California, or anywhere they choose. I say to those persons, you must not court persecution here, lest you get so much of it you will not know what to do with it. Do NOT court persecution . . . (repeating the words) or you will get more than you want, and it will come quicker than you want it. I say to you bishops, do not allow them to preach in your wards. Who broke the roads to these valleys? Did this little nasty Smith and his wife? No; they stayed in St. Louis while we did it, peddling ribbons and kissing the Gentiles. I know what they have done here; they have asked exorbitant prices for their nasty stinking ribbons [voices, ‘that’s true!’] We broke the roads to this country. Now, you Gladdenites, keep your tongues still, lest sudden destruction come upon you.”

Here is another specimen of truculent vehemence:—

“I say, rather than apostates shall flourish here, I will unsheath my bowie-knife and conquer or die. (Great commotion in the congregation, and a simultaneous burst of feeling assenting to the declaration.) Now, you nasty apostates, clear out, or judgment will be put to the line and righteousness to the plummet. (Voices generally, ‘Go it! go it!’) If you say it is right, raise your hands. (All hands up.) Let us call upon the Lord to assist us in this and every good work.”

Such declamation reduced to print here in England may excite a smile of contempt at its feeble coarseness, or a thrill of indignation at its profaneness; but it is in Utah no impotent bluster, but a scourge fit to lash fanaticism into a frenzy of persecution. Thus inward dissension threatens to rend and scatter, no less than discontent at bombastical promises unfilled to thin, the ranks of Mormonism. It will be politically menaced by the last newly-added states of Oregon and Minnesota, whilst our principal authority thinks there is a reasonable hope ‘that the Union is not destined to be disgraced by the admission of a state in which the licentious practices of Jewry and heathendom are made part of its religious institutions.’ He bases the hope upon the alleged decrease in the numbers of Mormon population, both in these islands and in the North American continent. The total in Great Britain, in 1851, was given by Mormon authorities at 30,747, whilst that for 1853 was 30,690. The difference is slight, but it shows the scale is turned, and, as compared with the increase of previous successive years, is decisive. The population of Utah is alleged by the ‘Deseret Almanac for 1853,’ as quoted by Mr. Ferris, to have then been a little over 30,000. He himself left the city in May of that year, and states that 25,000, ‘including Gen-

tiles,' is what his observation would fix it at. We cannot quite follow his figures; and this important part of his volume seems rather too hastily done for us to verify his conclusions. His computation, however, is, that 'the October (Mormon) conference,' 1853, showed a 'decrease of about 5,000 since the winter of 1853,' apparently meaning the winter 1852-3; but a decrease of more than 20 per cent. in nine months seems a great deal too good to be true. Yet the following appeal, officially made in the 'Deseret News' of February 19, 1853, seems to show an anxiety on the part of the hierarchy which strongly confirms Mr. Ferris' general statements; it is headed, 'A Word to the Saints.'

"Yes, I think I shall go south—probably to the Rancho. As I am counselled to go south, I have concluded perhaps that this will be best for me." This is the story of many, as it is frequently told, and comes to my ears; and it is upon this point that I wish to speak. . . . If there is any man, woman, or child, who desires to go to that country . . . who prefers to dwell in the tents of wickedness than to tarry among the saints—to any, and all such persons, I say, go; for heaven's sake, for our sake, and for the sake of the gold which you desire before all other gods, go! But, to all others—to all such as have embraced the gospel for the love which they bear toward it. . . . *stay! hold!* consider what you are doing, and remember that *here*, in these valleys, are the chambers of the Lord for his people for a season. Let no influence tempt you away, or seduce you from the path of duty. As you value your religion . . . as you value the excellence and the glory of the institutions of the people of God . . . listen to the counsellings of the servants of God, and abide among his saints, until you are sent away to the nations which lieth (*sic*) in darkness.'

If Mr. Ferris is correct, these powerful adjurations have failed of their object, and the drain of population is progressing at a rate which would empty the valley in about four years. Without accepting this expectation, we think there is reason to view the efforts at propagandism now making in our capital and larger seats of industry as spasmodic, and if not desperate, yet ominous of decay. That so many converts to this apostacy have swarmed from our own parishes, must be our excuse for having wearied our readers with the painful details of domestic treachery, pollution, and division, the incest, jealousy, and heartlessness, with the evidence of which the pages of Mr. Carvalho and of Mr. Ferris alike teem. The most fearful of the results already achieved seems, according to the latter, to be the utter demoralization of childhood and youth, the saturation of young minds with foul thoughts, and the precocity of boys in licentiousness. Utterly ungovernable at school, because the corner-stone of all discipline is sapped at home, they meet there in hot-beds of mutual corruption. They are even applauded in their contempt for all authority by elders of the 'Church,' who abet the outrages of juvenile inso-

lence, the sure presages of coming anarchy. The last shame of the vicious in the presence of youth is cast off, and the last topic which the Roman satirist could urge upon the mature debauchee seems here utterly to fail:—

‘ Ne tu pueri contempseris annos,
Sed peccaturo obsistat tibi filius infans.’

Whilst we write these concluding pages, a little book, entitled ‘The Mormons; or, the Dream and the Reality,’ has come to hand. It purports to be the word of an ex-Mormon, convinced of the falsehood, mischief, and spiritual ruin with which the system of his late persuasion is fraught. We see no reason, in the internal evidence of the work, to doubt the genuineness of the character claimed by its author. There is an utter absence of the marshalling of facts to produce effect, and of studied comments and set reflections. Its detail is more minute, and its portraiture of life at Utah less graphic, than that of either of the two principal authorities followed in this article. But it only runs over the same facts at the level of the ground, along which the other writers conduct us, as it were, by an arched viaduct commanding a bird’s-eye view. The nearer insight which it enables us to gain, and the many little home touches of nature which it adds, complete the minor features of the picture, but do not alter the outline. Perhaps the one trait in Mormon life which is brought out by this little book in the fullest measure is the intense blackguardism—there is really no other word for it—of its popular pulpit style. Mr. Carvalho’s specimens of Mormon preaching were, we might have previously supposed, extreme examples; but from reading this little book, which professes to be ‘edited by a Clergyman,’ we are induced to regard them as by no means exceptional. It sufficiently proves the class to which his hearers must belong that the Mormon preacher can venture on such language, which would disgrace the lowest pot-house orator in the rottenest borough in England, or the most grovelling specimens of the ‘stump’ in the States. All probabilities seem to converge to this point, that Mormonism is being gradually smothered in the slough of its own pollutions, though perhaps too slowly yet to prevent much mischief. Since its progress was last noticed in these pages, it seems to have reached the highest tide-mark of its course, and to show decided symptoms of decline. Let us hope that its downward course may have brought it to prostration and decay before we have occasion to recal attention to it.

- ART. II.—1. *Ivors.* By the Author of ‘*Amy Herbert.*’
2 vols. Longman.
2. *Amy Herbert. A Tale for Children.* Longman.
3. *Laneton Parsonage. A Tale for Children.* 3 vols. Longman.
4. *The Earl’s Daughter.* 2 vols. Longman.
5. *Gertrude.* 2 vols. Longman.
6. *Margaret Percival.* 2 vols. Longman.
7. *The Experience of Life.* Longman.
8. *Katharine Ashton.* 2 vols. Longman.
9. *Cleve Hall.* 2 vols. Longman.

THE authoress of ‘*Amy Herbert,*’ though distinguished by a sustained and well-merited popularity, has not yet received any extended notice in our columns. We propose in the following article to supply the deficiency by a general review of her works of fiction, the publication of which extends over a period of thirteen years. This seems the only fair course towards a writer whose efforts have taken a consistent course, who writes, in most cases, under the rule of a distinctly definite aim, whose works should be regarded as a series; each separate story an illustration of some truth or doctrine, or practical maxim of conduct; to be understood by the light of what has gone before.

They have been thirteen restless eventful years, and those have been staid minds indeed,—or time must have previously fixed the mould of thought,—which have undergone no change in them, and which at the end of this period give to the same points precisely the same relative importance which they assigned to them at the beginning. A general unity of purpose, the same objects of interest, the same preferences and aversions in the main, the same position in the eye of friends; these constitute consistency in such times. We must not look for, we must not always desire, identity of view; and the credit of such consistency of view and position is due to this author, for we are not willing to regard in a serious light the satire in her last work, which has excited suspicion of change in some quarters. High and pure aims, earnestness of purpose, and sobriety of judgment, are the qualities which give weight and value to this writer’s intellectual endowments, which atone for considerable deficiencies, and which constitute her a peculiarly safe and trustworthy guide for young minds. Even her faults—as wanting the charm of originality—have little to alarm in them, being of the time-honoured conservative class, and so far

running counter to prevailing theories and the tone of modern authorship, as to give the impression of something old-fashioned and prejudiced, as of a fine mind early warped by certain narrowing influences, which have lost their hold over the world at large. Some holes and corners in every mind thus escape intrusion, and are left pretty much as nature and the chances of childhood made them, their little idols and houses of imagery untouched and unswept. But the *characteristics* of the mind before us are practical religious self-discipline, rigid self-training, carefully cultivated habits of thought and observation, and habitual self-control. No writer gives more the conviction of writing from experience; the reader, judging from the works alone, is persuaded of this: it gives them their power; we instinctively know that the practical teaching in them has been worked out, and found to be true. And practical views of life are apt to be sad ones: they certainly are in this case. There is something unsparing and almost severe in her mode of viewing the common life of society; her sympathies, little alive to its pleasures, are kept on the continual stretch, in pity for the inevitable cares and trials of those who would live in it for a purpose, and are bent on doing the work which God has sent them into the world to do. The troubles incidental to her own sex especially weigh on her heart and feelings; and life after life of patient self-sacrifice—the only variety, as she somewhere says, being variety of trial—pass before us, all told with an air of truth that ensures conviction, till her male readers—we imagine the minority—must feel ashamed of themselves for being at the bottom of so much suffering; and the advocates of the rights of women would certainly claim her as one of their sisterhood, but that her pious resignation and her course of active religious remedies might be, we fear, worse to their taste than the original disease. Human trial, the question of responsibility, the great problems of life, press on her too constantly, so that her books are not cheerful. We are interested and edified, but at the same time saddened more than need be, and certainly more than she intends that we should be, for there is often a talk of cheerfulness while the actual scenes are depressing.

But while we say this, we must own at the same time that it is not fair to expect from this class of fiction more than the author professes to give us. Here the implied promise only is to illustrate certain moral views of life by example and by warning. Young people will read good advice in a story, when they turn aside from it in a sermon or an essay; therefore the authoress uses the gifts she has to make her teaching acceptable and palatable. But amusement is a secondary object with her, while with ordinary novel writers, and conscientious ones

too, this is not the case; their promise to their readers, first of all, is amusement; they are justified in drawing characters and composing scenes with no other view, a licence never taken by this lady, who sticks to her real design with a fidelity she is never tempted to swerve from, so that though sometimes tedious,—as what moral writer is not?—she is never irrelevant or frivolous; faults, by the way, almost universal in these days of rapid authorship. The novel writer is impelled by the possession of certain powers, by a vivid imagination, a lively fancy, a clear insight into character,—these gifts are the motive power, while each one's principles for good or evil influence the mode in which he exercises these gifts, and make them a blessing or a curse. But he does not consciously say things because they will do good; he is never knowingly didactic; he never goes out of the way for this purpose. In a pure work of fiction, a grave discussion, introduced merely for the abstract truth and importance of the question involved, is a literary error and mistake. The good such works may do—and it is often infinite untold good—is not, in the strict sense of the word, designed. But in the works before us the avowed design of the writer is to use fiction as the vehicle for conveying certain truths, practical or theoretical. All the characters must assist in their development, all the incidents must work them out. It follows by a sort of necessity that the plot must be a tangled skein of mistakes, the consequences of moral errors; the most provoking of all plans for getting up the necessary intricacies of a story, one which it is a blunder in the mere novelist to adopt, and which puts the writer for instruction at an intellectual disadvantage.

But on higher ground, it is more difficult to write a truly moral story with a definite moral aim than without one. A writer guided by general good intentions, and a love and appreciation of what is excellent, and possessed of the qualifications necessary for his art, has comparatively little difficulty in making his good people act rightly, supposing him to be untrammelled in the choice of incident; if he is allowed to make his plot as fortuitous, as subject to external and incidental influences, as the course of this world seems to the observer's narrow ken to be. But if the course of events must be moral too, if nothing must happen by chance, if events must be the inevitable results of causes, if every action, word, and thought must develop into its fruit, a new element of difficulty is evolved. To make the characters and incidents really fit, to make all flow naturally, to sacrifice nothing on either side, to make the virtuous characters act with a free and spontaneous grace, to construct incidents at once probable, the legitimate consequences of human action, and of a kind to illustrate the

author's aims, is a task very few have achieved. There never fails to arise a hitch somewhere. The characters all seem to have a task to perform, a part to play, and the moral, to which so much is sacrificed, is far-fetched and unnatural, or not unfrequently loses its force in the end by being, after all, indebted to some fortuitous event for its *dénouement*. Perhaps the task is above mortal powers. We cannot tell, in any delicate or minute sense, what are all the consequences of thought and action, for we never see them in real life left unassisted to work themselves. If we did, human reason would surely sink under an overwhelming sense of responsibilities thus forced upon its consciousness.

When, therefore, we have occasion to criticise the conduct of our authoress's tales, the working of mind upon mind, the relation of her characters to each other, their acts themselves, or the consequences of them, the difficulty of the task must always be borne in mind, so that probably what seems a deliberate error in judgment, and a misapprehension of duty, is rather attributable to some hardness of construction, some obstinate entanglement, which no ingenuity can set straight.

But passing from generalities, it is time to return to our authoress's peculiar qualifications for this class of fiction, such as it is. And first, she is fortunate in a style which reflects the thought, refinement, and self-recollection, which give the tone to her works. Clear, cultivated, easy, and flowing, with a perfect command of words for all she wishes to express, the reader is pleasantly carried on without trouble or effort on his part—the scenes pass in orderly review before him, his memory and attention are never unduly tasked; the transitions from narrative to dialogue, from description to reflection, are all so natural and well timed, that he may forget to give due credit for the order and power of arrangement which have made a difficult task seem an easy one, and for the modesty which has taught to the writer the limits of her own powers, and preserved her from venturing in any line for which nature has not qualified her. Though rarely eloquent, and with no marked traits or felicities of diction which constitute distinctive, characteristic styles, she can yet write prose worthy to be called such, measured, expressive, and harmonious,—a higher praise than our readers may be at first disposed to consider it in these days, when the discovery has been made by so many,—especially *lady*-writers, that whole books can be written without having recourse to their own language at all, principles, story, and characters, all represented through the disjointed chit-chat and broken sentences which pass for natural conversation. But though escaping this feminine snare, the style is yet essentially a feminine one; no

one can read a page and remain in doubt on this point; not from any inaccuracies or fault of any kind, but rather from the merit of transparency; that expressiveness we have already noted, which reveals the mind within, in the best sense of the word, a feminine mind; content with its own sphere, tender, sympathising, religious, cultivating its narrower field of thought and observation, with no temptation to stray beyond, and deriving practical wisdom from it.

Some considerable share of fancy and imagination must also belong to the writer of so many really popular tales, and we are willing to grant it; though the question brings us to the point where we often find ourselves at issue with her. We have already noted an evident experience of life, and habits of observation to turn such experience to excellent account; but these are not the materials from which to weave a plot. The home of invention, as every one can tell for himself, lies far back in a wholly different region, where from infancy the mind has chosen its favourite haunts, and laid up its pleasant fancies and choicest delights, so long as the business of the world leaves room and time for such day-dreams. This is the storehouse to which the mind must always recur when it sets itself to make a story. According to the play of fancy and force of the imagination, according to the power inherent in the poetic faculty of seizing and making its own what it instinctively loves;—not with any thought of self,—but because it is congenial, and for its own goodness and beauty's sake, will be the variety and value of this store. Most dreamers stop far short of this; it is not fancy so much as desire that is at work; so they construct, not poems, but castles in the air; and how many soever of these the memory lays by, as the same architect builds them, a family likeness will most surely run through them all. Now this author's storehouse seems to us to be composed of these fabrics. Certain pictures and images run from story to story, we cannot get away from them. It is the business of the author's own reason, indeed, to mark them down successively as they appear; to show how baseless they are, how little real happiness they would confer, but fate and necessity get the better, and the same edifice rears itself anew in the next volume.

We conclude, then, that the plan and groundwork of a story show an author's natural bias, while the characters who act their part in it represent his knowledge of life; in the present writer we see these two principles act upon one another in an unusually independent and even antagonistic mode. It is very clear that the early fancies and reveries we have attributed to mankind at large lay with her in the great world. There was a time when the fancy expatiated unrestrained in the dignified good things of

this world—mansions and parks, saloons and terraces, pedigrees and rent-rolls,—lords and ladies removed from vulgar cares, visited by trials of their own,—these are inseparably associated with the romance of her nature, her invention cannot play freely in a lower scene. Something has made the common world a very stern forbidding scene to her, and she invests it with no borrowed beauty, she smooths over none of its roughnesses or asperities. The gleams that she throws upon it are not from itself, but from her ideal sphere of aristocratic refinement and grace. She cannot imagine human happiness, which has not at least in some distant and remote way some connexion with those polite oases; and thus an impression of secularity is often left in the mind of the reader at utter variance with the direct teaching, as well as with the author's deliberate intention.

Indeed, her actual knowledge of life presents a very different series of pictures from these fancy ones. There she is met by harsh distinctions of rank; she sees that life's battle is fought amid petty trials, small annoyances, and often under undignified privations; there the lot of the many forces itself painfully on a mind of great realizing power, and below the average cheerfulness of temperament. There all trials present themselves to her mind with their full weight, heavy laden, and depressing in proportion to their pettiness, and contradiction to the ideal originally formed of a grand and dignified existence. Sympathy and duty urge her to help in the struggle, by counsel, warning, encouragement, while reason labours to see the cause, and piety to search out the good hidden under the apparent evil.

These two conflicting principles or impulses divide her stories. In those tales where the plot carries the day, and fancy has all its own way, the characters are ideal—as in the 'Earl's Daughter,' the trials of the titled porcelain heroine are such as would very little affect commoner clay, and affect us therefore very little in the telling; in others, where the characters form the interest, and the writer composes not from imagination but observation, the trials are only too real,—want of money, hard work, selfishness, and harsh tempers, touch the reader's own experience only too nearly, as in the 'Experience of Life.' In many cases there is a clash between real and ideal, the reader finds himself in the perplexity of childhood, when at Madame Toussaud's we saw living figures standing amid waxen celebrities and in the jumble of the moment grouped together, the living homely flesh and blood, the sleeping beauties and courtly circles, perplexing our dawning powers of discrimination. Such strange conjunctions we see in Margaret Percival. The author has an instinct of this difference of nature herself, which shows itself in the brittleness of texture and precarious tenure of life with which she endows

her high-born ethereal creations; the slightest rub disorganizes them, a disappointment quenches their lamp of life. But we will not trench on the details which are to follow. The agency by which these different elements are brought together is invariably *friendship*, female friendship, which our author loves to represent as a *passion*. A romantic unequal friendship must have played a constant part in her early dreams; it plays a very curious part in all these tales, and we venture to say finds very little response from her readers' experience. Indeed, these friendships are the one unnatural, unlikely feature in her view of life; and if young people were likely to found expectations from it, which we dare say they are not, it might do them harm. However this may be, a friendship is a never failing ingredient in our author's plots; all her heroines have friends, and their mothers had friends before them, and these friends are often a very distinct and peculiar sort of persons, and highly conventional. They have most frequently no obvious connexion with the object of attachment, either from position or suitability, something like a magnetic attraction bringing the two together. It is so very engrossing a relation as generally to interfere with the enlargement of the mind in any other direction, and grows up and is sustained under difficulties of circumstances, inequality of rank, and chances of meeting, as would present effectual hindrances to the formation of any other tie. But with so many instances before us we need not dwell on the subject here, being anxious to proceed to the details of our task. Some individual notice of each work will be needed, and even in many instances a slight analysis of the story, as a necessary framework for our comments on each, and the ground of our general conclusions.

All great artists begin as imitators. Painters follow their masters before they feel their way to their own style; musicians adopt the manner of their predecessors till time emancipates their genius from these trammels of custom, and they learn to trust themselves. It is no disparagement, therefore, of the author of 'Amy Herbert' to say that her first work was an imitation, that it could not have been written if the 'Fairy Bower' had not been written before. Indeed, the imitation in some points is so direct as probably to have been avowed and designed for a certain definite purpose, for while the characters and incidents have a marked resemblance, the principle on which the mind of childhood is to be formed is at direct variance. We must suppose, therefore, that the framework of that very bright and original story was adopted with a view to work out a different lesson from it. The 'Fairy Bower' leaves the young mind to work out the practical difficulties that meet it alone,

by the exercise of its own judgment. It wishes the youngest mind to feel that it must rely upon itself; that circumstances may arise in which not even the nearest and most trusted can directly help in its decision; that individual conscience is to be at once the adviser and the appeal; and for this purpose it is taught, like Telemachus, early to keep a secret even from its mother. While we follow the intricacies and scruples that beset poor Grace, and see her harassed by mysteries, we cannot but feel that the lesson comes too soon, and that the burden is not suited to the bearer. On the other hand, Amy Herbert's mother is the vicegerent of her conscience, as conscience is the vicegerent of God. She not only brings to her all her own troubles and thoughts, and decides on nothing without her, but she repeats all that she hears to her, and details to her the particulars of every conversation in which she has taken part. She is not happy with a thought of mystery or a trial unshared. Truth lies, where it so often lies, between. In theory we are inclined to side with the mother of Amy Herbert, and certainly do not approve of mysteries in practice. But we know that absolute transparency and unreserve is not desirable. As a mere question of nature, such a character as Amy Herbert is impossible. No child with a healthy, unexcited brain, whatever her natural candour, can or ever does express aloud all her thoughts, or tell every event that happens to her. Children have spontaneous talk enough. They chatter and run on, or if they are in the mind, now and then work out a thought aloud, though we hold this to be an unusual occurrence, and a great effort; but as for repeating conversations, the *present* always occupies them too much for the memory to be consciously storing up for future *unburdening*. Would it not be a painful thought, and disturbing to our intercourse with them, to believe otherwise? Unconsciousness is one of the charms of childhood and early youth, and what makes them different in nature from mature men and women. It is not *concealment* which makes a young girl not speak much of her thoughts, or of what she hears, but that there is no motive for any such communicativeness; it never occurs to her to do it, nor has she the machinery at command. Besides, there is almost a morbid sense of honour in children which would prevent their feeling it right to repeat conversation and thus excite criticism of their companions. We speak, of course, of premeditation. All sorts of things transpire accidentally; but after such an impulse we believe that thoughtful children go through much suffering, if excitement has betrayed them into repeating conversations or incidents in which others are concerned. It is so contrary to their nature

that they have a feeling of doing *wrong*. Let any one really try to extract from a child what it has been doing on any given occasion, when it has been thrown alone amongst new people, and has had to act for itself, and how hard the process of extracting information is! how small and bald the results of a laborious catechetical examination! Not because the mind has not been actively at work—probably the memory laying up stores to its dying day—but because the knack of telling is wanting. They do not know where to begin; their ideas are not in presentable order; and they have to go through a long silent process before they can become so. Children who can narrate freely are old before their time; and if any good advice could make them all prematurely communicative, we should think such books dangerous, whatever their principles, and however excellent the views of the writer. But we repose too much confidence in the passive resistance of childhood to any encroachment on its own domain, to entertain any such fear. Thousands of little girls have read 'Amy Herbert,' and a good proportion have, perhaps, read it in such a teachable spirit as to derive, besides passing amusement, some permanent lessons for good; but we do not believe its heroine has found one imitator. They do not think whether it is desirable or not to tell mamma every word they hear, and every thought that occurs to themselves; they probably think it was very good in Amy to do so; but simply they will not dream of a personal application. Something comes in the way of the experiment being even formally made for them, as any mamma may ascertain for herself if she has a desire to try. All this, of course, does not bear upon *conscious secrets*, which must, we think, be injurious, and which, with all deference to Mrs. Leslie, we think a mother should both guard against and probe to the bottom, if she has reason to suppose one is weighing on her child's mind. We may be thought presumptuous in setting our opinion against that of ladies of so much thought and apparent experience, but our defence is, that all writers about children are forced to this departure from nature. Real natural children would make very short books; their real conversations would make a strange show in print, and a very poor one; and, in fact, if instruction is to be conveyed to others through their talk, they must be made very conventional little personages.

Though we have spoken of 'Amy Herbert' as in some sort a copy, yet the prevailing characteristics of the author all show themselves in embryo,—both the good, and that questionable feeling towards the world's distinctions which more or less pervades them. It is hardly fair to class with these the great house, with its suites of rooms and imposing air, which appears

and re-appears so constantly in all these tales. But there it always is, the same veritable big house, whatever dress it assumes, whether Elizabethan, Queen Anne's, or Grecian, whether of brick or stone, which at some far off time excited while it overshadowed, and perhaps circumscribed, the writer's childish fancy. It comes in very naturally in 'Amy Herbert,' as contrasted with the heavenly inheritance promised in our baptism; and while it stood empty, and was a sort of mysterious play-ground for her, we can fully sympathise in the impression it made on her mind. But what we cannot so well understand is, that the writer should take it for granted that desire for its possession, and envy of the possessor, should be a natural temptation to a child. The house belongs to Amy's maternal uncle; and her mother—a very sweet and interesting person, to whom envious feelings would be as little congenial as could well be,—in order to guard her child against the temptation, tells her own experience at ten years old, when her brother came of age. For some time her imagination had been excited by the honours in preparation for the heir, which all made her think how delightful it would be to be in his place. When the day came, she goes on to say:—

'From my window I could see far over the country; and everything that I could distinctly view was my father's property. I called my sister Edith, and made her come to the window to enjoy the perfect beauty of the morning; and I can well recollect saying to her, with a half envious sigh, "Should you not like to be Charles, and to think that all this was to be your own?"'—*Amy Herbert*, vol. i. p. 127.

And as the day passes on she confesses that 'all she could think of was the grandeur of her brother's situation, and the pleasure of having so many persons assembled to do honour to one-self;' and the feeling grows throughout the day, till a practical evidence of the transitoriness of earthly greatness startles her. Surely this is a very precocious state for a little girl of ten. There would be no merit in a child's forgetting self at such a time, and being absorbed, and finding all her pleasure in witnessing and sharing, by sympathy and reflection, her brother's distinctions,—she would be only like all children; but to us there is something revolting, because unnatural, in a child's longing for property and the importance of possession, or even realizing what such things are at so early an age.

Again, long after, when Amy, in conversation with one of her cousins, alludes to her mother's history of this grand day of coming of age, we find the cousins spontaneously taking up the same idea:—

'It must be very nice,' continued Dora, 'to have every one looking up to one and envying one. I daresay Aunt Herbert wished she had been papa.'

'She said she wished it then,' replied Amy; 'but I am sure she does not now.'

'What! not to have two great houses, and heaps of servants and plenty of money?' said Margaret.

'But,' replied Amy, 'mamma, when she told me the story, said that we had all the promise of much greater things given us at our baptism, and so it did not signify.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 81.

And Amy herself is subject to the same sensations. She pays a visit to a state-house, grander even than Emmerton,—the subject of the envy we have already described. These are her impressions on seeing it for the first time:—

'Perhaps the very charms of the place only increased her uneasiness. It was so rich and brilliant that it seemed more than to realize all she could possibly desire: but there was no hope that *her* father would ever possess anything like it: it was to be looked upon, but not to be enjoyed; and as she remembered the tale of Aladdin's lamp, she longed that it could be hers for one moment, that she might raise a palace, not for herself, but for her mamma, which should be in every respect like Rochford Park. These dreams so absorbed Amy's mind that she paid but little attention to what passed between Margaret and Miss Cunningham, &c.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 167.

We are sure that the author has made a mistake, and offended against the simplicity of childhood by giving the warning. However, perhaps it is a natural mistake to predate temptation, and one our author often falls into. These ideas are not left without abundant antidotes,—indeed many of them are introduced for the antidotes' sake, whether that is a wise method or not. It is justice to give a specimen. We take one from a discussion amongst the girls as to what really constitutes a lady. Lucy Cunningham is a nobleman's daughter, and answers, in her position in the story, to the lord's daughter in the 'Fairy Bower.' Emily Morton is the governess. Dora is saying:—

'I hate having nothing but Lucy Cunningham dinned in my ears from morning till night.'

'It is better than Emily Morton, at any rate,' said Margaret, with a half contemptuous glance at Amy. '*She* is a lady.'

'Oh, Margaret,' exclaimed Amy, while the colour rushed to her face; 'you don't mean to say that Miss Morton is not a lady?'

'I mean that she is not half so much a lady as Lucy Cunningham: of course, she must be something like one, or mamma would not let her be with us.'

'But indeed, Margaret,' replied Amy, trying to speak calmly, 'I do think you must be wrong. I am sure if a stranger saw them together they would say directly there was no comparison between them.'

'But what has that to do with it?' said Margaret. 'It cannot alter the case. Lucy Cunningham is the daughter of a nobleman.'

'Yes; but that is not everything.'

'And Emily Morton is a governess,' continued Margaret, in a decided tone, as if there could be no arguing against such a truth.

'Yes,' again repeated Amy: 'and yet, if Miss Cunningham were a princess it would not alter my feelings.'

'Then your feelings must be wrong, and all the world would say the same.'

'I am sure Miss Morton is more a lady, because she is more gentle and more kind,' said Amy; 'and she always thinks of other people before herself, and never gets out of temper, and never boasts of anything.'

'Well: but there you are talking foolishly, Amy. Susan Morris, or Reynolds, may be all that; but they would not be at all the more ladies.'

'No,' said Dora, coming to Amy's assistance; 'they would not be ladies, because they would still have clumsy awkward ways of doing things, and of speaking.'

'Of course; that is just what I was saying,' exclaimed Margaret, triumphantly.

'No; but Margaret,' persisted Amy, 'indeed, that is not what you were saying; for I am sure Miss Cunningham is much more awkward than Miss Morton, and yet you say all the world would consider her superior.'

'So they would,' replied Margaret.

Amy was silent for a few minutes. At length she said, 'Mamma told me one day that we ought not to think as the world thinks, because the world means generally a great many vain, silly persons.'

'Then you would set up to be wiser and better than everybody; besides, I suppose—' said Margaret.

Dora again interposed, for she thought she saw what her cousin meant. 'Amy is right, I am sure; it would be only silly people who would think so much more of Lucy Cunningham's birth than of other things. Not all the rank in the world will make people ladies and gentlemen without manners.'

'But I mean something besides manners,' said Amy; 'because what I like in Miss Morton is not quite manners: it is being good that helps to make her a lady, I think.'

Dora laughed. 'That is one of your strange notions, Amy; I believe you think that what you call being good is to make a person everything—rich and happy, and ladylike and beautiful.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 199.

It should be noticed that this and the previous topic bear upon the design of the book, which is to show in every day practice the truths and doctrines, the promises and renunciations, of the first part of the Catechism. It may be that the fear of associating trifling and frivolous ideas with such solemn subjects may have led in the first instance to the unchildlike illustration of *envy* which we have objected to. In points of reverence and due seriousness this author is never tempted to err.

'Laneton Parsonage' is a continuation and filling out of this design, very ably done in many respects; for, in spite of an amount of teaching and direct religious instruction, which is almost apologized for in the preface, the story forms three volumes of proved interest and popularity among young people. They give the history of three girls, from ten to fifteen, ending with their confirmation. The first volume represents home life; the next carries them through school; the third describes their first experience of older trials and temptations. The children are not real children: it is hardly in the nature of things that they should be, when we consider the amount of serious talking they have to perform and to listen to. In fact, the author's sympathies are not with childhood; she interprets it through her own grave maturity of thought, and attributes to it faculties,

feelings, and desires that can only exist there in embryo. But this defective perception does not affect the class for whom the books were written. *Very young readers seldom trouble themselves about nature, or care for its truest delineations half so much as for a story; and these volumes have all vivid scenes, sometimes rising to quite an exciting climax. We should, however, fear that an impression of dulness might be left on their minds, associated with a consistent Christian course, if they were to reason upon what they read. We hear, it is true, of Madeline's cheerful laugh, but we are never admitted into the mirth which raises the clear ringing sound; and Ruth, her twin sister, is prematurely grave in her virtues as well as her faults. Wherever mirth is represented it is undisciplined and in the cause of evil; while the scenes we have alluded to are the visitations and punishments of sin and error on the trembling little sinners. Perhaps the plan involves the necessity of representing chiefly the inner life of the Christian course, its temptations and struggles; but if we could have seen a little more of the outer life, and active employment in good, of all concerned, the gloom we are sensible of would have been avoided, and also our impression would have been a good deal more after the intention of the writer. As it is, when we see only the shortcomings, subtle errors, and secret sins of characters whom she wishes to represent as good in the main, the design is often frustrated. Ruth, for example, is represented as religious, earnest, full of active powers for good, and centering on herself an enormous amount of respect from her companions by habitual discretion and propriety of conduct; yet, while told all this, we see nothing but the subtle evil at work underneath; she seems to the reader double-minded, designing, and self-deceiving, almost to the point of hypocrisy. It is, to say the least, bad management to give the reader a totally different notion of a character from its recognised one in the world, unless the aim is to depict an hypocrite, which is not at all the intention here; for Ruth is intended to be good and true at bottom, only misled by her love of influence and inordinate desire to direct and guide others for their good—a propensity seldom developed in early youth. Ruth, in the second and third volume, is so unpleasing as almost to represent a failure in the system of education the writer offers for our approval and imitation.

Again, if we could have been shown more of the external picture of a Christian life, instead of constant internal struggles and fluctuations, there would have been more free and spontaneous action. *Rules* are, we think, protruded too much, though we feel hesitation in saying this, when we acknowledge how excellent the writer's rules for conduct generally are. But rules are

only good for the effect they produce; rigidly enforced in the abstract, they are a sort of fetter, and chafe the spirit. In action we see them only as habits, and habits have repose in them. As an instance of what we mean, we are disposed to think that the *enforcing*, on a girl of fifteen, such a rule as retirement for private prayer and self-examination twice in the day, at the hours of noon and six o'clock, in addition, of course, to morning and evening private prayer, is a somewhat burdensome injunction on the consciences of children, and may give to prayer and the habit of prayer too rigid an aspect, especially when this girl is represented of an unstable and unformed character, and naturally indisposed to restraint.

This same unfortunate child, 'Alice,' is a sort of victim of law. To her the enforcement of the fifth commandment is put in an unduly hard point of view. She is adopted by a grand lady of the stern and forbidding school—a sort of ogress the writer is fond of depicting—who conceals her affection under a cold manner, and enforces rules for their own sake with greater pertinacity than parents ever do. Now, after all, the duty towards an adopted parent is not the same in degree as towards a natural one; and if the formidable Lady Catherine's authority had not been backed by the gloomy splendours of her great house and dreary state, we think the author would have been more alive to this fact, and young readers less inclined to recognise her rights: but Lady Catherine is fulfilling a debt of romantic friendship to the child's mother, which is another strong claim, and adds a sort of charm of mystery. Another point, which may embarrass some children who make application to themselves of what they read, is the part *feeling* is made to play, and the pain a sensitive nature gives to its possessor. Ruth and Alice, without indeed showing much previous susceptibility, are reduced, the one to something like despair, the other to dangerous prostration of the powers (being at the time in delicate health), at the intelligence of the accidental death of a French girl, for whom they had no regard, and with whom they came in slight contact two years before. It is true they had some disagreeable association of concealment and misconduct in connexion with her, so that conscience has something to do with it; but the feelings are supposed to be so vehemently stirred by an event for which they were not in the remotest degree responsible, from the knowledge that she had died unprepared. Children may suppose that they ought to feel the same under similar circumstances, because the fact is beyond all things dreadful, they having yet to learn that our very ignorance is our excuse, and that our feelings were given for practical uses, not as mere instruments of torture.

We have been finding some faults, and yet there are few stories avowedly inculcating religious principle and doctrine that we should place with greater confidence in the hands of children—the general tone is so earnest, so pure, and so sensible; and especially the question of obedience, as the mainspring of education, is placed on so just and wise a footing. The following passage describes the good mother:—

'Mrs. Clifford, notwithstanding her extreme gentleness of temper, exercised a full authority over her children when they were little. Even a look of disobedience was noticed, if not punished. Ruth and Madeline would no more have ventured to disobey their mother than their father. They could not recollect the time when they had been permitted to follow their own will; and obedience in consequence had become as much a habit as the common course of their daily life.

'When this principle was once firmly fixed, half the difficulty of education was over. Mrs. Clifford could afford to be indulgent, because she had no fear of rebellion. She could overlook many little faults which it might have fretted her children's temper to remark,—faults shown in play hours, when they were off their guard, when they were evidently not aware that she was near,—because she knew that the great principle of duty was thoroughly rooted; and that by degrees, if only she could have patience, it would work out its good effects in every little detail.

'Ruth and Madeline scarcely knew how much they were under control, even when they were children; they were like well-trained horses, taught to attend so immediately to the slightest check, that the curb was unnecessary; and now they were approaching an age when they might be expected to have judgment and wills of their own, even the restraints of childhood were gradually loosened.

'Madeline was once asked what their mamma did with them now they were growing up. The reply was rather abrupt, but perfectly true: "She lets us alone!" In this "letting alone" lay the great secret of Mrs. Clifford's influence. The watchfulness exercised was never seen; she guarded them indeed from evil books, evil companions, evil sights and associations; but it was not by prohibition, but by an unnoted care, she kept such things out of their way. Within certain limits Madeline and Ruth were perfectly free. They might walk where they liked, and when they liked; they might choose their own reading, write to their own friends; have secrets between themselves if they desired it; spend their allowance according to their own will; and when surprise was sometimes expressed that Mrs. Clifford could trust them with so much liberty, she replied, "They were kept very strictly when they were quite children; they were never allowed to disobey, and now they have lost the inclination." And it was true they had lost the inclination, for their mother's tastes and wishes were their own.'—*Laneton Parsonage*, vol. iii. p. 122.

If in the conversations in '*Laneton Parsonage*,' between the father and his children, we think him injudicious in probing into the secrets of their minds, and forcing their confidence, and fear that the example may do harm—to not to the children who read without a thought of imitating such impossible facility of confession, but to parents who may think it a duty to copy so earnest a pattern of parental zeal and watchfulness—we need no better answer and antidote than we

find in the authoress's own views on education, expressed in her later work, 'Margaret Percival.' Take, for instance, the following sentences, which exactly express our own fears and misgivings of a too curious investigation into a child's thoughts and feelings:—

"Talking is not confidence," replied Mr. Sutherland. "Children deceive themselves just as grown-up people do. There are seasons certainly when they are under the influence of fear, or sorrow, and occasionally (I have known such myself), when conscience is awakened, at which they will tell their private thoughts, and truly; but the natural atmosphere of a child's mind on religious subjects is reserve, and if you attempt to force it, you may commit the same mistake as in pulling open a rosebud to make it grow."—*Margaret Percival*, vol. i. p. 94.

'Religion in a child's mind is a plant nurtured in secret by God. We may dig, and prune, and water it, but we must not hope to discover whether it has taken root, except by its fruits; and if we take it up, and examine, and analyse its fibres, it will die.'—*Ibid.* p. 96.

In passing from the authoress's children's books, which contain her system of religious teaching, we would note one point for especial commendation. No mistaken sense of reverence interferes with giving due prominence to the one Name, and Work, and Office, which form the heart of all true religion, which are the foundation and the subject of all doctrine, and inspire all good practice. The principle of love to the Saviour is insisted upon with a constancy and persuasive earnestness, and with a paramount sense of its importance, which relieves the somewhat strict agency enforced for its attainment from all impression of formality; an impression which the wisest system of rules for practical self-guidance must leave upon the mind, without constant reference to their great Object.

Stories for children present the readiest mode for modest talent to feel its way and make experiment of its powers. But our authoress soon found a more congenial as well as a wider field in the scenes and trials of maturer life, and one which has probably always engrossed more of her sympathies than the slow preparation for them which childhood offers. 'Gertrude' is her first story of men and women,—such men and women, that is, as clever young ladies can draw, while the first flush of romance with its visions of unreal self-sacrifice are upon them, before they have quite emancipated themselves from the dreams and notions of the school-room and the traditions of the family circle. Time and experience, we can perceive, have altered her views on some points, greatly on the side of common sense. As it stands, the plan of the story of 'Gertrude' affords a good example of the difficulties presented by a moral plot,—one, we mean, in which the incidents are all the exact consequences of certain moral causes, and in which, of course, any mistake of judgment at the outset must multiply itself in-

definitely, and produce effects that may chance not to be moral at all. The starting error in 'Gertrude' is the amiable, but not the less mischievous one, that sisters must sacrifice themselves and their fortunes for the sake of worthless and extravagant brothers. Whether our authoress regards this as a law of nature, or of reason, we do not quite understand; but the cry of the day has at least done the one good thing of showing the injustice of this ancient popular delusion, on which unprincipled men have so often presumed, and women have acted, to their lasting loss of worldly comfort and self-respect, for unreasonable self-sacrifices leave bitter fruits of discontent and regret behind them.

The *design* of the story is the excellent practical one of showing young women that no good works should interfere with their first duty to their family and home; and this is enforced by a great deal of wise precept, as well as example and warning. Edith is the warning; Gertrude appears, towards the middle of the story, as the pattern to show that a woman's duties at home and abroad need not interfere with one another. We are first introduced to Edith in her home, and in the society of her two selfish sisters and weak mother, interested in her own schemes of usefulness, devoted to schools, attendance on the poor, and similar ministrations, but irritating her sisters by her disregard and contempt for all their interests, and blind to all the minor attentions and duties that make home happy. The picture of these sisters, their mutual sarcasms and entire want of sympathy, is a painful one; the necessity of showing the evil consequences of that want of kindness and consideration for others, which sometimes spoils zealous characters, being the excuse for what otherwise would be gratuitously repulsive. Edith's affections are centred in her only brother, Edward, who in theory is as ardent and self-denying as herself, and plans grand schemes of future good with her. While he is poor—his father having provided for his wife and daughters, and left him to the resources of his profession, the law—she is the confidant of all his lofty aspirations and noble plans of benevolence, and in return thinks her brother perfection; while his more clear-sighted sister, Charlotte, the worldly, clever, amusing member of the family, is never blind to the one lurking weakness of his character. Suddenly, by the death of a distant relative, he becomes head of the family, possessor of the family mansion and estate, and of a reputed income of six thousand a-year. A week's insight into his affairs shows him that his predecessor had over-lived his means to such an extent, that the actual income was reduced to two thousand,—a disappointment very easy, we should have thought, to announce to the world. But our authoress

thinks it natural for him to suppress the fact; taking Edith, a girl of nineteen, alone into his confidence, under strict promises of secrecy, and promising her to redeem his affairs by care and economy. He deliberately continues the existing establishment and style of living, on the ground that the neighbourhood would expect it of him, and very soon marries the belle of the season, a portionless beauty. Her he takes in, like the rest of the world, as to the real amount of his income, and indeed indulges her in habits of extravagance even for that nominal fortune; nor does he ever undeceive her or any one else, but goes on in continual new plans of expense, till ruin comes with the end of the story.

This is making a foible bear fruit with a vengeance. It is clear the authoress had no idea of the real turpitude of such a course of action; on the contrary, she thinks it consistent with a high sense of honour. 'Such a high sense of honour,' as Mr. Dacre, the experienced sage of the piece, says, 'is not often to be met with.' It can be no want of moral sense which has led such a writer into such an absurdity, but the necessity of making a weakness bring its own punishment. Now, as a fact, plenty of men dream of doing good, and do it not without coming to such extremities as Edward does; but the story is bound to illustrate the mischief of self-deception, and something very bad must therefore result from it, while, unless the culprit is represented as interesting, and in a certain sense high-minded, there is no point in the warning. Edith in the meanwhile, disgusted and jealous at her brother's marrying without consulting her, and to the utter sacrifice of all his high schemes, is sullen and cold to him, and takes a violent prejudice against his charming worldly young wife, whose truthful and affectionate nature might have been wrought upon for good. Influenced by pique, Edith is rude from the first, rejects Laura's overtures, is critical of all her actions, and will not spare the time from her own useful pursuits to be any companion to her, which her age and their mutual love for Edward naturally pointed her out for. Nothing but the necessity for showing the evil results of an ungracious manner could have led our author into investing real goodness of heart with so repulsive a mien. As it is, Laura, slighted by her young sister-in-law—and a bosom friend being an absolute necessity—is drawn into intimacy by an insinuating, flattering, mean, would-be *young* lady of the neighbourhood, who encourages all her faults, and leads her into such scrapes of extravagance, and concealment of her difficulties, as in the end nearly cost her her life and reason. All this is certainly not natural. A young wife may find her husband's relations uncongenial without throwing herself into the arms,

of such a sycophant as Miss Forrester; but Edith has to learn a lesson for her own self-willed and ungracious conduct. When all the mischief is *en train*, Gertrude, who has hitherto lived with an aunt, returns to her own home, the inheritor of her aunt's moderate fortune. She is a very pleasing character. We feel the charm of her manner, which makes goodness seem natural and easy, and we understand how she should at once be welcomed as the confidant and friend of the whole family circle, and begin to set everything on a better footing. But the consequences of the plot come in more provokingly in her case than in any other, in her quality of double corrector of the errors of her brother and sister. She, too, had had her visions of doing good, which had been to devote her fortune to building a church in a neglected district on her brother's estate,—one of his own unfulfilled intentions. But at the moment when this scheme is on the point of completion, and her interests are centred on architect's plans and such details, she first becomes acquainted with her sister-in-law's embarrassments, which can only be relieved by the sacrifice of hundreds of this appropriated fortune; and next the state of her brother's affairs bursts upon her. He is utterly ruined, and on the point of sacrificing that nice sense of honour of his for a place under government, one of his self-deceptions being to incur the expenses of a contested county election, and to enter Parliament. If a man's own sense of honour does not keep him straight, we should not advise his sisters to sacrifice their fortunes to keep him so; but Mr. Dacre, a good and wise man of sixty, compels Gertrude—who shrinks with natural timidity from obtruding herself on the closing consultation between her clever brother and the head of his electioneering committee—quite sternly, to invade his study, and interpose her fortune between her desperate brother and the sacrifice of his principles.

We cannot see the great harm of fellows like Edward voting all lengths with their party. We cannot tremble, as we are expected to do, when certain private crotchets are imperilled; we cannot share in the apprehension that 'dishonour would crush him to the dust;' we have no tenderness for that honour that must be kept intact by his sister's 10,000*l.*; but its surrender is gravely enforced as a solemn duty on her part. The moral of the story is thought complete by this consummation, while, in order to enhance her sacrifice, the unselfish Gertrude is sullied by a very superfluous error of her own, and one at variance with her nature; and that is a sharp pang of envious regret when her old friend, Mr. Dacre, undertakes to build the church her brother's superior claims have put it out of her own power to build. Now we are not saying that Gertrude ought to have persisted

in building her church, leaving her brother and sister and their child in pecuniary distress; but we do very much quafrel with the contrivance of the story which suggests the difficulty. Sisters — young, inexperienced sisters especially — are ready enough to sacrifice themselves to worthless brothers, without its being enforced on them as a duty. We know that the Edwards of real life will spend as many fortunes as their sisters will please to give them, and not begin the work of reformation till all the money is gone, whatever they may do in a story book. Nor is it practical wisdom to represent young people, newly come to the possession of their money, as spending it at once in some great work. Such acts should be done, except under very peculiar circumstances, *only* when the character is formed, and age and experience enable the giver to realize the sacrifice he is making; and to make a young woman do this is to fall into the fallacy, which we only call such because it is one-sided and unfair, that a woman's highest duty towards a large fortune is to give it away in a lump, as though she had not a sphere, in the same sense that a man has, for dispensing it rationally and usefully in her own person, in liberal plans for good. Our readers will understand, that, so far from depreciating noble sacrifices either for family or for the service of God, we would exalt them by making them real,—the offering of a heart which fully counts the cost—of an understanding that can foretel all the consequences of its actions. But certainly our authoress is a true advocate for her sex; she gives them the lion's share of magnanimity, and sometimes seems to regard it as the mission of mankind to develop this grace by trial and persecution. French religious writers of the present day make women saints, and men reprobates. In a modified sense, we now and then suspect the authoress of this arrangement,—she tolerates so much evil in men, as though they could not help themselves, while her code for women is uniformly high and strict. Thus we find Mr. Dacre apologising for Edward: 'Mr. Courtney has acted blindly indeed, but we must be careful in our condemnation; he has done but what thousands have done before him, perhaps with less excuse.' The truth is, she over-estimates certain temptations, and thinks that everything that aggrandises a man's consequence is so enormous a trial to his conscience, that none but the highest minded and most saintly can resist dishonest modes of retaining them.

The following extract shows how well she understands this class of characters, and how tenderly she feels towards them. Gertrude has renounced her church scheme, and is consulting with Mr. Dacre as to how she shall best serve her brother:—

"And now," said Gertrude, "tell me what I must do; you say I cannot save Edward."

"No," replied Mr. Dacre; "his only safety will be in giving up Allingham immediately."

Poor Gertrude shrank from a truth which she had not ventured before to utter, even to herself.

"His home!" she said, and her eyes wandered over the beautiful park, and rested upon the splendid colonnade, which was seen as the termination of a long vista of trees.

"It will be a heavy trial," said Mr. Dacre; "but who would not rather leave his home with honour than live in it with self-reproach?"

"And where will he go?" exclaimed Gertrude, overwhelmed by the prospect which was opening before her—"how will he support himself? He will never consent to be dependent upon us."

"The usual resource is a residence in a foreign country."

"Oh no!" exclaimed Gertrude; "he cannot do that, his life would be without object—he would be miserable, and his talents would be wasted."

"I am glad you think as I do. There are indeed grave reasons against leaving our natural duties, though there may be cases in which it is necessary; but I do not see that your brother's is one. His profession is still open to him."

"If he would return to it," exclaimed Gertrude, while a feeling of hope lighted up her countenance; but it died away as quickly as it had been excited. "Who will persuade him to do it?" she added.

"That must be your duty. He will not bear the idea at first, for he will feel that he is exposing himself to public observations; but if he should consent, you——"

"Yes," said Gertrude, interrupting him; "I see it now. If my fortune were Edward's he would begin life a second time with comfort. But you do not know him—he will never listen to the offer."

"I do not know him as you do; yet I think if it is in the power of any human being to induce him it will be in yours."

"He is proud," said Gertrude; "he will shrink from the very idea of obligation."

"Not so much to a member of his own family—and you must remember the proposal may be made as a loan, not as a gift."

Gertrude thought for a moment. "Yes," she said; "it may be a loan now, and a gift in years to come."—*Gertrude*, vol. ii. p. 100.

This notion of the loan is certainly a happy hit, and shows that the writer knows her man to a turn; indeed, throughout he is remarkably well drawn, with felicitous little traits of selfishness which are almost unconsciously recorded. Our readers will be glad to hear that Edward suffers as little as can be expected; he and his wife go abroad for a year, and then settle down in town with a small establishment, preparing to pursue his profession, and living upon Gertrude's fortune. The writer's instructions to her own sex are in a different spirit. We all may be the better for such advice as the following, bearing on Edith's peculiar faults of neglect, and indifference towards the tastes and feelings of those amongst whom she lived. Edith speaks:—

"I must say one word to you; really I won't keep you five minutes,

but I want you to tell me something. Why do you think Jane and Charlotte find so much fault with me?"

"What a question, dearest!" exclaimed Gertrude. "How is it possible that I should tell?"

"But you must have some notion. Do I ever do disagreeable things?"

"We all do occasionally," said Gertrude.

"But I in particular. They are always complaining of me. I know I am untidy, and not at all punctual; but have you ever remarked anything else?"

Gertrude hesitated to reply.

"I should be very glad if you would tell me," continued Edith; "because I often wonder why you suit them so much better than I do, when your notions are quite as different; and I am sure the fault must be in myself."

"There are some little trifles," said Gertrude; "but they are merely trifles. One thing I thought I would tell you of: the other day, do you remember, when you were making breakfast, you had finished before any one, and you went away, and left us all to pour out the tea for ourselves."

"But what was the use of stopping? I had a great many things to do."

"Merely that it was uncomfortable; it disarranged us, and broke up the party, and made us feel as if we ought all to be in a bustle too. And for the time being, you know, you were the lady of the house."

Edith thought for a minute, and then said—"Go on quickly, or they will wonder what has become of us."

Gertrude smiled. "I really can't remember in such a hurry; especially when they are not such very great offences. I think, perhaps, sometimes you irritate Charlotte by your manner of saying you can't do as she wishes, or that you do not like things. You put the objection first, and the desire to oblige afterwards, and then it does not tell."

"I don't quite know what you mean," said Edith.

"It is only the turn of a sentence," replied Gertrude; "as I heard some one call it once, putting the negative before the affirmative in life."

"Indeed, that is such a mere nothing," said Edith.

"So it is, but the impression of the two sentences will be as different as possible; and I am sure you will find it so if you observe."

"The objections always come to my mind first," said Edith.

"They do to most persons; but if they are spoken they give the idea that you are not pleased, or that you do not wish to oblige, which is the last thing any one has a right to say of you."

"And is that all?" said Edith; "I should like to know everything."

"Those are the great faults I can remember to-day," said Gertrude laughingly; "except, perhaps, such trifles as putting the chair you are sitting on in an awkward place, so as to make the room look uncomfortable; and running away in the midst of a conversation, in which we are all interested, as if you did not care about it."

"If I were not so busy," said Edith.

"But it is easy to make a little excuse, and then no one would mind. I very often feel a blank when you are gone, as if the subjects we liked were of no consequence to you."

"No, indeed, Gertrude; whatever pleases you I am sure pleases me."

"I know it does in reality, but at the moment I can hardly believe it."

"One thing I must say," replied Edith, "that if we are to be so very particular, you do away with all the liberty of home."

"Only in little trifles and courtesies," said Gertrude; "and I don't see how it can be otherwise when a number of grown-up people have to live together. If they are not under some restraint they must quarrel; and cer-

tainly one's first object—earthly object, I mean—should be to make one's home comfortable.”

“I don't think Jane and Charlotte care much about it,” said Edith.

“Perhaps they have not quite the same principles to act from as you have; but when all are on an equality, some one must yield, and I think those who are most anxious to do right should set the example.”

Edith sighed and exclaimed sadly, “I am always doing wrong, I know. I make all sorts of good resolutions in general, but I never know how to put them in practice.”

“You will if you study character more,” said Gertrude, “and consider in the morning what is likely to happen in the day, and what you will be called on to do. It is the being busy and distracted that makes it difficult; and the business I know you cannot well avoid, though it might worry my sisters less if you could go out when they do, and stay at home oftener in the morning to practise and read with them.”

“Such a waste of time all that seems!” exclaimed Edith; “and accomplishments lead to so much vanity.”

“But not if they are cultivated from high motives,” said Gertrude. “There is a difference between wishing to please and wishing to give pleasure.” — *Gertrude*, vol. ii. p. 41.

We fully acquiesce in the great practical benefit and domestic daily use of a knowledge of character, and, therefore, in the duty of making it a study which is here inculcated.

The story of the ‘Earl's Daughter’ is a leading example of the authoress's aristocratic bearings and sympathies, where her taste indulges itself in high-born fragile beauty and distinguished manners, with all the circumstances of state and magnificence, and responsibility, which form and surround them. The impression left upon the reader is not of much practical usefulness, though the heroine is a sweet impersonation of a great many good and attractive qualities; but her difficulties and trials come too little in the way of ordinary mortals to form any analogy with their own. Few girls of sixteen have either to conduct princely establishments, to be the idol of their father, the earl, or to assist in the dispensing of valuable church patronage; and thus, through the construction of the story, what was designed for instruction will be read simply for amusement, and young ladies are much more likely to think how nice it would be to be Lady Blanche, than to realize, as they are intended to do, the weight of care and hidden sorrow which may sadden the highest station and the most seemingly brilliant prospects; and they must one and all feel that in her place they should have managed a good deal better, and enjoyed themselves a great deal more.

Poor Lady Blanche has certainly a harassed life of it. She is a victim of errors and mistakes which began before she was born, and which pursue her to her grave. The events are all in rigid conformity with their causes, only they are assisted in two instances by hereditary and constitutional tendencies, which we think very much mar the moral effect. Indeed, our own

feeling is most strong on the imprudence and want of due consideration for the possible circumstances of many readers, in making a dread of insanity one of the heroine's trials. All the scenes by which she becomes aware of her hereditary tendency are most objectionable to us; and, moreover, the suspicion throws a doubt over everything she does, so that when she seems to us morbid and excitable, we do not know whether the author really intends her reason to be on the turn, or that it is only an extreme conscientiousness battling with natural feeling, and demanding our admiration. In opposition to Lady Blanche is her friend, Eleanor Wentworth, daughter of the rector of the parish, who has been educated with her, and shared the wise teaching of her admirable governess, and has always behaved herself extremely well up to the point of the story's opening, when both girls begin their home life. The circumstances of the rectory would seem to offer a safer sphere than the castle; but the family circle is with this authoress always a scene of peculiar temptation: and before many months are over, this young girl, scarcely seventeen at the conclusion of the story, and with no taste for misconduct for its own sake, has worried her friend to death, brought on her mother a paralytic seizure, and assisted in making her brother wretched for life by a foolish marriage;—that is, if she had acted otherwise, none of these events would have happened. Mrs. Wentworth had been a friend of Lady Blanche's mother, fulfilling the most mysterious idea of that relation, and making us feel how very inconvenient such connexions would be in real life. Having once been the deceased countess's friend, and the confidant of her trials, her nature is soured for any other tie; and in spite of high principle, feeling, and intellect, she is spoilt as a mother and a wife. The authoress likes to invest her strong characters with pertinacity of aim; they form unreasonable wishes, and *die* if they cannot carry them out. Mrs. Wentworth is one of these; she forms a desire that her thoughtless son shall be a clergyman, and it is an understood thing in the family that it will kill her if he is not. It is thus she expresses the wish of her heart to her young daughter:—

“I have lived upon the hope of seeing Charles a clergyman in heart as well as in profession. If this is not to be—if he is to be lukewarm, or worldly—let him go; let him choose the army, the law, a merchant's office—anything. I shall never live to see the error of his ways, for my heart will break!”—*The Earl's Daughter*, vol. ii. p. 129.

Charles does not much like the prospect, and prefers flirting at the castle to preparing for his ordination; but a good living would both reconcile him to his fate, and get over the difficulty he has fallen into, with his sister's assistance, by forming a clandestine engagement: so Eleanor torments Lady Blanche,

whose influence with her father is all-powerful, with a most coarse and violent importunity, pleading for her mother's *life*, which hangs on her decision, till Lady Blanche's reason nearly gives way, and her health does entirely. She breaks a blood-vessel, and consumption sets in; but she does *not* give the living, the brother does not enter the Church, but runs away with his lady, and Mrs. Wentworth is nearly as good as her word, for she has a paralytic stroke on receipt of the news. Eleanor is left to a life of misery and remorse, and Lady Blanche's end furnishes all the pretty and touching scenes which make the death of the young, beautiful, and pathetic, a sure engine for exciting interest; only, for ourselves, we can never forget that there is no real reason for her dying at all; that a little worry does not kill the most susceptible natures, and that her duty was really so straightforward and easy, that the fault lies with the authoress in imposing upon a girl—almost a child—the responsibilities of mature age. Another case of premature and morbid anxiety, unsuited for the confiding hopefulness of youth, is the blighting effect on her mind produced by her father's want of sympathy in her religious feelings. It is not that he interferes with her, but he cannot follow her:—

'And then Blanche was indeed miserable. The sky, the woods, the rocks, and the river—the beauties which had before entranced her with delight—all were changed. Their brightness was gone; the spell by which they had charmed her was destroyed. She was alone; and there lived not the being upon earth who could fill the void which that one conversation had caused in her heart. Who could recal the reverential and holy affection which had, till then, formed her dream of happiness in her splendid home? who could restore the delusion which hitherto she had cherished, even against her own secret convictions?'—*The Earl's Daughter*, vol. i. p. 64.

All this is as excited in tone as in sentiment; and yet there are many sensible, quiet parts, and conversations led by Lady Blanche, which form as great a contrast as can well be with the exaltation of language and sentiment which characterises the story as such. Take, for instance, her governess's rule for reading novels, which we think a good one, though in defiance of Sydney Smith's great test:—

"I really believe that half the mischief of novels, those I mean which are innocent, arises from their being so exciting that we are induced to read them at wrong times. It may seem a very slight fault to skim half-a-dozen pages more when duty calls us another way; but I am sure it injures the conscience and untunes the mind. If we can read a very interesting book up to a certain moment, and then resolutely close it because we have something else to do, the relaxation can scarcely have done us harm."—*The Earl's Daughter*, vol. i. p. 149.

'Margaret Percival,' which stands next on our list, shows a great advance in thought and power. The practical parts evidence remarkable discernment, and a mind habituated to

reason and draw conclusions upon its own observation. The story itself is open to some of the old objections. The authoress has, indeed, but one device to accomplish, or at least to set going, all the work to be done—a great house and a friend; and desiring to bring her heroine in contact with the seductions of Romanism, these are, as a matter of course, the instruments employed. In order to show how they are brought to bear, and how the principal characters act upon one another, it will be necessary to give an outline of the story, which has two very distinct aspects—the real, which is very real; the fanciful, which is very fanciful; and each aspect with appropriate local scenery of its own.

Margaret Percival is the daughter of a physician, a leading inhabitant of a country town; her mother is a clever, worldly woman, devoted to the care and advancement of her numerous family. There is an elder sister, Agatha, who has been expensively educated with a view to her teaching the younger children; but when the time comes, Agatha—who is a beauty, with every intention of turning her beauty to account—flatly refuses to have anything to do with the school-room; and in the parents' difficulty poor Margaret, just eighteen, without her sister's advantages, is chosen as the victim instead. Margaret is a clever, imaginative girl, with a strong though undisciplined sense of duty. She submits with a good grace, and begins with high hopes of success; but, with her own mind undisciplined, she is ill fitted for the office of teacher; and we have some excellent hints on education, founded on poor Margaret's failure and discouragement. Her mother, with whom she is no favourite, thwarts her plans; her selfish sister gives her neither help nor sympathy; her absent brother confides to her all his pecuniary scrapes and troubles; her home is uncomfortable, and in despair she withdraws her mind; as far as possible, into her own visionary world.

How true are many of these *home* scenes! and yet the ideal home is a picture it is a pity to destroy, as so many analysers of domestic life are fond of doing. We doubt the expediency of so constantly picturing home as the scene of disappointment, want, of sympathy, uncongeniality, worry, weariness, and pain. Young people are the readers of these books. It may lead them to magnify their own small trials, to fancy themselves aggrieved, to brood over slight injustices, to criticise and question where an unreasoning submission is their best happiness. But we cannot deny that it is in the reflections that arise out of home scenes, and the everyday experiences of home life, where our authoress's chief power lies. We may sometimes question the wisdom of dwelling so constantly on the sorrowful side of domestic life, but we cannot dispute that there is one. There is a feeling, a

reality, a truth, however melancholy, about these pictures, which compel the reader to pause, and think, and acquiesce. It is only the uniformity of effort and sacrifice, and the unrelieved character of the struggle in the delineation of family scenes, that we regret; not that real evils should not sometimes find a voice. It is the 'cry of the woman,' to use the cant of our day, the cry of a spirit not naturally joyous, and oppressed by the burden her sex has too often to bear, of small nameless daily annoyances, the perpetual fret of temper and wear of cheerfulness that the exactions of selfishness impose upon her, embittering what should be the fountain-head of her purest delights.

'A home—a quiet, happy, peaceful home—such as is sometimes believed to be the natural inheritance of woman, was not Margaret's; and it is the blessing of the few, not of the many. There is seldom anything more delusive than the tranquillity which men, harassed by business, are apt to envy in a well-regulated family circle. They see everything outwardly smooth—no sighs, no complaints; or, if there is an occasional cloud, they are too little acquainted with the different shades of character, even of those nearly connected with them, to be aware of it. And as it is in the short intervals which they are allowed to pass with those they love, so they imagine it must be always. They think that where the strife of the world is not heard, there every other strife must be excluded. And yet in that orderly household, in that cheerful society, there is fought, hour by hour, the great battle of good and evil, as constantly, as vigorously, with as many hopes and fears, alternations of victory and defeat, as when men meet in the senate-house or the market, or mingle in the most crowded haunts of their fellow-beings.'—*Margaret Percival*, vol. i. p. 333.

Within an easy walk of Margaret's home stood a deserted mansion in a noble park, the property of a Roman Catholic family of rank, the last descendant of which, now a widow, lived in Italy, having married an Italian nobleman. A fine terrace in front of the mansion was Margaret's favourite resort. There she was in the habit of repairing to recruit her spirits and to dream away her annoyances undisturbed. She had never been admitted into the interior of the house; but through one of the windows she could see the portrait of a beautiful girl in the quaint costume of a long past age. The picture mingled with her fancies, and sank into her heart, like an actual living creature, thus preparing the ground, as the discerning reader will easily guess, for some strong affection which is to influence her future destiny. While Margaret alternately labours and dreams, her selfish elder sister has waking plans of her own. She intends to marry a rich colonel of some fifty years old, the acknowledged best match of the neighbourhood, and brother of her fashionable friend, Mrs. St. Aubin. In prosecution of this scheme, she accepts the invitation of her friend and the colonel to join them in a little excursion into Normandy, in which Margaret, all unconscious of her sister's designs, is, to her

great joy, included. Before they start we are introduced to her uncle, Mr. Sutherland, who represents the English Church in the polemical part of the story,—a pattern man, whom the author has made some attempt to individualise, and possessed of that amazing stock of patience and sympathy for the doubts and difficulties of young ladies which good clergymen in books are always endowed with. The journey to Rouen is an eventful one. It gives Margaret her first favourable impressions of Romanism, and introduces her to her fate—the Countess. She recognises on a balcony an exact counterpart of her favourite picture, and is not a little excited when she discovers that it is the Countess Novera, that picture's lineal descendant. After this discovery she enters the Church of S. Ouen, and is so absorbed in its beauty and the impression it makes on her mind, that, upon being left by her party, she yields to the influences of the place, and kneels amid the worshippers; amongst whom she has already recognised the graceful figure of the young Countess, who, in her turn, is attracted by the devotion of the English girl, whom, under such circumstances, she never supposes to be 'a heretic.'

In the meantime, Agatha and the Colonel are getting on very well together, and Margaret is shortly informed of her engagement. The lover has so many disagreeable qualities that Agatha's motives cannot be mistaken, and her sister remonstrates and warns to the verge of propriety. But Agatha is firm; she is not afraid of his temper, and she puts up with his dulness. She is determined, in fact, to live in style. When the party return home, the mother is delighted, the father acquiesces, friends congratulate; all but Margaret regard it as a subject of rejoicing. She to the last seeks to work on Agatha's mind, whose struggles between conflicting feelings are ably given; but in vain.

While the preparations for the wedding progress, the Countess Novera, with her confessor Father Andrea, and her young Italian friend, Lucia, arrive at Henningsley for a prolonged stay. The whole party are after the approved romantic type. The confessor especially, with his stern rigidity of aspect, his devotion to his Church, his tenderness for his charge, hits the youthful notion of severe attractiveness. Notwithstanding the difference of rank and circumstances, Margaret and the Countess, after the scrutiny of each other's countenances we have recorded, seem to have read the will of fate that they were to be friends; for before any introduction takes place, Margaret has a discussion with her uncle on unequal friendships; and he gives it against her making the Countess her bosom friend, with some sensible remarks, which, as they

evidently never practically influence the authoress, can hardly be expected to move Margaret. The wonder is that the question should ever have been mooted at all when the probability to the reader would be so small of its ever being called for. However, the ladies no sooner meet than they feel irresistibly drawn to one another, to the infinite annoyance of the Italian, who personifies the passion of jealousy. When the Countess discovers her mistake in Margaret's religion, and doubts if she ought not to draw back, the confessor, who scents a convert, encourages the growing intimacy; and thus Margaret becomes at once the idol of the Countess, and the confessor's main object; and the process of proselytising sets in. The Church of England is ill represented in Margaret's parish; the church is ugly, the parson indolent, the Dissenters numerous. The line of argument pursued by the authoress lightly touches on the errors of the Church of Rome, and discusses at length the relative claim of authority in the two churches to Margaret's allegiance. It may have had its value ten years ago, though, then it was felt imprudent to throw all the interest and romance on the Romish side. But no controversy can be of permanent value that does not probe matters thoroughly, and embrace all sides of the question. For ourselves, we believe that Romanism must be tried by its doctrines, and therefore that young people, for whom the discussions in the book are intended, may be misled, by the little prominence given to them, into the mistaken notion that the authoress is not or was not as strong in her repudiation of certain definite errors, as she undoubtedly is, and as some summary and concise protests show her to be. The claims of the English Church are put forward with a dutiful, loving reverence, which leave nothing to be desired, and which always have their value.

The elder and more critical reader cannot enter with undivided attention into the controversial parts of the tale, from a sense of the absolute improbability of all the circumstances of their discussion, and the feeling that the instruction, whatever its value, is counterbalanced by the indiscretion of presenting so fascinating a connexion to young fancies as this mutual devotion of the Countess and Margaret. They are represented as 'absorbed,' 'blinded,' 'engrossed;' Margaret is the Countess's one tie to live for, her one love after her husband's death. Such a case is neither possible nor desirable. It would be a sign of weakness in both parties if it could exist at all in actual life. But we have already expressed ourselves on our authoress's views of the passionate, exclusive nature of a true friendship. As an illustration, take the following conversation between the Countess and her confessor, on occasion of Lucia's being interested in a new acquaintance, which relieves the former

from an irksome sense of restraint in not being able to return her little dependant's devotion. The father sternly replies:—

“Happiness is dearly purchased at the price of simplicity of mind.”
 “Was I wrong?” inquired the Countess; “I thought you had said it would be the best thing both for her and myself.”

“Yes; but I regret the necessity. I hoped that her love for you would have satisfied her wherever she might be.”

“Ah, father, then even you, after all your experience, do not know a woman's heart. Undivided affection, that is what it must give and receive; and Lucia knows that such she cannot have from me. She will be happy when she is married, but not till then.”—*Margaret Percival*, vol. ii. p. 14.

There is but one earthly affection designed to be of this absorbing character. If it is attempted to make any other relation such, eccentricity and failure of duty in the natural sphere of action is the inevitable result. Its representation in ‘*Margaret Percival*’ is full of incongruities.* Margaret has to change her character whenever she comes under the Countess's influence; from being vigorous, energetic, self-reliant, a disciplinarian, and somewhat a slave to rules, she becomes dreamy, lavish of time, isolated from her natural interests. Concurrent with the indulgence of this intimacy, which the uncle's absence abroad, joined with a reluctance on his niece's part to encounter his disapprobation, keeps him in ignorance of, home troubles are gathering from various quarters. The eldest brother in the army is extravagant, contracts gambling debts, and makes perpetual demands on his father. Agatha's marriage turns out ill; the Colonel is ill-tempered, and she is wilful; till, at length, on the occasion of the death of her baby, and his neglect of her entreaties for further advice, she abruptly leaves him, and returns to her old home. At length, the father's health breaks down on receiving news of his son's fresh disgraceful embarrassments. There is no question in the family (and the writer seems to suppose the sacrifice inevitable) of giving up the savings of a life to pay debts of honour, and thus rescue the family credit at the expense of the other sons' and daughters' prospects,—a step which ought never to be recorded without a protest. In this complication of disasters, the uncle comes to them, and, as a crowning climax of his distress, discovers that Margaret's faith is wavering; that she is, in fact, on the point of joining the Church of Rome. Happily, in real life such practical troubles as pecuniary distresses, sickness, and general domestic trials, stave off intellectual perplexities; but Margaret is the victim of all at once.

‘It was Margaret's fate to be behind the scenes in all domestic calamities, to gaze into the depths, whilst the eye of others rested only upon the surface.’—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 150.

The uncle loses no time in encountering the mischief; and certainly his influence upon the doubting and distracted mind of his niece in one instance is beyond nature, or what we can desire to be natural. He induces—nay, forces—her to give up in a moment, without another interview, all intercourse with the Countess, after two years of the closest, dearest, unintermitting friendship; his fiat is, 'You and the Countess must never meet again.' And Margaret, after such struggles of mind as we meet with in books, consents, and writes a parting letter, which is sent on the eve of the Countess's departure from Henningsley for London. Now, as a fact, we cannot undo our acts after this fashion, and, all things remaining the same, loose ourselves summarily from the consequences of them. We do not take a flighty view of friendship, but friends must not part in this way without change of feeling on either side. The Countess was the same as when her father and mother sanctioned the imprudent intimacy. She had never made any secret of her wishes for Margaret's conversion; she had been uniformly kind, loving, and devoted. Such affection has a claim like relationship, though, perhaps, not in the same degree; and this sudden, violent renunciation, which shocks our feelings, does not approve itself any better to our sense of justice or propriety. We object to this sort of unreasoning submission to another mind, where the heart has a right to be heard, and a Margaret of real life would never have taken such a step; nor could we bid her do it in spite of the dangers to her constancy, which she escapes in the story. In fact, the authoress herself hardly carries out her own judgment. First, the really eloquent and fervent letter through which Margaret conveys her decision never reaches its destination, being intercepted by the jealous Lucia and wickedly destroyed; and, finally, the confessor, who is not willing to give up his hoped-for convert, seeks her, gets an explanation from her, and finally contrives to bring the friends together, hoping to persuade her to accompany the dying Countess to Italy; for we should have said, the poor lady's health, always precarious, had given way under the English climate and her heart's disappointment in her friendship. Here is the scene in which Margaret resists the temptation, and says a formal farewell; we give it as an instance of the romantic visionary side of our authoress's mind:—

"Beatrice! dearest of all! Heaven bless you for your love! Yet we must part."

'Father Andrea started, and Beatrice turned away her head in deep despair.

"Forgive—forgive me!" exclaimed Margaret. "Miserable you may be, but not like me, for I am the cause of your misery. I have promised

not indeed to any human being, but in the secrecy of my own heart before God, that I will shun the path of temptation. My mind is unfixed, my principles unsettled. If I go with you, I go where everything around me will be a snare. Beatrice, I dare not."

"The Countess raised herself, and her glassy, wandering eye moved restlessly round the room. It rested at length upon Father Andrea. He was standing with his arm leaning upon the mantel-piece in gloomy silence. She beckoned him towards her, and as he approached said, "Father, have you no word?"

"When the heart is bent on error, God alone can soften it," he said; and still and rigid he stood at the foot of the sofa.

"The eyes of the unhappy Countess closed for an instant, and Margaret drew near once more to bid farewell. Beatrice sat upright, and looked at her with a fixed, quiet gaze; and as Margaret stooped to kiss her, she said, in a voice the tones of which thrilled fearfully on the ear,—

"I am dying; yes, see!" She held out her long, taper fingers, and touched the lines of her worn thin face. "See, I am dying, and I shall die alone; Father Andrea will love me to the last, but none else. No mother, no sister! Servants to watch me in my last moments! Margaret, have pity on me!" and the proud Countess Novera, clasping her hands in agony, threw herself at Margaret's feet. Margaret turned aside in misery, untold, unutterable; but the heart that was uplifted in prayer was superior even to that fierce trial of human affection. She forced the Countess to rise, and laid her again upon the sofa, whilst in a tone of soothing gentleness, which acted as if by magic charm upon the fevered, exhausted spirit, she said, "Beatrice, we have known the secrets of each other's hearts too well that you should doubt me. If my life could be given for yours, death would be welcome for your sake; but the God who has redeemed us is just with you; just must He also be with me."

"The Countess's hand fell powerless by her side, and her head drooped upon the pillow. Father Andrea came forward in alarm. "We must risk no more," he said, "Miss Percival—" but Margaret's meek, imploring glance melted the severity of his manner, and he added, "Daughter, this excitement may not continue."

"I will go!" said Margaret.

"The Countess feebly raised her hand, and her lip quivered.

"Say only I am forgiven, Beatrice, dearest Beatrice! but one word to prove that your love is unchanged!"

"A faint, sad smile, the smile of never-dying affection, lit up the Countess's face; she attempted to speak, but her voice failed her. Margaret bent over her in silence; yet a ray of peace shone even upon her in that dark moment. For the last time she pressed her lips upon the Countess's forehead, and then, obeying the confessor's signal of impatience, hurried from the room, without trusting herself to look once more. Father Andrea followed her into the gallery. He stopped, and Margaret thought he would leave her; but it was only to give an order that Lauretta should instantly go to her mistress; and they went on. No word was spoken by either; at the hall-door the carriage was waiting. Margaret turned to the confessor. "Father, must your blessing be denied to one most miserable?" His sallow face assumed a death-like hue, and his voice shook. "Daughter, the God of mercy and the Saviour of the world bless you, and guide you into all truth!" He placed her in the carriage. Margaret grasped his hand, unable to articulate a parting word. Father Andrea gazed upon her intently; a foreboding cloud gathered upon his lofty brow, and returning the pressure with convulsive energy, he exclaimed, "Daughter, farewell; oh let it not be for ever!"

'The fearful warning fell like lead upon Margaret's heart. At a rapid rate the carriage descended the hill; but Margaret was unconscious of its movement; and when again it stopped at the grove, she was lifted from it insensible.'—*Margaret Percival*, vol. ii. p. 477.

The whole scene is simply impossible, either in itself, or the antecedents which have led up to it. It is a dream, not a piece of life.

The conclusion of the story tells the consummation of all kinds of sacrifices on Margaret's part. The family, after her father's death, leave their luxurious home, and settle in a small cottage in her uncle's parish. Agatha's selfishness is in a perplexity; she does not like the prospect of poverty, and is in a mood to listen to Margaret's representations of her duty to return to her husband, and nurse him in an attack of gout, which makes him intolerable to every one else. The scene of her return home, or rather the absence of all scene that characterises it, is extremely well given, and leaves a salutary dreariness on the spirits. Margaret goes out as a governess, to enable her second brother to finish his Oxford career, and thus to carry out his wish to take orders in the Church. The elder brother repents and reforms. Under her uncle's influence, and, by the happy example of the working of our Church-system in his parish, all Margaret's doubts are set at rest. On her brother's ordination her task is concluded; and we leave her happy and serene in her own home, and enjoying her uncle's companionship.

The character of Margaret, as seen in her own family and home circle, is well drawn. We can realize and feel the power of that 'air of self-recollection about her which, perhaps, 'is one of the most powerful though unconscious means of 'influence excited by the higher order of minds;' a quality which it is the especial point of the authoress's teaching and example to enforce, both for its own sake, and for its effect upon others.

This quality is, perhaps, the characteristic of both aunt and niece in her next book, 'The Experience of Life,'—to our mind the best of this lady's works, and furnishing the happiest example of her peculiar powers. In all her books, what we prize most is the view they contain of the duties and responsibilities of life; the serious, thoughtful, accurate observations of a mind which has been always at work upon the problem of human life, with, we believe, a religious desire to extract that moral from it which Providence designed it should teach. The wisdom of experience is concentrated in the character of Aunt Sarah, who is not only a repository of admirable maxims, but a real old woman whose society we should all have valued, and been the better for. An old maid too, and not without the singularities of one; and yet

an example how loveable, and venerable, and attractive old age may be, after a pious life of serving God, and active exertion for man. It is a rare form of commendation of a tale to say that the good advice is its most interesting feature; yet, with no disparagement to the story whose few incidents are graphically told, it is certainly the case here. We are always anxious for Aunt Sarah's opinion on every knotty point; her strong native sense, clear and prompt judgment, and characteristic force of expression,—the nearest approach to humour this writer's style ever possesses,—never disappoint us; we wish to remember her sayings as guides to ourselves in cases of difficulty or trial. Though a concentration of practical common sense, there is an originality in her views and notions which gives them the freshness of novelty; the authority of her tone, and its axiomatic precision, and air of profound conviction, adding that weight which all advice needs to sink properly into the mind of the recipient.

The story is an autobiography written by the niece and disciple of Aunt Sarah, beginning from her earliest recollections. She is one of a large family, having four brothers and sisters older than herself, and two younger; but owing to delicate health, and a precocious intellect, she leads a separate life from them all, taking a sort of external view of her family concerns, and discussing her brothers' and sisters' faults as a critical stranger might do; a habit common to all this lady's heroines, and perhaps in part attributable to the isolated view she takes of her characters, not harmonising and blending them into groups,—an effect which close intercourse should always produce—but representing each member of the family separate, and with separate interests, like dwellers in a boarding-house. This critical habit of mind is associated, oddly enough, with an almost morbid family affection and readiness of self-sacrifice,—a contradiction which, after all, may not be so uncommon in real life as incongruous in a book. We should say that there is too much about money, and that the troubles of the heroine arise too much from the want of it, but for the opportunity the subject offers for Aunt Sarah's admirable practical notions, which in this point furnish a corrective to some of the authoress's earlier views. We will not therefore raise the question; only it is certain that the interest which arises from pecuniary difficulties—the result of mismanagement, carelessness, indolence, extravagance, or a family habit of 'muddling away' money,—will certainly be of an irksome character to the reader, who, ten to one, has private reasons of his own for hating the subject of money-troubles, and does not care to be reminded of them when he takes up a book ostensibly of light reading. We could wish indeed in this writer generally more light-heartedness. The trials of life are too

constantly present with her; its duties are so heavy—dead weights with no spring in them—that resignation is too constantly in request. She is mistrustful of mirth, and seldom introduces it but as the crackling of thorns under a pot, or as the sign of a selfish, cold nature. Her idea of relaxation is not gaiety, but enthusiasm for some object. We find ourselves, towards the end of one of these impressive, earnest, heart-felt experiences, thinking jokes wrong. And, indeed, if we had to live surrounded by such selfish, unpleasant people as are gathered round the heroine, and were as alive to all their disagreeable qualities and low aims as her perspicacity compels her to be, we should all find life as great a strain on the spirits as she does. And they are very well done too; real living troublers of the peace; especially Horatia, artful, bold, successful, with her loud voice and laugh, and rustling silks, and airs of patronage. Caroline, the elder sister, is also a clever sketch. The writer has an eye for young ladies who from their long-clothes mark out their own course, and steadily pursue it. Her object is a rich marriage, which she achieves at the cost of actually marrying a *merchant*, a man who by his own powers of business has got himself a hundred thousand pounds.

Now, for our part, we think that if it is good to have money, which no reader of this series of stories can doubt, it cannot be wrong to make it; and therefore we the more wonder at the slur continually cast in them on the pursuit of trade and commerce. This writer's views of the mercantile world, and insight into its workings, are certainly narrow. She takes for granted that its interests must necessarily be selfish and grasping, alike degrading to the manners and the heart. She clearly sees no connexion between England's commerce and England's greatness. Manufacturing interests are no interest to her. She who can discriminate so nicely between the gradations of acknowledged station recognises no social distinctions in trade; there can be no classification in that outer darkness. To her it is by no means so preposterous a sentiment as to us, when Mrs. Wentworth declares she shall certainly break her heart if her son enters a merchant's office. She sympathises with the Percival horror when the ruined father, in a fit of despair, proposes for his son such a position, with a prospect of ultimate wealth. But here we probably trace the influence of the editor of her works (if we may identify him with the author of 'Hawkstone'), whose notions on the subject of trade are more ignorant, prejudiced, and intolerant than it would be possible for this lady's more candid mind to follow to their full extent.

But while Caroline is looking after her own interests, the family fortunes are falling, till, at the father's death, it proves

that the machinations of the banker-uncle have been too effectual, and the heroine, and her mother and unmarried sisters, are left totally unprovided for, with only selfish brothers and a selfish sister to look to for assistance. Aunt Sarah has long foreseen this consummation, and early implanted in her favourite niece's mind the maxim that 'There is more honour and more profit, both for this world and the next, in fifty pounds gained by your own labour, than in five hundred doled out by the pity of others;' and on this principle the heroine prepares to meet her changed circumstances; and, in a fit of mingled enthusiasm and disgust, would have undertaken, unassisted, the task of supporting her good mother and younger sister, but for Aunt Sarah's extremely sensible representations, for which we must find a place:—

"And who made it your duty to support her?" asked my aunt, a little sharply. I did not answer, for I really did not quite understand her. "Which is the nearest related to your mother of all her children?" continued Aunt Sarah. I smiled. Of course we were all related in the same degree. "Then of course you have all got the same duty," was the rejoinder. I sighed; it was very true, but it was not much comfort. "My brothers have enough to do to support themselves, and Caroline has a family," I said. "And have not you enough to do to support yourself?" replied Aunt Sarah; "and as to Caroline, she has enough for her children, and plenty to spare." "But," I said, "it is very well to argue the case in theory, but it will not do in practice. Some one must undertake the labour and the responsibility; and as no one else seems willing to come forward, or, indeed, except Caroline, seems able to do so, why, I must." "Undertake as much labour as you like, child; work from morning till night, if you will; but never undertake a responsibility which does not belong to you. If you do, you will surely rue it." "But it comes naturally with the labour," said I. "No, Sally, you are wrong. This is how the case stands:—there are seven of you, brothers and sisters, all equally able to work, all having equal duty. Some of you may make more money and some less, and so some may give more and some less, but the duty of giving is the same share for each; and if you take all the shares, you do wrong to them, and wrong to yourself." "I think, Aunt Sarah, you would feel differently if you were in my place," I replied. "Then, Sally, I should be an idiot, and, what is more, I should be punished for it. I will tell you what will surely come to pass, if you don't act wisely in this matter. You will begin by allowing that it is your duty to support your mother, and they will all praise you, and thank you, and call you an angel; and by and by you will find that you can't support her, and then you will go to them and ask for help, and maybe they'll give it; but they won't think they are giving it to her, but to *you*; and so they will talk about debt, and obligation; and you will know that there is no obligation, and say that they are unjust, and they will be angry, because they have never learnt to see their duty clearly, and then you'll quarrel. * * * If you allow yourself to be held responsible for more than your fair share of the family burden, the time will come when you will all quarrel, and the sin of the quarrel will lie at your door." "I don't think I should ever quarrel with any of them," I said. "But you will feel unkindly, and you will think them ungrateful, and what is to prevent them from finding it out?" "Oh! Aunt Sarah," I cried, "I wish you had never said these things to me; they make me feel

so hard and selfish; and I could work with such pleasure for them all, and never let them know that it was a trouble." "And half kill yourself with anxiety," said Aunt Sarah; "and then turn round upon them, and think, if you did not say, 'See what I have done, how I have sacrificed myself for you;' and what do you think they would answer? 'We never asked you to do it.'" "No, no," I exclaimed, "there is not one of them would say so!" "Then they would not be human beings," replied my aunt; "they might not say so in words, any more than you might, though the chances are that they would, but they would think it. It is only a form, Sally, of putting people under unfair obligations."—*Experience of Life*, p. 312.

Thus urged, Sarah writes letters to her brothers and sisters, and receives vague and unsatisfactory answers, all ingeniously and characteristically shirking their duty, and suggesting that she should apply to other relatives. She carries them in discouragement to Aunt Sarah, who, nothing daunted, takes pen in hand herself, though the exertion is great at her advanced age:—

"MY DEAR NIECE AND NEPHEWS,—Your sister Sally showed me your letters. Being the oldest living member of the family, you will no doubt listen to what I have to say about them. Your sister Sally does not want your help; she is going to live at Betsey Green's house in Cross-street, and teach Mrs. Blair's two children, and we hope some others; and Joanna will take care for herself, and Hester for herself. You are not asked to think about them *now*, though, if need were, it would be your business to help them: but as dutiful sons and daughters, you are to take care that your mother has money enough to be comfortable. Mr. Hale, the lawyer, will pay the rent of Betsey Green's house for me every year; that will be forty pounds, which I give to my nieces Joanna, Sarah, and Hester Mortimer. If you think right to trouble Mrs. Montague Colston for help, it will be just the labour of writing the letter, which you may very well do; but any way, as dutiful children, to whom God has given food and clothing, and something to spare, you will doubtless see that it is right to make your mother easy, and that God's blessing will follow upon it, which I pray Him to grant you always. This being the last letter that it is likely He will be pleased to let me write, I beg you all, for love's sake and your soul's sakes, to attend to it; and I remain ever your affectionate great aunt, SARAH MORTIMER."—*Ibid.* p. 329.

This letter has its effect; and in the course of time the arrangement is entered into:—

"It was not till this conclusion was arrived at that I felt the full value of Aunt Sarah's advice. Whilst the matter was pending, the excuses and delays were so fretting, that I was again and again tempted to entreat that nothing more might be said about it. I would have pledged myself madly at times to any amount of responsibility, to save myself from the painful feelings excited by them. But when the final arrangements were completed, and Reginald, who had undertaken to manage the matter, sent the first cheque, all was changed. I forgot the excuses and want of thought which had been shown, and felt only that we had all done what was right, and were working for one end, and had one common anxiety. I expressed myself cordially when I wrote; and my brothers and sisters were pleased, and threw themselves more into our concerns than they had ever done before. The circumstances which I had feared would disunite us tended, in reality, to link us more closely to each other. If anything had been

wanting to convince me that we had done wisely, it would have been found in my dear mother's satisfaction. The way in which she received the offering made her, was something I can never forget. Her children's love seemed the one thought which overpowered all others. She knew nothing of the trouble or the delay, and saw only that those to whom she had devoted her life were anxious, as far as lay in their power, to repay her affection. * * * There was only one deep regret in my own heart. I betrayed it while reading Caroline's note aloud to my mother. My labour was to be for myself, not for her, and yet I would have worked as a slave to give her one hour of comfort. When I read "It is an offering from Vaughan, Reginald, Herbert, and myself," tears involuntarily gathered in my eyes. I said, "I can do nothing." My dear mother kissed me as I knelt beside her, and the first smile I had seen since my father's death crossed her face. "My choice blessing," she said, "they give me of their means; you give me yourself."—*Experience of Life*, p. 331.

We believe all this to be in exact accordance with fact and nature, and that it is the truest wisdom and charity not to lose patience with selfishness, but to treat people according to the best part of their nature, however far hidden it may lie, and not, as most are tempted to do, according to their worst.

Let us take at random a few of Aunt Sarah's short rules and maxims. Her niece says:—

"I am sure you understand the feeling when everything seems to go wrong, and yet there is nothing particularly amiss." "To be sure I do; every one does. But I will tell you how I manage, Sally, when it comes. I sit down,—years ago I might have knelt down, for we are truer to ourselves when we kneel than when we sit,—and I make it a business to find out what is the matter. If it's a fault of my own, I say a prayer for myself; and if it's a fault of other people's, I say a prayer for them; and if it's neither one nor the other, why then I send for the doctor." "And if it is all three?" I said. "Why, I take all three remedies."—*Ibid.* p. 189.

She sets down an interfering and critical lady by reminding her that—

'Folks who go at chance moments seldom know much of the business of a house; for the most part they interrupt it.'—*Ibid.* p. 204.

On the usages of society:—

'Lady Emily is a kind-hearted woman, and she knows that if persons wish to obtain the privilege of conferring favours, they must purchase it with the current coin of society; no other will pass, let it be ever so sterling. * * * Dinner-parties, and all those fusses which are called such a waste of time, are good for nothing in themselves, but they are good for what you can get by them. They may be dull and heavy as the money of the Spartans, but they serve as the medium of exchange.'—*Ibid.* p. 393.

"To do God's work is not what He requires of us. His will is our duty, not His work. That will be done without us." I looked up, inquiring her meaning. "What is the work we do," continued my aunt, "to give a morsel of food to a starving child? One word of His, and thousands can be fed with a few barley loaves and two small fishes. To nurse a sick fellow-creature? He does but speak, and the dead are raised

to life. God does not want our work, Sally, but He does want our will. When we give it, we give all; when we withhold it, we give nothing."—*Experience of Life*, p. 85.

She gives her niece her view of rules for self-guidance and the regulation of time:—

"But this will not help me to find out my duties," I replied, "which is what I want to do." "That is the speech of a silly child," said my aunt. "People are puzzled about their duties, because they mix them up in a heap, and can't see one from another. One day they take a fancy for visiting poor people, and the next day they think it would be a fine thing to study, and the day after they have a mind to work for a friend; and just as the new duty comes in the old one goes out. But if each, as it came up, had its place settled, it would be pretty sure to be done, and the mind would be left clear to see if there was room for others." "I suppose that may be so," I said, "but the difficulty in leading this kind of life in a family is, that one is so interrupted." "Of course; and there lies the very good of a large family and plenty of wills. A person who has learnt to lead a steady, active life at home, with all the bustle of home passing and disturbing him, knows a good deal more about guiding himself, and guiding others too, than one who has had the clock to help him all his life. But, Sally, there's a danger in setting your heart upon being too regular in your ways, as there is in most other things. Regular folks wear out the patience of their best friends, when they set up their stiff fashions for idols, and make others bow down to them. And there's selfishness, and wilfulness, and disobedience, too, in us, when we will follow our own laws, because we have made them ourselves, and set aside those which God gives us by the orderings of His providence. Make your plans, child, but make them of leather, not of stone; and, specially, don't think it's a sin to break through them, if there's a call to do so, nor consider it's a cardinal virtue to keep them, if you are allowed to do it. Plans and rules are good things, but an earnest heart is better than all."—*Ibid.* p. 132.

There is one consolation which this writer never denies her heroines, however low she reduces their fortunes; whether it be the keeping of a little day-school in a back street, as in the niece Sarah's case, or the superintendence of her father's shop accounts, as in Katharine Ashton's—she always gives them a lady of rank and fortune, and all conformable perfections, for their friend. We do not grudge Sarah her Lady Emily Rivers, who is a very sweet person, but it is fortunate that ordinary people do not find life such an unmitigated trial; for, certainly, the compensation of a titled friend distinguishing the sufferer with especial love, favour, and protection, is not a common form of alleviation of its sorrows. And, because really exceptional in the highest degree, we think the indulgence of such a fancy injurious to the practical value of these tales. The notion is attractive to young minds—it must have taken very easily hold of the authoress's. But in all her stories it is a feature at variance with their avowed moral. It is all very well to direct youthful contempt against a love of money as such, and to set

forth excellent examples of the insufficiency of wealth for happiness, if side by side with these unpleasing portraits stands an image of grace, refinement, and high feeling and action, hereditarily gifted with what the vulgar world is striving after. The effect on some readers may be, that, instead of learning to despise wealth, they may only enlarge their desires, and wish for it, accompanied by *other* distinctions, as a gift of fortune, not as a reward of industry.

One feminine feature comes out rather pleasantly in the details of this story, and that is, the true woman's feeling for furniture; we call it *feeling* rather than taste, because it has so much to do with her domestic instincts. There can be no doubt that furniture has quite a different meaning in different minds. In some it occupies no place at all. A chair is a thing to sit down upon; what its form is, what its material, never enters into the mind of the sitter, nor yet the surrounding objects that fill the eye, when the first need of rest is supplied. Many a man whom fortune environs with silk and gilding has no more relation to it all than the monk to the bare necessities of his cell; just as numbers or geometric figures have a substance to some minds, and make themselves a home there, while in others they are the merest confluence of lines suggesting no idea. So it is with the material objects that surround us for the convenience of our bodily requirements; to some they are nothing, to others they make home what it is; they have a meaning and personality, they fix themselves in the mind and memory, the thoughts nestle in them, and are dislodged and desolate if these ministrants to our material life are mean, or tasteless, or faded. With them changes of place or colour in these things amuse the fancy; some pretty addition, or the removal of some desight, improves the spirits; some fresh combination arouses the memory. The character loves to display itself in the arrangement of its home. Under restraint this is a very valuable instinct in woman; it constitutes one of her arts for making home comfortable, and is therefore a desirable one to cultivate, while in the poor it often leads to forethought and prudence; some few superfluities, something approaching to decoration, are necessary to their idea of married happiness; and when these are procured, and housekeeping is begun, the preserving these treasures which have been wished for and waited for, is called 'keeping home together.' Our present authoress encourages this propensity by her example; she rarely mentions a room without cursory notice of its arrangement. All her grand mansions are appropriately furnished. A horsehair sofa is the last drop of humiliation, and fills up the measure of Mrs. Mortimer's—the gentle mother's—fall; and we feel sensibly relieved when Lady Emily secretly brings in

the upholsterers to extirpate every trace of that cold, shiny, slippery enemy to comfort. But we must pass on to the region where, no doubt, it reigned undisturbed—the back parlour behind the shop, where we are first introduced to 'Katharine Ashton.'

The avowed aim of this story is to show how different classes of society may be brought together—the great question of ranks which perplexes the authoress so much throughout her works being fairly grappled with here. Her view is, that they can unite in work, but not in play; therefore the Colonel's Union Ball, where the duchess and the tradespeople meet together, degenerates into a vulgar romp, and plants seeds of bitterness and disunion; while the clergymen's district societies, and other kindred institutions, prove a real source of friendliness and fellowship in bringing together all degrees. It is through them that the childish school-friendship between the bookseller's daughter and the colonel's bride is renewed and hallowed. We agree with a good deal of this in theory, and the passages on district visiting are very useful and good; but the real lesson of the story is contrary to its professed design, and illustrates the impossibility of an intimate friendship between persons of very unequal social position—taking society as it is—without the sacrifice of self-respect, and a neglect of the prior claims of equals on both sides. Katharine Ashton is the only daughter of the most respected retail tradesman of a considerable country town, a man of local importance, foremost in town business, consulted on political questions, looked up to, in short, as a leading man. So situated, she has a position of her own, and a station to keep, and natural ties and interests waiting her acceptance; for a most estimable young man, congenial in his principles, and favoured by her parents, would certainly have engaged her affections, if they had not been diverted from their right channel by the absorbing attraction of this graceful, refined, and superior friend. So that the constant lover has to spend eight disconsolate, solitary years, which ought to have been happy ones. We see a course marked out for her very clearly by Providence; but, in counteracting it, we find quite different duties inculcated by the author, which, must, we think, have not a little surprised some readers. We find the maintenance of this friendship, against the wishes of the proud and supercilious colonel, subjecting Katharine to continual humiliations. She has to creep up back stairs to avoid him, to hold secret colloquies with the housekeeper, and take her meals with this official in a sort of stealth. All this, from the beginning of the marriage till the demands upon her devotion arrive at the point of her feeling it her duty, and a call of Providence, to enter into her

friend's service, in order to nurse her in the illness and depression caused by her husband's want of feeling and selfishness; and in the capacity of lady's maid she has to associate with the servants, to endure the familiar impertinence, and, at length, the insults of the butler, one of the 'pampered menial' class, to submit to solemn reproofs for impropriety of conduct from the colonel; and this while she is engaged and shortly to be married to her old lover, now a duke's agent with five hundred a year. Nor is the intercourse with her mistress more satisfactory. She amuses her with the airs and high-life-belowstairs pretensions of her fellow-abigails while on a visit at the duke's, which is something like treachery to her adopted class; while the unhappy wife on her part enters into confidences, and discusses her husband's faults and her own mistakes, which had brought him to such a pass of selfishness, in a way which justifies his jealousy of the peculiar relation between them. It is not a state of things gravely to be speculated upon; for, of course, it is simply impossible: but if it were not, both wife and friend should long before have received the husband's disapprobation of the connexion, as a sign that it should be discontinued.

Some space and ingenuity are expended at the beginning of the story in bringing the two naturally together; and, first, Jane, afterwards Mrs. Forbes, discusses her old schoolfellows (she had happened many years before to attend the town day-school) with her mother. . .

"I wonder, Jane, what has become of all those young girls you used to talk to me about years ago." "Yes; Kate, and Selina, and Matty," and Jane ran over a long list of names; "so odd it is to remember how one used to know all about them, and now they have passed away, quite out of one's sight. I don't like to think of that: I don't wish to forget any one I have ever been with." "That is a young thought, Jane. Life is not long enough to remember every one." "They were very good-natured girls, and clever too, some of them," continued Jane, pursuing the current of her own ideas; "I should like to know what they have turned out." "Nothing very valuable, I am afraid," said Mrs. Sinclair, "according to Mr. Reeve's account of the Sunday dress." "Yes; that is surprising, certainly," observed Jane; "I remember now, I did see one of them last Sunday, as we were going to church—Selina Fowler—and such a gay bonnet she had! flowers outside and inside! I knew her directly, because she was so exactly what she was at school; but they were not all like her, mamma. There were some very sensible right-thinking girls; I dare say they would help Mr. Reeves if he would ask them." "Some of them do help him in the Sunday-school, I believe," said Mrs. Sinclair, "But they are so fanciful, they do not like to be interfered with; and they are always taking offence, thinking that some slight is intended. It must be very difficult to know what to do with them."

"Why should people think that others, especially such clergymen as Mr. Reeves, intend to be rude to them?" said Jane, thoughtfully. "Because they are trying to move beyond their position," replied Mrs. Sinclair, "and they are conscious of it. People are always then on the *qui vive* for any

neglect. What we all want to learn is the meaning of that sentence in the Catechism, 'to do our duty in that state of life to which God has called us,' and not in any other."—*Katharine Ashton*, vol. i. p. 29.

It is a difficult and tender subject, but our authoress does not get to the bottom of it by the illustration her story furnishes to her argument. The old independent burgher-spirit has wrought too much good in the long run; it lies too much at the root of the distinctive English character to be set down as a continual struggle against the decree of Providence. Combinations of men, as citizens are, make their own position according to the vigour, industry, and intelligence they put into their work. These qualities *must* rise; and if townspeople and their country neighbours sometimes differ as to their social standing, it does not follow that those external to them take the truest view. As for the wives and daughters, with due deference to a lady's keen perceptions, we believe town ladies are often misjudged. A love of bright colours need be no sign of pretension, or a desire to rise *out* of her class, but rather to shine *in* it, and the question should be treated as one of vanity, not of ambition. The case is carried into a wrong court when the dispute becomes one of privilege, and turns into a claim of one class to the exclusive right of wearing fine clothes, which is the line the old fashioned class of good books is too apt to take.

We next are introduced to Katharine Ashton, in simple contrast to the pretension of her fellow townswomen. The renewal of her intercourse with Jane arose on occasion of a slight street accident. Miss Sinclair manifested tender concern for the injured child, and led on to the question of the wants of the poor, and the duties of others towards them, on which Jane speaks with knowledge and feeling.

"You seem to care a great deal about it," said Katharine. She blushed as she spoke, for her tone had been very abrupt, and she was conscious of it. Jane's dreamy eyes were fixed upon her for a moment in wonder. "Can one live amongst them without caring?" she said. * * * They shook hands at parting; and Jane hoped often to see Katharine again: but her manner was a little awkward, as if she did not know on what footing to place their acquaintance. Katharine smiled,—“If you will come and see me in our parlour behind the shop,” she said, “I should think it very kind. I am there nearly all day: my father will not let me go into the shop.” Jane held out her hand again—this time with great cordiality. “Thank you. Then if I may come, I will;” and she followed the woman and the little boy down the street. * * *

Katharine Ashton's tone of mind was not in the least like Jane Sinclair's. Jane was deeply, earnestly religious, both in feeling and conduct. Katharine was religious also; but the motive was duty, not love. Jane was dreamy and imaginative; and but for her exceeding unselfishness and kindness of heart, it would have seemed at times a task beyond her

strength to be practical. Katharine, on the contrary, was essentially active in body and mind; so active that energy became her snare, for constant occupation kept down her higher impulses. Yet one thing they had in common—sincerity; and when they met, with the barriers of society and education between them, they understood each other, and were at ease.—*Katharine Ashton*, vol. i. p. 39.

The authoress's portraits are always good. When she brings her characters to bear upon one another she constantly fails in probability, or exaggerates and degenerates into caricature; but she *describes* the impulses and inner workings of a character admirably. This is illustrated in Colonel Forbes. When we see him in action, his petty interferences and busy trifling as a public man are as much at variance with our notions of the habits of people of consequence and fashion as his behaviour to his wife, and constant demands on her physical strength, are incompatible with the manners of a gentleman; but different powers are at work when she lays bare the secret springs of action. Take him in the following passage, after Katharine has presumed to insinuate to him that his wife is very ill. The whole working of a selfish mind is opened out to us, and even made an interesting study, seen in union with a sensitive and intellectual nature, which we believe is no unusual combination.

'Colonel Forbes was a selfish man; but his selfishness did not necessarily or even naturally render him insensible; rather, it in some degree increased the keenness of his feelings. Selfish people may be very soft-hearted and have great longings for sympathy; and no one could be more keenly alive than Colonel Forbes to anything like coldness, no one could be more quick in perceiving changes of tone and manner. To hear him talk, it might be supposed that he was often a perfect martyr to the absence of kind feeling in the individuals with whom he was in the habit of associating. But he was one of those persons who expect to receive everything, and to give nothing in return. Jane was to live for him; and she spoilt him. He saw her giving up her will, bearing contradictions, working beyond her strength, to humour his fancies; and because she never put forth any wishes of her own, he imagined that he never thwarted her! He would have been a monster if he had not been fond of her: unquestionably he was; but it was that fondness which deceives many to their destruction; and if even for a passing moment he was conscious of having been unkind to her, he used to make his love a solace to his conscience, and say to himself, that when he really gave her so much affection she could have no right to complain of a hasty word. And now he was threatened with the loss of this 'his choicest treasure, was it in human nature not to suffer? It is not grief which is the test of true or false affection, but the effect of grief. Colonel Forbes's grief made him angry with his wife when she looked ill—with his friends when they noticed it—with the physician when he warned him of it—with Katharine when she even gently hinted at it. He thought to escape from trial by acting as if it did not exist. He was taking Jane to London now, quite as much to avoid the wretchedness of his own forebodings, by plunging into a press of engagements, as with any hope of her receiving permanent benefit from the advice of Dr. Low. In fact, to have made medical advice the

prominent object of her removal would have been to realize to himself what he was so bent upon forgetting. Katharine must have pitied him, if she had known the trouble of his heart. He had so very little to comfort him. Even when he thought how he had loved Jane, conscience whispered that he had not made her happy; and when it reminded him that he might devote himself to her more fully for the time to come, the miserable, long-indulged habits of selfishness rose up to make him shrink from the irksome restraint involved in consulting the wishes of another. If all things could only remain as they were—that was the one desire. Life had gone so smoothly with him hitherto—from his childhood he had had every wish gratified—it seemed very hard that change should come.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 82.

And who does not know the irritating bondage in which minds of this sort hold those subject to their influence? It is, indeed, a thralldom which it needs the strongest resolution to combat. The qualms and struggles they cost timid natures are well given.

'Why did her heart sink at the thought of introducing an unwelcome subject, and receiving an ungracious answer? Words were but words; and if her husband were annoyed it would not be on account of any real fault on her part. So Jane reasoned with herself; and so, perhaps, all reason at some time or other. There is no real cause for dreading to say disagreeable things; and yet, perhaps, there is nothing from which people so often shrink; and thus, those who are apt to show annoyance and impatience become in a way tyrants, not because they mean to be so, but because the persons with whom they live are cowards.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 311.

Yet we do not think the authoress really understands a timid nature. Her characters constantly want tact, and introduce disagreeable subjects, really with very little tenderness or concern; but it is one thing to comprehend a character or a state of feeling, and another to be able to sympathise with its workings, so as to represent it in actual operation.

Our readers will not be sorry to hear, in conclusion, that the colonel loses the amiable wife he had tried so unmercifully; and the more, as it leaves Katharine free to marry and begin to be happy on her own account, and at the same time wakes the bereaved husband from his dream of selfishness.

We will not dwell upon 'Cleve Hall,' which stands next on the list; one word characterises it, both positively and relatively. It is a failure,—a failure so complete and so elaborate, that seeing the authoress in her succeeding and latest work has recovered her powers and her natural manner, there must be some history attached to its composition; it must have been written under some unfavourable conjunction of circumstances, which, if we knew them, would remove the book at once from the pale of criticism. The story, in the highest degree melodramatic, is patched up of romantic fragments,—obscure,

involved, and totally without interest or probability. The language is forced and extravagant. We can care for none of the characters, nor enter into their concerns. The great old house and family estate figure as usual. The owner, a crabbed old general, has disinherited his son; and all the personages are engaged to the sacrifice of every duty and other consideration, in the recovery or alienation of this estate. We have stage villains, forging, smuggling, gambling, and a stage hero, 'writhing as from a serpent's sting' under remorse for his father's misdeeds, with 'lips of haughty curl' melting into 'feminine sweetness,' subject to fits of 'bitter pride,' 'convulsive fierce sarcasms,' and desperate 'struggles with evil;' whose time seems mainly passed in the surely uncongenial occupation of nursing a conventional little sick boy. As all this runs on with infinite prolixity through two considerable volumes, every chapter of which betrays effort, perhaps the mystery of their composition may resolve itself into the most usual and commonplace of all secrets of failure—the necessity or fancied necessity of writing with nothing to say. Influenced by this persuasion, whether true or mistaken, we will not longer delay entering upon the writer's succeeding and latest tale, which, as being recently published and the subject of some discussion, originates the present lengthened notice of her works of fiction.

In '*Ivors*,' the authoress is herself again; and we have to lament no falling off in her powers, though we may have to question on some points the use she has made of them. The story is distinguished by the introduction of what we may call a new topic; for though she has touched on the subject of love and marriage before, it has been held subordinate to the claims of friendship or duty, and has played no leading part, while it is one for which our authoress would seem especially fitted from the union of romance, feeling, and common sense we find in her.

This question should be treated by the moralists among our story writers; it is not well to leave so fascinating a subject, which must some time or other be of paramount interest to young readers, in the hands of writers whose sole aim is amusement. We believe it is one main use of judicious fiction to inculcate just and high views on this point; and that young people who are studiously kept from such books are the worse for it when their own experience begins, and sometimes betray a want of tact, delicacy of feeling, and even principle, which the sentiments of a thoughtful, high-souled observer of life, in its most stirring emotions and incidents might have imparted to them. In spite of the possession of the qualities requisite to constitute a teacher in affairs of the heart, we cannot regard

the lesson taught in 'Ivora' to be a desirable one; or rather the lesson is wanting. We really do not see who it is to do good to, or in what critical position of circumstances a young person can turn to this work for counsel. Not that we have any fault to find throughout with the tone: it is pure and conscientious, as we feel beforehand it must necessarily be; but the pattern and example of the story is really no example at all, but rather a warning. It is sometimes the way of our authoress to make the wise people do the foolish things; and this appears to us especially the case in 'Ivora,' where the model Susan—the admirable result of a perfect education, and one really very pleasing and attractive to the reader—falls in love under slighter provocations than we think could tempt a well-disciplined mind, and is the victim of an unrequited attachment. The position itself is one which none but a woman would venture to portray. For our part, we should never presume to speculate,—as we should be sorry to have to believe,—that under the composed self-restraint and serene calm of a young lady's exterior there lurked a hidden tumult of emotions, awakened by no solicitations, and destined to no return. We would willingly believe, in justice to the position of woman, which renders it impossible for her to declare affection, or even with maidenly propriety to do much to promote its interests, that it is not in her nature to form an attachment without some instigation from the object, without the thought being suggested by some supposed marks of preference, without the consciousness of being herself an attraction, before she feels herself attracted, and the mysterious sense of sympathy awakened.

It is not a question on which to dogmatise; nor do we deny that facts must often seem against us. But all we mean is, that the first impulse should be given, not rise spontaneously, as the first dawning emotion should do on the lover's side. And we cannot but think it undesirable to let young people suppose that no care or self-discipline, no habitual circumspection, no course of wise mental occupation, no happy condition of circumstances, no variety of interests, no useful activity of mind and body,—safeguards by which the heroine is surrounded,—can preserve a young woman from the miseries and blighting influence of unrequited affection, if Providence orders the fate for her. We are not willing to believe such a trial amongst the class of providential sorrows which woman as such is heir to. Of course, she may be the victim of mistakes, her own judgment may err, she may be misled by manner, and have reason to suppose herself preferred when she is not. But these are not cases in point here: for poor Susan's

affections were entangled while she knew the object of them was attracted by, and finally engaged to, another. In anxiety to do the gentleman justice, the authoress leaves the lady no valid excuse. To the reader she is under an infatuation, the more painful and humiliating that we know his feelings never waver for an instant from their first object; though certainly, now and then, Mr. Claude does things which he had better not do, and which mere friendship would hardly account for. But *we* see so clearly all the while where his heart is, that we cannot but feel she ought to have seen it too. If it was only the fancy that was touched for a time, we should not make this remonstrance; but Susan is heart-broken, and all but dying, when she finds out her mistake. She is meant to behave nobly and magnanimously towards Helen, her friend and rival; but, in fact, she could not do otherwise without sacrificing her esteem, and is in the false position of having to give up all her own feelings and wishes, and yet of gaining little credit by the sacrifice.

Ivors is the seat of Sir Henry Clare, and is described with the author's usual relish for scenes of state and grandeur. Its ruling spirit is Lady Augusta, his second wife, who accepted the position less tempted by the baronet himself, than by the opportunity presented by his two children, and especially his daughter Helen, for carrying out her theories on education: not, we think, a very usual form for selfishness to show itself, but Lady Augusta's misdeeds generally want an adequate motive. Being a woman of strong will, professed religious principle, and uniform worldliness, this education is as bad as possible. The quick-sighted, truthful child sees that all about her mother-in-law is false and hollow, and her obedience is merely external; the heart never goes with it, except in a full acquiescence in Lady Augusta's exclusiveness. Under the pretence of keeping Helen pure and uncontaminated by the knowledge of this world's evil, she is not permitted any companionship with the neighbourhood; even intercourse with the poor is forbidden. She lives for herself alone, and is taught selfishness in principle.

Here we are tempted to pause, and again to ask the use of such a satire on High Churchmanship as the character of Lady Augusta presents. We cannot feel that it comes gracefully from an author whose sympathies, though always guarded against any spirit of partisanship, have uniformly appeared to be with those who hold distinctive Church doctrines, whose teaching has enforced the ritual rules of the Prayer-book, and has inculcated the sacramental system, with an occasional exclusiveness as to the channels of grace, which, to speak for ourselves, we could

not always follow. Persons who have once committed themselves to a side or a view are bound, we would hold, by a certain courtesy towards their party. Their teachings and warnings to friends should be tender, considerate, and sympathetic. But in 'Ivors' the only exposition of Church feeling, as such, is a caricature of a worldly mind seizing upon externals, and placing all her religion in them. The fault may exist, to a certain degree we know that it does, but we do not believe that what is understood by High Churchmanship is popular enough to be deliberately chosen by a worldly mind for a field of exhibition and display. Of course, mere worldliness will adopt any tone that suits its purposes; but where we have sympathies with the tone, we should be slow in setting the world on to suppose its manifestations are a hypocritical pretence. The thoughtless or prejudiced may easily make mistakes, and commit injustice; they may learn to attribute worldly motives to an attention to externals, merely because they do not understand or sympathise, and where the imputation may be wholly unfounded. It is most important, no doubt, that pure motives for every act involving a profession of religion should be inculcated, and the faults and imperfections that stain every human action pointed out, if so they may be guarded against. If there are Lady Augustas, by all means give them something to think of, and to wake them from their fatal delusion, but not in a mode and spirit that shall better please the opponents of principles which you highly value, and which you have enforced with all the powers of your pen, than their adherents. Readers must suppose the authoress's soul to have been frequently vexed by scenes passing before her eyes similar to that where Lady Augusta sanctimoniously sighs over the shades of her altar-cloth, and laments that her worldly friend does not 'care for such things,' while her heart is inflated with triumph at her step-daughter's engaging herself without affection to the dissipated heir of an earldom; for she ought to have seen not one, but many Lady Augustas before drawing such a revolting picture. We are happy to say such experiences have not come in our way. Flagrant hypocrites are rare in any party; they are least likely to be found in one that is nowhere dominant, and lies under popular mistrust and unjust suspicion. Folly, childishness, any amount of confusion of ideas, merging tastes and likings into duties, we can confess to and mourn over; but Lady Augusta is a deliberate character; and all her faults have age and reflection to give them weight and consistency. She will be quoted as representing a class; and she will be quoted against principles which we believe the writer of 'Ivors' holds dear.

In contrast to this unpleasant lady lives, in the neighbouring

town of Wingfield, a Mrs. Graham, sister of Helen's own mother, of limited fortune, but well-born and connected, who has brought up a family of daughters on principles quite opposed to Helen's training, and resulting in a pleasanter group of sisters than this author's pages elsewhere furnish. The mother and daughters harmonize well together, and a cheerful picture of goodness is drawn. We acquiesce in all her plans of education. We like their ways of acting and living together, and of spending their time. Susan, the eldest daughter, is Helen's only companion; for though Lady Augusta is uniformly jealous of Mrs. Graham, and criticises all her plans, who, in her turn, refuses to be patronised by Lady Augusta, the relationship obliges some intimacy. The story very early introduces us to a testy old gentleman, Admiral Clare, uncle to Sir Henry, a great favourite with the author, and rather so with ourselves. In spite of the relationship, his sympathies are all with Mrs. Graham and her family, his life having been coloured by an early fruitless attachment to Mrs. Graham's mother. He has a ward, Claude Egerton, a youth, in the commencement of the story, of large fortune and great promise, the object of Lady Augusta's matchmaking schemes for Helen, and of the Admiral's for his prime favourite, Susan. Both behave very badly, but without an adequate reason on either side; but we have remarked before with what pertinacity of purpose our authoress invests her characters. Lady Augusta is so far the best manager that, aided by Helen's great beauty and natural charms, she carries her point, and effects an engagement. Susan's attractions are of a quieter sort. Instead of beauty, grace, and fascination, she has merely good looks, good sense, gentle manners, an educated understanding, and pure mind. As men are constituted, it needed no feminine machinations to direct Claude's choice. It is useless to quarrel with the natural effects of beauty, or to attribute them to anybody's *arts*. Claude would have fallen in love with Helen had there been no Lady Augusta to suggest it to him; the cleverness would have really lain in preventing it. While he is yielding to destiny, or falling into the snare, the Admiral holds the following conversation with Mrs. Graham, which begins by a general review of her children; and goes on to Susan:—

"Aye! my little Susan! what fault do you find with her?"

"None," said Mrs. Graham, emphatically; "of all my children she is the most fitted for any position; about whom I have the least anxiety."

"Any position," murmured the Admiral. He moved himself round slowly, looked Mrs. Graham fully in the face, and added, "Claude Egerton is a fool!"

"Mrs. Graham became suddenly pale, but she answered calmly, "God's providence is in these things. We had better not speak of them. No doubt Mr. Egerton will choose for his own happiness."

"Folly, Frances; you make me angry. Do you mean to say that, if Claude throws himself away upon yonder gay, singing, flirting girl at Ivora, he will have half the chance of happiness that he would have if he took to our little Susan?"

"Helen does not flirt, dear Sir," said Mrs. Graham, earnestly; "and Susan is—may be—too like Claude to make him happy."

"Too like! what on earth do men require in a wife but something like themselves?"

"They require what they want, not what they have," said Mrs. Graham.

"Humph!" was the Admiral's only reply.

Mrs. Graham continued: "You will forgive me, I am sure, for asking that this subject may be a sealed one between us. I have the greatest dread of allowing my mind to form wishes in such matters; I could never trust myself in action if I did. Of course, I don't mean that I should interfere to prevent my children from marrying, but I would wish to leave such an event simply and entirely in the hands of God; especially when, as in the present case, I see reason to believe that He has ordered a certain course of circumstances, I should desire to acquiesce in it, and, as far as I might be permitted, to further it."

"I don't see the thing as you do. That old step-mother sets the snare, and he falls into it."

Mrs. Graham could scarcely restrain a smile, but she answered gravely, "I am afraid we look at the instruments till we forget the hand that guides them. It is no matter to me how the feeling may have been brought about, if only it exists."

"But does he care for her? What does he see in her beyond her pretty face?" inquired the Admiral.

"A great deal, I daresay, which I see too," replied Mrs. Graham. "Helen is to me my sister's child, not Lady Augusta's step-daughter."

"Ah, well, yes," muttered the Admiral more complacently: "but I can't forget how she's been trained, taught. The old woman has been at her ever since she was seven years old."

"And has done marvellously little to ruin her," said Mrs. Graham. "Helen's faults are external; Lady Augusta has never destroyed the truth of her character."

"And you wouldn't try to set Claude Egerton right?" asked the Admiral, in a tone which showed he was ashamed of his own proposition. "You wouldn't bring him and Susan together, and open his eyes before it is too late?"

Mrs. Graham started: "Not for the world! It might be fatal to the happiness of both, even if it were not cruel to Helen."

"And if Susan loses her heart without our troubling ourselves?" said the Admiral. "Such things have been."

"And may be," replied Mrs. Graham, thoughtfully and sadly. "But I have the greatest confidence in Susan. She is quite aware that Mr. Egerton admires Helen; even if the feeling goes no further, that would be a sufficient safeguard."

"You women have such trust in yourselves," was the Admiral's reply, as he rang the bell for tea; and a pang shot through Mrs. Graham's heart, which she did not pause to analyse.—*Ivora*, vol. i. p. 181.

Helen, in the meanwhile, only half likes her enamoured and devoted suitor. His goodness awes her; his affection frightens her. She is teasing and wilful, and tries him more than he can bear. All this Susan sees. She had always liked and respected Claude, with dawns of a warmer feeling. It is a trial to see

him thrown away on a woman who does not value the treasure as she ought. At length, to Lady Augusta's despair, and the Admiral's proportionate joy, a rupture takes place on occasion of Helen's persisting in waltzing—at a ball given by Lady Augusta in honour of Claude's election—contrary to his express wish; and the engagement is broken off.

An interval of two years follows, and we meet all parties again in the midst of the London season, the Admiral having induced Mrs. Graham and her daughters to visit him in town. Claude is in Parliament, very active and hard-working, and a little soured by his disappointment; seeing a great deal of the Admiral's party, and making great friends with Susan and her mother, though all in the way of brotherly respect. Helen has set up a friend—a wild German woman—who is leading her into the mazes of German metaphysics. She and her step-mother get on extremely ill together; and if it were not for the love of rule inherent in Lady Augusta, and her taste for ecclesiastical needlework, she would lead but an ill life of it. Claude keeps distant gloomy watch over the companionship Helen has chosen, and takes Susan into his confidence, who certainly ought to have seen that his mind was exclusively occupied by his first love, though only the most formal intercourse now existed between them. Madame Reinhard, the German confidant, who has gained that ascendancy which friends always do in these tales, has her own reasons for widening the breach between Helen and her step-mother, in order that the sense of restraint may force her into marriage for the sake of liberty of action. There is a Captain Mordaunt, heir to an earldom, whose weakness of character, and fashionable follies, point him out as well suited for this purpose; and here she and Lady Augusta are for once found agreed. Madame would like to have a countess for her friend, and the step-mother would like an earl for her son-in-law; and between them Helen, who has never in her heart forgotten Claude, is driven into an engagement with the Captain. Before this consummation Claude becomes possessed of a letter written by Madame Reinhard to an unprincipled ally, in which she makes a joke of Helen, and reports that Captain Mordaunt has made bets with his friends on his chance of success in his suit. This letter, by a second mischance, falls into Susan's hands, who feels it her duty to show it to Helen, and magnanimously carries out her resolution, confronting Madame, and encouraging Helen to incur a second time the charge of inconstancy by summarily discarding her new lover. The first hint of this second disgrace and disappointment, though broken to her with a tenderness her step-daughter's previous conduct gave her no reason to expect, was too much for Lady Augusta's nervous system. Without

waiting for the end of the explanation, brain-fever sets in, and the second act of the drama closes.

After another interval we find the principal personages of the story travelling in the Tyrol, on their way to Venice; Sir Henry and Lady Augusta, the latter prostrated in mind and body, Helen, her considerate and devoted nurse, entirely changed from the Helen of old, and Susan as her companion. It is not long before Claude appears on the scene, and is led by an accident to join their party; his heart where it has always been, but his brotherly attentions bestowed upon Susan. She misinterprets these attentions, as does Helen, who keeps herself in the background; and it is not till he directly solicits Susan's interest with Helen that she wakes from her dream. She heroically fulfils the task imposed on her, and returns home to her mother a wreck in health and spirits. Time, however, and the fact of Helen's marriage, gradually restore her peace of mind; and a concluding scene, after many years, shows Helen the happy wife and mother, and Susan the serene old maid, rejoicing in her lot of 'sitting in the shade and seeing the sunshine.'

The story is well sustained, and the author's heart is always in it. To say that it drags in parts, that the reader's interest now and then sleeps in consequence, is only to liken it to half the good novels that ever were written; but her own interest in her characters and her subject never flags, and young people will sympathise with Susan and grieve for her disappointment. We only hope they will observe, at the same time, that she had warnings which should have preserved her from her fatal mistake. After the foolish old Admiral had, with his dying breath, enforced his intense desire for the union of his two favourites by joining their hands together, and bidding Claude 'be kind to her,' she should have seen that only a preoccupied heart could make him blind to the significance of this action. And, again, what could be more conclusive of his indifference than his formal leave-taking after such a scene? 'I don't think we can ever meet as strangers, however long our separation may be.' Words of mere calm friendship, at such a time, should never have been forgotten, though counterbalanced by an occasional expression of more active regard. And if she was blinded, her more clear-sighted mother should have seen for her, and given good advice where she bestowed misplaced tenderness and sympathy. Mrs. Graham never seems to know that feelings are under the dominion and control of their possessors; she very early, as we have seen, became alive to Susan's *penchant* for Claude; but the use she makes of her knowledge is not to exert every legitimate means to wean her daughter from an evidently misplaced affec-

tion, but simply to screen her from observation. When the news of Claude's and Helen's first engagement reaches their family circle, she contrives that it shall never be spoken of in Susan's presence. She makes a little mystery of it. Surely, the true cure would have been to accustom her daughter to the sound; to make her realize it as a fact; to face it, not only to her own heart, but to her sisters and friends. Misplaced mystery keeps up many a mistake; but we are satisfied that a good honest girl like Susan would have been heart-free at once under reasonable treatment, and we should not have had to transcribe the following doleful and really pathetic scene which takes place at the end of her prolonged delusion, after her return from abroad.

' Susan followed her mother upstairs.

' "Anna wanted to have your little room new papered while you were away, my child," said Mrs. Graham, as she opened the door of Susan's apartment; "but I thought you should have your own choice; and I fancied, too, that you would like to see it just the same."

' "Thank you, yes; no change;—I don't want any change."

' Susan sat down at the foot of the bed.

' "Only rest, my darling Will you try and get some now?"

' "I don't know. Oh! mamma! mamma! is it really home?" Susan's eye wandered round the room, and she grasped her mother's hand tightly.

' "Really home, my own child; with so many, many hearts to love you! you will feel the quietness of it soon; you have had too much anxiety and excitement."

' "Quiet! oh, yes, it will be very quiet," said Susan, "and I want that. Mamma, you won't let me go from you again?" The tone of sorrowful entreaty went to her mother's heart.

' "My child, how can you ask me? I have longed for you every hour of your absence, but I felt—I hoped—you were happy." Mrs. Graham fixed her eyes earnestly on Susan's face, and, unable to bear the glance, Susan turned away and said quickly: "I was happy; I enjoyed it very much at first."

' "But at last, when Lady Augusta became so ill, there could have been nothing but anxiety; only you must have been such a comfort to Helen."

' "I hope I was—I don't know." Susan trembled violently.

' "Are you uneasy about her? Is there anything amiss?" asked Mrs. Graham, anxiously.

' "Oh, no, no! she is very good, and she will be quite happy, mamma"—and Susan turned round suddenly, and her voice became strangely firm, yet hollow—"She will marry Mr. Egerton!"

' The quickness of a mother's insight! It is a second prophecy; for in those few words the vague dread of years was realized. Mrs. Graham drew Susan towards her, and whispered: "God help you, my darling!" and Susan, throwing herself on her knees, hid her face in her mother's lap, and murmured, shuddering, "Hate me, mamma! I deserve it! I am wicked! I am not worthy to be with you!"

' "God sees no sin, my precious one, in the feelings which He has given us, unless they are wrongly indulged."

' "They are wrong—they must be!" Susan lifted up her haggard face, and her look was wild in its agony. "He did not think of me; he never, never cared for me! But I thought—oh! indeed I thought—I would not

have dwelt upon it—I would have left everything, mamma, you think—you knew, I would. Oh! it is so terrible—so terrible!”

“My child, God will help you in this; none else can. He sees it was not meant.”

“He knows I would have made Helen happy, and I tried;—mamma, I tried. It was left to me, and I said all I could, and I bore up. Helen thought as I did—she told me so. It was one night—the night Lady Augusta was taken ill—she told me that he had been more to me than to her, and she could not think he cared for her; and I said it plainly—I would not let my voice change—I told her that I was nothing to him; and then—oh! mother, mother, let me die!” and Susan’s voice grew faint, and her hands dropped powerless by her side.

“Mrs. Graham drew her towards the bed, and laid her gently upon it; her lips parted into a feeble smile, but there were no traces of relief, no softening of the stony gaze of anguish; and still she kept her mother’s hand in hers, and murmured, “Sinful, sinful! save me, mother, save me!”

“The feelings which God would not have called sinful, if it had been His will to bless them, cannot be sinful in His sight, because He sees good to disappoint them, my darling. He has sent you a trial, not a punishment.”

“But I indulged them. I ought to have seen. I was blind, because I wished it,” continued Susan; “and now—oh! mamma, mamma! if they were not sinful then, they are now; and I have them, I can’t escape from them.” She covered her face with her hands.

“My child! the future must be left to God. I have no misgivings. It would be a wicked want of faith to doubt that He will enable you to overcome everything. You have done so already. He sees and I see that you have acted nobly.”

“No, never—never!” exclaimed Susan. “Mamma, I said the truth to Helen, I don’t know how; I scarcely knew what I said; but the horrible feeling, the jealousy was there still. I thought I was not jealous; and—I don’t know,”—she paused for a moment, and, gazing pitcously in her mother’s face, murmured, “if he had said once—only once—that he loved me, I think I could have given him to Helen, and been happy.”

“And then came a torrent of impetuous overwhelming tears, and the heavy-laden heart seemed for a while to have found relief.”—*Ivors*, vol. ii. p. 397.

This is well written, with more real feeling and less heroics than our authoress often shows in her high-wrought scenes. But surely such self-abandonment and utter prostration is a needless humiliation to which to subject a pure, high-minded, and sensible girl. Susan is a favourite of ours, and we resent the indignity for her accordingly. We are unwilling, too, to believe that such a particular form of tribulation can probably befall the child of a mother whose principle of education is thus happily set forth:—

“Self-education!—there lay the secret. Doubtless God does hear and answer prayer, a mother’s prayer especially; but He has for the most part willed to work by means, and we have no right to expect miracles to be interposed in our favour. If we *do* what we teach, our children will do the same; and they will do what we do, in spite of our teaching; and no system, be it ever so wise, will work for good without good

practice; and no system, be it ever so erroneous, will work *entirely* for evil with it.

‘It is no new maxim. The proverb, that example is better than precept, is older than anyone now living. Perhaps we might put it more strongly, and say that precept is nothing without practice, strictly and literally. So when we sigh over the low, worldly, selfish tone of mind which, in spite of careful training, we perhaps discover in our children, we may learn to search into our own hearts for the cause.’—*Ivors*, vol. i. p. 46.

As little can we bear to think that the serenity of mind and simple childlike trust and faith, so attractive in the following picture of a mind which never knew the time when it did not desire to please God, could be surprised and disturbed by such a hurricane of earth-born grief. We are glad to extract the passage for its own independent merits, as probably representing the religious feeling of many a mind trained in a knowledge of sacred truth, and a reverence for holy things, from infancy,—minds conscious, from their earliest remembrance, of the presence of God in the soul, and of a childlike trust in Him as a Father, and who therefore cannot enter into, and may be needlessly perplexed by, the demands of certain teachers for some distinct time or period in their mind’s history when truth came to them as a new, startling, and overpowering revelation. Susan is answering Helen’s questions.

“I don’t know quite what I feel or why I do things; only,” and her voice trembled, “I think I know what it is to love.” After an instant she went on more composedly. “I can’t tell how that feeling grew up. You know religion has always been part of our lives; it was mixed up with our idea of Mamma: when we loved her we could not help loving what she did; and so it came to us without effort; and what you call formalisms were as natural to us as getting up in the morning, and going to bed, and eating and drinking. Perhaps the first thing that presented itself to me distinctly as a feeling of religion was that one which I mentioned just now;—I mean, that God would be pleased with me if I tried to do right. I had it when I was a very little child, even before I could understand all that has been done for us. It was the first thought that came home to me personally, and that, I dare say, is the reason why I dwell so much upon it. Of course, people may say that is not the ground of our love, and I know it is not; but I am sure, as regards myself, that it was a long time before I could realize the higher feeling of love to our Saviour for His sufferings; that grows deeper and clearer as one goes on; but at first it is very difficult to enter into it.”

“Very,” said Helen.

“I dare say the fact is,” continued Susan, “that religion comes to people in different ways, according to their different circumstances; in one way to a child, and in another to a grown-up person. I always feel as if my religion was that of a child; it is so much quieter than what I have heard of in persons who have been what is called converted late in life. But I should not like the change,—I mean, it would not suit me.”

“Quietness is what I like,” said Helen. “The odd ways people have of being religious disturb me.”

“We must take people as they are,” said Susan. “We can be no

more alike in our religious tastes, I suppose, than in any other; but I am glad to put all external differences aside, and think of what persons are underneath. If they are in earnest, I can like and esteem them, in spite of their peculiar ways."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 273.

The character of Helen is not very real. Wayward vivacity is not much in our author's line. We are told of her brilliant beauty and sparkling spirits, but we see only the reverse moods. To us she is not very interesting in her naughtiness, nor natural in her penitence and goodness. There is something morbid in her contrition and self-reproach for Lady Augusta's broken health and spirits; but this is an habitual error with our authoress; it is one of the consequences of her theory of retributions and of temporal punishments. Both facts are alike out of reach of ordinary experience; either that Lady Augusta's disappointment in schemes for a step-daughter should destroy her powers of body and mind, or that the daughter should take this view of an ordinary attack of illness. Some practical truths are well talked and acted out on the subject of exclusiveness, both in Mrs. Graham's kindly spirit of general hospitality, and Lady Augusta's rigid stand against intercourse with neighbours as such. We do not see that the privileged society of 'Ivors' represents anything very charming or refined. Lady Louisa is intended to be a bore; but how selfish people, as the domestic circle of 'Ivors' were, preeminently, should willingly put up with so much rudeness, impertinent curiosity, and pedantic quotation, as Lady Louisa embodies, we cannot understand. It is surely, too, a pity to render Shakspeare's language so trite and irksome to our taste, as every one must feel it broken up into fragments, and intruded by this tiresome woman on irritated and unwilling ears. But we fear to have already exceeded our limits.

In taking a somewhat abrupt leave of our authoress, we have the feeling of not having done her full justice. We have, indeed, endeavoured to express our approbation of her many excellences in language that should convey the real sense we feel of them. But we have found ourselves sometimes at issue with her on social questions, on which circumstances and education will make men to differ while the world lasts, and our space may have been unduly occupied by these differences. We can only say that it is not because we hold such questions of more importance than those in which we cordially agree, but that praise can be expressed in so much fewer words, and admits of so little amplification, compared to the gentlest censure. While a few lines convey not only general approval but even earnest sympathy, warm admiration, and entire coincidence of view, it needs long sentences, and sometimes pages,

to point out why we dissent from a certain principle, why we take exception to a prejudice, why we see duty under another aspect. It is the old story, that we cannot talk long and much of our neighbours, and say nothing but good of them. But we will say, in conclusion, that we know no works of fiction that convey more pure, wise, impressive teaching, or where the wisdom and the sense come home so directly from the heart of the writer as the conviction of a personal experience. We may have known the same all our lives as barren knowledge; but they come to us with a fresh force, and an additional seal, under the conviction that an earnest, reflective, and practical mind has *found* them to be true.

ART. III.—1. *Histoire, Dogmes, Traditions, et Liturgie de l'Église Arménienne Orientale, avec des Notions additionnelles sur l'Origine de cette Liturgie, les Sept Sacrements, les Observances, la Hiérarchie ecclésiastique, les Vêtements sacerdotaux, et la forme intérieure des Églises chez les Arméniens.* Paris: A. Franck. 1855.

2. *Letters on Turkey: translated from the French of M. A. Ubicini.* By LADY EASTHOPE, Part. II. London: Murray. 1856.

IN contemplating the various phases in which Christianity appears at the present day, every one must be struck with a strongly-marked difference between the aspect which heretical and schismatical bodies wear in the West and the East. It has been said that all heresies arose in the East; and that those which seem to have a purely Western and modern origin, would yet, on investigation, be found to be only reappearances of some exploded Oriental perversion of truth. How far this is strictly true it would take too much time to inquire; but there is one remarkable difference between the East and the West which is manifest to all: that, in the former, whatever heresies or perversions of truth may have been developed, the Apostolic order of Church government was always maintained; in the latter, as universally abandoned. It is, perhaps, to this fact that these heretical or schismatical bodies in the East remain so unchanged in the presence of each other. They have, or at least they feel they have, within their own body the full privileges of Christ's kingdom distinct from any other body; they are satisfied and content with this possession, and they transmit from father to son both the real constitution of Christ's Church, with all spiritual privileges, (whatever they may be in an heretical body,) together with their peculiar heretical doctrine; and thus schism seems a stereotyped fact, apparently to continue as long as the world lasts. Very different is the scene in the West; there, renunciation of the divinely-appointed order of Episcopacy has been universal, by every heretic. No sooner does a man take up some strange religious notion, with the idea that his doctrine alone is truth, than he forthwith proceeds, after the manner of Jeroboam king of Israel, to make priests 'of the lowest of the people; whosoever would he consecrated him.' Even John Wesley, with all his love of the Church, his firm belief in the necessity of the apostolical succession to render valid sacramental acts, fell into the custom of all arch-schismatics, and ordained pseudo-bishops and ministers. The

result is what might be expected; the East perpetuates its schisms unchanged through centuries, the schismatical bodies in the West are ever splitting up into more numerous sects, each again ready to be subdivided on the slightest occasion; each leader becomes his own inspired apostle, with plenary power to found a new body, as well as to develop a new exposition of Divine truth.¹

But in the East we should be quite wrong if we supposed that the members of the separated bodies were formally heretics, that each member wilfully preferred his peculiar dogma to the Catholic Faith. Few have really examined into the matter; some are really ignorant what the point of difference really is; most are heretics because their fathers were so before them. This is especially the case where nationality is also concerned; thus, the preserving of their peculiar dogma is a patriotic principle as well as a religious one; to receive a different belief would be not only a renunciation of an article of faith, but a renouncing of nationality, probably accompanied by a severance from intercourse with fellow-countrymen. Thus, nearly the whole of the Copts in Egypt have become monophysites; the Nestorians and Jacobites perpetuated their heresy by converting whole nations to their faith, leaving the once great Patriarchates of Antioch and Alexandria little more than *nominis umbræ*, most of their suffragan Bishops being mere titulars with no flock. But, however, what was lost to the orthodox Church in the South and East has been far more than compensated for in the North, when the immense empire of Russia submitted to the faith of the Church of Constantinople.

We intend to give our readers an account of one of those schismatical nations—a nation that, in a secular point of view, must rise into importance on account of its vast wealth and great commercial capacities; in a religious point of view, singular among Oriental Christians for not being possessed by that spirit of narrow bigotry which refuses to inquire into the claims of truth other than it has received. The English Churchman finds in the Armenian Clergy an openness and friendly feeling which he does not always find among the Greeks. Both Roman Catholics and Protestants have taken advantage of this generous principle, and have made by far the most of their converts from this body; the so-called Turkish Mission in Turkey being in reality, or rather in operation, a ‘Society for the Conversion of the Oriental Christians to Protestantism.’

¹ It might appear that the Irvingites were an exception to this statement, because they admit the order of Bishops; but it must be remembered that they deny the necessity for the apostolical succession for their Bishops, claiming a new appointment.

The Mission to the Turks is confessedly a failure; very few converts, too, are afforded by the orthodox Greek Church. The United Armenians are found chiefly about Aleppo and Mount Lebanon, while Constantinople and Scutari supply most 'Protestants,' many of whom acted as servants and interpreters to the British army when in Turkey.

South of the Black Sea, on the borders of the two Patriarchates of Constantinople and Antioch, but nominally contained in the former, lies a country lately made familiar to us by reason of the great deeds performed by our countrymen in the late war, immortalized by Dr. Sandwith in his 'Siege of Kars'—we mean, of course, Armenia. We say it is only nominally under the orthodox Patriarch, because the Armenians are a nation distinct from the Greek in national habits, language, and form of religion. They have a Patriarch of their own, a liturgy of their own, and religious customs of their own, differing from all around them. They are a nation whose civil and religious history has yet to be written, and which well deserves to have this gap filled up. The Armenians were of old a powerful nation, and warlike; often called upon to defend their country against their restless and ambitious neighbour, Persia, for which reason we generally find them in alliance with the Roman empire; afterwards, they gave more than one emperor to Constantinople, and by no means men of little importance. Possessing a very distinct nationality, they are found in all towns throughout the Turkish empire, keenly and steadily following trade, often amassing large fortunes. At Constantinople, (including Scutari,) there are at least 200,000, some of them men of vast wealth. In one instance, we were informed by one of their own body that the Armenian who acts as banker to the Sultan is worth about thirty millions of English money. This is not incredible, since it is the custom in Turkey to pay interest monthly, at the rate of eight piastres for every five hundred lent, or about $19\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum; and as banking is chiefly in the hands of these Armenian *sarrafs*, it may easily be seen they must be the most wealthy body in the Turkish capital. Gradually they are extending themselves throughout Europe; they have long had a monastery, with large printing presses, at Venice. They will be found also in Amsterdam and London, and many other places too numerous to specify; yet all, in every place, under all conditions, still retaining their distinct nationality, their religion, their language; and still

¹ Besides Leo, the Armenian, and others of inferior note, the Isaurian family were Armenians, and so was Basil the 'Slayer of the Bulgarians.' These Mr. Finlay rightly classes as among the greatest monarchs of their age.

cherishing an ardent love of their country, and a secret wish and hope to see it rise to the importance it once possessed.

Armenia anciently was of far larger extent than it is at present. Aram, or Mesopotamia, with its capital, Edessa, was the Great Armenia, the cradle of the human race. The mountainous district, of which Ararat forms the most prominent object, and extending westward as far as Mount Taurus, was known as Little Armenia,—singularly enough the cradle of the family of the second father of mankind. Here kings reigned and cities flourished long before there was an historian to tell us who and what they were, unless, perchance, the Nineveh tablets will throw light on this ancient people. For Armenia was anciently much mixed up with the doings at Nineveh and Babylon. Van, one of its important cities, was founded by Semiramis; it was here the sons of Sennacherib fled, after the murder of their father; and here many Persian kings and princes found an asylum during the perpetual troubles that disturbed that country. The ancient language much resembles the Persian, which Mr. Müller calls the ‘half-brother of the Sanskrit;’ but from the unfortunate circumstance that the nation possessed no alphabet until the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian era, the previous writers borrowing characters from Persian and Greek, we have no national records of those times. We are not aware how far the investigation has gone, but we have a strong suspicion that a knowledge of ancient Armenian would help to decipher the Assyrian inscriptions. One thing struck us forcibly, the strong resemblance there is between the profile of the modern Armenian, as seen at Constantinople, and the faces on the marbles brought from Nineveh. Great Armenia, and a considerable part of Little Armenia, form portions of the Ottoman empire. The most important part, however, in an ecclesiastical point of view, viz., the Patriarchal See of Etchmiadzine, and the Mount Ararat, are held in the powerful grasp of Russia.

The religious history of Armenia presents some curious pictures. During its connexion with Assyria and Babylon the religion of those places was the religion of Armenia too. When these empires fell, and Persia became the leading power in the East, Armenia consented to engraft on her worship the rites and the faith of Zoroaster. When Pagan Rome was in the ascendant, the Armenians allowed Jupiter, Venus, and Hercules to be honoured side by side with Mithra and Ormuzd. It is said that some of the Magian rites still remain, in a modified form, worked in among those of Christianity. As a civilized people, lying near Palestine, we should naturally suppose that Christianity would soon find its way there; if we are to believe

native historians, Armenia has the honour of supplying the first king who confessed the faith of Christ. Abgarus, king of Great Armenia, whose capital city was Edessa, having heard, so runs the story, of the miracles of our Lord, and being himself afflicted with a painful and incurable disease, sent to ask Him to come and heal him. Our Lord sent him a picture of Himself, on beholding which he was immediately healed; this picture was set over the great gate of Edessa, as a protection to the city. To pass on into the region of probability, we have reason to believe that Armenia was visited by several of the Apostles. S. Thaddeus, arriving there in 34 A.D., is said to have converted or instructed Abgarus, the then king, and Sana-droug, his successor; this latter, relapsing into idolatry, put his former preceptor to death. Till 302, Armenia was ruled by heathen, and often persecuting, kings. Many of the Roman persecutions extended to this kingdom, and many among its bishops and clergy were martyrs. In the fourth century, however, a new era was opened out; and the light of the Gospel again blazed in the royal palace; but not till it had been dipped in blood.

In coming to this period we emerge from the realm of fiction and legend, and take our stand on firmer ground. In 460, Moses of Khoren, the father of Armenian history, flourished. He professes to take his materials, *i.e.* those which related to times beyond the memory of his contemporaries, from ancient documents, then extant in the archives of Edessa. From him we have an accurate account of the establishment of the Christian faith in Armenia. At this period, viz., the beginning of the fourth century, Rome and Persia were struggling for the supremacy of the East. Armenia, in alliance with Rome, was the object of jealousy to the Persian king, Ardashir, who wished to incorporate Armenia into his own dominions, and thus present a strong front to the encroachments of Rome. To effect this, he persuaded Ariag, an Armenian of the royal family, to assassinate the king, Khosroës,—a deed he perpetrated when the king was hunting. The latter, with his last breath, gave directions to extirpate the whole family of Ariag. In turn, Ardashir, having seized upon the throne, gave orders to exterminate the family of Khosroës. But Providence turned both these massacres to His own glory; for, when the Armenian king was intent only on destroying the family of his murderer, God was purposing the destruction of idolatry; while the Persian king thought he was making sure his own possession of the throne, God was bringing about the advancement of His kingdom; and in so overruling occurrences, that Armenia should be the first kingdom in the world of which we have real authentic

history, whose monarch became obedient to the faith of Christ. The narrative that follows is chiefly taken from a chronicle of a certain Greek, named Agathangelos, secretary to king Tiridates.

The cruel order of Khosroës was put in immediate execution: the whole family of Anag perished, except one child of two years old; him the brother of his nurse contrived to convey secretly to Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, where he was baptized by the name of Gregory, and brought up in the Christian faith. Being come to age, and his birth recognised (he was descended from the royal family of the Arsacides), he married an Armenian princess, and had two sons, Verthanes and Aristaces. After some years, he and his wife mutually separated, in order that Gregory might give himself entirely to the great work of evangelizing his fellow-countrymen. Meanwhile, a similar event had happened in the family of Khosroës; all were put to death by the Persian king, except one child, who was conveyed for safety to the court of the Roman emperor. This youth was restored to his country by the Emperor Dioclesian, and is known as king Tiridates, in Armenian Dertad. He seems to have brought with him his patron's spirit, for he was a persecutor of the Christians, the principal victim being Gregory. The following story reads to us as a plagiarism on that which once happened in the neighbouring kingdom of Babylon; but it is authenticated by being found in the chronicle of the king's secretary. However, truth is often stranger than fiction.

On the occasion of some religious festival of a national character, it was the duty of the king, attended by his nobles, to offer sacrifices to the gods in a public manner. Among his attendants there was one who joined not in the sacrifice, and who boldly declared that he worshipped the crucified Lord, and would bow down to no other. The enraged king, far more angry at his disobedience to himself than his apostasy from the national religion, ordered him to be seized and bound; tortures were next applied, but Gregory was inflexible: at last they threw him into a dungeon; and, almost forgotten, excepting by one Christian woman, who secretly supplied him with food, he remained in confinement several years. While this continued, an event took place at Rome, trifling in itself, but big with future consequences both to Gregory and the whole kingdom of Armenia. Dioclesian happening to see a Christian maiden at Rome, named Hripsime, he fell in love with her, and tried to induce her to become his concubine; she refused, and escaped with her nurse Gaïane and some of her friends to Armenia, where they settled at Vagharschabad, then the capital city. The Roman emperor, having discovered her retreat, sent to Tiridates to secure her, and send her to Rome. Being brought

before him, the king in his turn was inflamed with her beauty, and wished to have her himself. His advances being firmly repulsed, Tiridates grew violent, and ordered tortures to be applied. Hripsime and her companions died under the infliction. The cup of wrath was now full; the king had allowed his passion to get the better of his reason: God deprived him of that reason which he so abused. He and some of the principal nobles were struck with madness—so runs the chronicle—like Nebuchadnezzar, and lived like wild beasts. The sister of Tiridates, on this taking place, withdrew herself from public, and sought by prayers to avert the anger of the Deity. Her prayer was heard; for in a vision she was informed that there was one man who could restore to her brother the reason he had lost—the Christian confessor, Gregory. Hastily brought before the king, the saint's prayers prevailed, and Tiridates recovered. The chastisement had not been in vain; the humbled and grateful king fell at the feet of S. Gregory, and craved pardon for his sins. 'But where,' he asked, 'are those lambs of Christ?' The bones of the martyred virgins were brought to him. Carefully gathering them together, he gave them honourable burial, and passed the night in prayer at their tomb. While thus engaged, a vision appeared: the heavens opened, and a company of angels surrounded by rays of glory appeared at the tomb; behind them stood a human form, with a hammer of gold in his hand; the heavenly company advanced towards Vagharschabad: then the form struck the earth with the hammer, the mountains shook, the land trembled, fearful sounds proceeded as from the bowels of the earth. Immediately rose up a pillar of gold, in shape as an altar, from which shot up a column of fire, surmounted by a dome of clouds, with a brilliant cross blazing over all. From the foot of the altar burst out a clear fountain of water, flowing over a large portion of the earth. Four columns stood round the altar, on three of which were placed the bones of the martyrs. An angel interpreted this vision to S. Gregory. 'The human form is the Lord; the building surmounted by a cross is the Universal Church; it stands under the ægis of the cross, for it was on the cross that the Son of God yielded up His life: let this place become the place of prayer. The column of fire, and the fountain of water, signify holy Baptism, which flows from the Church for the regeneration of mankind. Prostrate thyself,' he added, 'before this manifestation of the grace of God, and on this place build a church.' S. Gregory gave the name of Schoghagath to the place where the vision appeared, the meaning of which is, 'the diffusion of light;' while the church and monastery, afterwards built on the spot where the human form first

appeared, received the name^o of Etchmiadzine, that, is, 'the descent of the Only-begotten.'

This place became the Patriarchal See, and continues so to our own day. On hearing the account of the vision, the king lost no time in carrying out its directions: the people, equally enthusiastic with the king, willingly gave their aid; over the relics of SS. Hripsime and Gaiane arose the two oldest churches in Armenia, dedicated to the memory of those who slept below. S. Gregory was chosen Patriarch, and sent to Leontius, bishop of Casarea, to receive consecration. His return resembled somewhat the triumph of a conqueror; on every side he threw down the altars and images of the false gods. At Taron he completed his work by destroying a celebrated image of Aphrodite, and building a church, dedicated to S. John the Baptist, which remains to this day; there, also, he baptized twenty thousand of his countrymen. At the banks of Euphrates he was met by the king, who came to pray for pardon for his past acts, and to promise himself the servant of a new master. After a fast of some days—a fast yearly observed in the Armenian Church in memory of the conversion of their country—his sins were washed away in the laver of regeneration in the Euphrates, one of the rivers of Paradise. These events took place in 302. Fifteen hundred and fifty years have passed since those churches were built which Gregory and Tiridates founded; hostile armies have traversed the land, war has desolated city and country; Armenia has been a prize that the Romans, the Persians, the Mongols, the Turks, the Russians, have all fought for, and to gain it have sacrificed her fairest provinces, her goodliest towns; but, while other places have changed,—while the capital and palace of king Tiridates at Vagharschabad is a mere ruin,—the two churches of SS. Hripsime and Gaiane still stand, little changed from their first form. Armenian writers would try to persuade us that Etchmiadzine has also escaped; but other, as well as their own historians, tell of many disasters, and even destructions, it has undergone; a particular account of which will be found in Neale's 'Introduction to the History of the Holy Eastern Church.' We give his account of the present state of the monastery:—'The monastery itself, in order to repel the constant attacks of Turks and Persians, has been surrounded by an immense double wall, fortified by five circular towers on each side, and forming a square. Between the two the inhabitants of the neighbourhood were accustomed to deposit their valuables in time of war, and a bazaar is still held there. The view from the north, stretching over a vast plain, in the midst of which rises this lonely abbey-fortress, while Great Ararat towers up beyond in its intense brightness,

‘and the huge clift and the Little Ararat stand out to the left, ‘gives an idea of solemnity and majesty well befitting the ‘primatial see of a great nation.’—(Vol. i. p. 293.)

We must return to the history. S. Gregory, surnamed *Lousavoritch*, i.e. ‘the Illuminator,’ completed the conversion of his countrymen, during the thirty years in which he held the high place of Patriarch; after which he retired to Mount Sebouh, to end his days as an anchorite. He was not present at the Council of Nicea; but his son Aristaces, who succeeded him on the throne of Etchmiadzine, attended as his proxy. The Armenian Church received with joy the decrees of that Council; S. Gregory adding some words of thanksgiving for the triumph of the true faith; which words are still sung after the Creed.¹ It is remarkable, also, that Armenia is the only Church that yet retains the anathema as a portion of the Creed. During the long primacy of S. Isaac, fifty years, an alphabet for the Armenian language was formed, the principal inventor being the archimandrite Mesrob. Nerses, afterwards Patriarch,—the first who assumed the title of *Catholicos*,—was present at the Council of Constantinople. No representative of the Armenian Church was present either at Ephesus or at Chalcedon, by reason of the frightful state of the country, being then overrun by the Persians, who were also carrying on a bitter persecution. S. Isaac was first imprisoned, and then sent into exile, where he died. This conquest was the cause of the removal of the primatial see from Etchmiadzine to Tovin, and other places; it did not finally settle down to Etchmiadzine till 1441; from which time the Patriarch has resided at the ancient see. It is remarkable that the Persian invasion was the cause of the independence of the Armenian Church. Up to this time the bishops had always gone to Cæsarea for consecration; they were now forbidden by their new masters, most probably for political reasons. The Patriarch assumed the title of *Catholicos*, and consecrated the sacred oil, without which no ordination to the episcopal office is considered complete. At the exact time that the Council of Ephesus was sitting, S. Isaac was in prison; on his liberation the Patriarch of Constantinople sent to him the decrees, which were adopted by the Church, and Nestorius, Theodore of Mopsuestia, and Diodorus of Tarsus anathematized. The absence from the Council of Chalcedon was more disastrous; but as it involves the history of the schism, and the supposed heresy of the Armenian Church, we must bestow upon the history of this period a little more investigation:—

¹ ‘Yea, we glorify Him, who was before all ages, adoring the Holy Trinity, and ‘the one only Divinity of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, now and ‘ever, through ages of ages. Amen.’

'The troubles of the time prevented the Armenians from taking any part in the fourth Œcumenical Council. Surrounded on all sides, as they were, by Nestorian heretics, it is natural that they should regard with the greatest jealousy any teaching which seemed to condemn those who contended for the one person of our Lord. Their nearest neighbours, the Syrian bishops, misrepresented the Council; and, unhappily, the Armenian language facilitated the misapprehension; one word only being employed to express the two senses of *nature* and *person*. A similar ambiguity of expression occasioned the long schism between the East and West, in the fourth century, when the one asserted the one hypostasis in the ever-blessed Trinity, and the other affirmed three; the former understanding by that term *substance*, the latter *person*.

'The Armenians then learnt that at Chalcedon two persons had been recognised in our Lord; and they soon heard that the succeeding emperors, Zeno and Anastasius, rejected that Council. What wonder, then, that the Catholicos Papchen II., with a synod of his bishops, followed their example? The crafty Syro-Jacobites fomented the dispute; and by their means the addition of Peter the Fuller to the Trisagion was unhappily received in Armenia. The schism was thus begun in ignorance.—*Neale's Introd.* p. 1080.

The author whose work stands at the head of our list gives a longer account of the schism, in every point agreeing with the view that Neale takes. He is an Armenian priest of the Russian empire; his work is addressed to the Emperor, and goes very fully into the question in dispute between the two Churches. We have every reason to believe that the work may be trusted, as it concurs with inquiries made by ourselves in Constantinople. In translating the following passage we have retained some French words, there being no exact equivalent in English:—

'The letters of Pope Leo I. to Flavian, on the doctrine of that Council, had been badly translated into their language. Besides, the canons and decisions of Councils, at a period when the art of printing was unknown, were very often transcribed by incapable or malevolent persons, who altered, by omission of words, sometimes by mistake, sometimes by design, the meaning of the expression and the phrases. Thus, in the letter of Pope Leo, it was said, in a manner perfectly orthodox, that Jesus Christ had two natures; in the one (*l'une*) He worked miracles, and the other (*l'autre*) was subject to the sufferings of humanity. The translator rendered the words *l'une et l'autre* by the Armenian words *womn ico womn*; a mode of expression which, according to the genius of the language in which it belongs, could only be applied to one living person, one individual, and makes *l'une et l'autre* equivalent to *quelqu'un*. The meaning of the letter in which *l'une et l'autre* were applied to the two natures of Christ was, consequently, altered in their version by the word *womn*. The term *l'une et l'autre* seemed to have relation, not to the two natures of Christ, but to His person; and the word *womn*, repeated twice, had given occasion to the Armenians to suppose that it was a question of two different persons or hypostases. Thus, the letter of Pope Leo having been recognised by the fathers of Chalcedon as orthodox, and agreeable to the true definition of the Council, the Armenian bishops formally believed that that Council had, in condemning altogether the errors of Eutyches, fallen back into those of Nestorius.—*Histoire*, pp. 18, 19.

Acting on this misapprehension, the Catholicos Papguên, or Papchen, held a Council in 491, in which were condemned the Nestorians Barsouma and Acacius; it also anathematized the Eutychians. But while the Council thus asserted the orthodoxy of the Armenian Church, with respect to the two great heresies condemned by the third and fourth Councils, it also rejected entirely the fourth Council, supposing that its decrees were heretical. At Etchmiadzine, the Catholicos John the Historian held a Council in 847, which condemned alike the tenets of the Nestorians and Eutychians; the Armenian Church thus clearing itself from the charge of heresy, though it was still obnoxious to that of schism. This schism appears from time to time to have assumed more a political aspect than a religious one,—more nearly connected with the independence of their kingdom than the isolation of their Church. For we find that the Armenian Church gave its full and cordial assent to the two Councils of Constantinople, acknowledged in the Greek Church in the fifth and sixth General Councils; while deputies from it actually attended, and complied with the decrees of the second of Nicea, commonly known as the seventh General Council. Attempts were made from time to time to effect a union between the two Churches, the most promising of which failed; sometimes through the obstinacy and mismanagement of the Greeks, sometimes through the disturbed state of the provinces of Asia Minor by reason of war. The first was made at the Council of Garine (Erzeroum), in 629, by the Catholicos Esdras. The decrees of the Council of Chalcedon were read over and assented to by the Catholicos, and received by many of the Armenians; the consequences were, however, disastrous: those Armenians who accepted the decrees were obliged to separate from their brethren, and adopted the Greek rites. They were always reproached by the others as traitors to their Church and nation,—again showing how much the national and political feelings guided the religious. The descendants of these separatists live in twelve villages, called Ghaïco-Roum, Armeno-Greece. Another Council was held at Touïne, by the Catholicos Nerses III., when, it is said, the Emperor Constantine received the Eucharist from the hands of Nerses. Other, equally unsuccessful, attempts followed: then came the wars; the capture of Ani, the overthrow of the dynasty of the Bagratidæ by the Greeks, widened the breach, and increased the political hatred. Then the temporary suspension of the Eastern Empire by the victorious enemies of the Crusaders, and the wars consequent thereon, shut up for a time each nation within itself. At this time commenced a singular course of communication between the Roman Church and the Armenian, of which we shall speak

presently. All this widened the breach between the two Churches.

The nearest attempt at reconciliation between the Greek and Armenian Churches was made at the Council of Hromgla,—or, as it is generally written,* according to the Turkish fashion, Roum-kaleh,—a castle situated on the Euphrates. The occasion was this: Alexis, son-in-law to the Emperor Manuel, travelling in Armenia, made acquaintance with Nerses, brother to Gregory the Catholicos: this Nerses, called by the Greeks Narcissus, and surnamed by the Armenians Schnorhali, *i.e.* ‘the Gracious,’ explained to Alexis the faith of his Church. A summary was drawn up, and was sent to the Emperor Manuel, who thereby was excited with a strong desire to effect a reunion; he immediately sent a monk, named Theorian, to negotiate. Gregory called the Council of Roum-kaleh; when such explanation was entered into as showed that on all the important doctrines of the Incarnation—the two natures, the two wills, of Christ—the Greek and Armenian Churches were perfectly agreed. Nerses showed how, through a defect in the Armenian language, the apparently heretical phrase in the Creed, ‘one nature,’ was taken from an expression of S. Cyril, and used by him in a Catholic sense. Had Theorian stopped here, and let the Armenian Church hold her own usages, which, in themselves, are not matters of an essential nature, it is possible the schism might have been healed. But instead of this, he insisted on certain changes being made in the Armenian ritual, which would bring it into strict conformity to that of Greece. The points complained of were—the addition of Peter Fullo to the Trisagion; the use of unleavened bread in the Eucharist, and unmixed wine; the time of holding the Feast of Christmas; and the dogma that our Lord was nine months and *five days* in the womb of the Virgin. The Armenians refused to give up these points, and Theorian returned to Constantinople. He brought with him a letter from Nerses to the Emperor, in which he tells him that he devotes himself entirely to the work of union, and prays that the Greek Patriarch may be directed to appear in his Cathedral Church in his pontifical robes, his cross in his hand, and then offer up public prayers for the re-establishment of unity.

On Theorian’s return, in 1172, to Armenia, the Council re-assembled. He produced his letters; the same narrow prejudice, which had throughout characterised the Greeks, reappeared. The Armenians were required to anathematize Eutyches, Severus, Dioscorus, and to conform to the Greek custom concerning the Eucharist, the Trisagion, and the keeping of Christmas. The bishops were indignant; they said their Church had long

ago anathematized Eutyches, as well as Arius and Nestorius, and all their followers: to do so again would seem to acknowledge that the Church had hitherto been wrong on this point. With regard to their usages, they flatly refused to give them up; saying very truly, that they were things in themselves indifferent, but that they and their people were attached to them, and could not see the advantage of any change. Negotiations were suspended by the death of Gregory: he was succeeded by his brother, Nerses Schnorhali, who opened communications again with the Emperor. It was not, however, until 1179, six years after the death of Nerses Schnorhali, that the final act of union was accomplished. In that year there assembled at Roum-kaleh thirty-three bishops of Armenia, the two metropolitans of Syria and Albania, and several of the laity; and then, chiefly through the influence of Nerses, Archbishop of Lambron, a concordat was drawn up. In that writing there stood an orthodox statement of the doctrine of the two natures of Christ, as drawn up by the Catholicos Nerses; a full recognition of the three first Councils; but a silence about the fourth and fifth. Arius, Macedonius, Nestorius, Eutyches, were anathematized. This document was signed by the Catholicos, and the thirty-three bishops, also by the metropolitans of Albania, Antioch, Jerusalem, and Cæsarea, and sent to the Emperor. The embassy got as far as Cæsarea, where it found the country in such a state of confusion by the passing of the Crusaders, that it was impossible to proceed: thus the concordat was never ratified. The Emperor died in 1181, and negotiations were never resumed; things have remained to this day *in statu quo*: the invasion of the Mongols and Turks, the wars of the Crusaders, the growing feebleness of the Greek empire, gave no opportunity for further negotiation. Great Armenia never recovered the desolation caused by the Turks; the native inhabitants gradually withdrew to the mountains of that part which is marked on our modern maps as Armenia; others emigrated to Anatolia, Egypt, India, and Constantinople, the borders of the Black Sea, to Russia, and Poland; everywhere bearing with them their national character and their national religion, distinct and distinguishable to this day. A strong desire for union is, however, felt by many. Etchmiadzine is now in Russian territory; the election of the Catholicos is confirmed by the Emperor of Russia, and not by the Porte as before; the question of union is taken up by the former with some hope of success. In 1799, Archbishop Argoutinski Dolgorouki published a work in S. Petersburg advocating it. The work at the head of our list is one written by an Armenian ecclesiastic in French, and intended to serve the same end. It

is understood that the present Catholicos is favourable to union: the prospect of one with the powerful Russian empire is certainly far greater than under the Greek. Already has the sister Church of Georgia put itself under the protection of Russia, though, we must add, at the expense of losing its independence. Most persons who have travelled in the East, and exercised an impartial spirit of observation, bear testimony to the salutary influence of Russia in religious matters in any way connected with the Ottoman empire. In the latter, every position, civil and religious, is purchased by money, patriarchates no less than pashaliks. The practice is so universal, that, on any vacancy occurring, the chances are calculated by the supposed length of the purse, and the capability of intrigue.

'At length, to such a pitch of corruption did the Church arrive, that David V., who had purchased the see of Etchmiadzine in 1586, finding himself unable to pay the stipulated sum, associated two other bishops with himself in the emoluments and expenses of the office. They, as it was natural to expect, quarrelled; and the successful competitor loaded the Armenian clergy with imposts to enable him to fulfil his engagements.'—*Neale's Introd.* vol. i. p. 67.

Mr. Williams draws a pleasing picture of the altered state of things since Etchmiadzine came under Christian rule:—

'The free election of the Patriarch Narcissus [in Armenia, Nerses] to the highest dignity of the Armenian Church, took place at Etchmiadzine, April 17, 1843, and was confirmed at S. Petersburg, August 10 in the same year. The appointment had been for centuries in the hands of the Porte, when all had been carried on by bribery. Who would not desire that the most disgraceful simoniacal proceedings relating to the orthodox Patriarchate of Constantinople might be terminated in the same manner? and what other European sovereign would permit a free election of the whole Church? I confess, when I observed the silent and beneficial influence of Russia exercised by her representatives in the East, with a degree of impartiality which I did not expect, but especially when I contrasted it with the busy, restless interference of the French political agents, aiming only at the aggrandisement of Rome, with a love too fierce even for its favoured objects, I could not participate in the jealous and suspicious fears with which my countrymen are wont to regard Russian diplomacy. And further, when I discovered that the laws of Russia have contrived to reconcile the firmest possible support to the national Chufch, with the greatest degree of toleration to other religious communities, better than any country, I could not but feel that the extension of those laws might

‘prove most salutary to the East in its present distracted state. On the other hand, the suppression of many ancient sees in Georgia led me to apprehend an uncanonical interference with the ancient patriarchates, in the event here contemplated. But these apprehensions have been much allayed by the liberal and enlightened policy displayed on occasion of the late vacancy in the highest dignity of the Armenian Church; when a free election of the whole body was not only allowed, but invited and ensured by the high authority of an imperial ukase.’—(*Holy City*, vol. i. p. 548.)

The history of the connexion of the Armenian with the Western Church requires notice, especially as a portion of that connexion remains still. We mentioned the breaking up of the Armenian nation, and the dispersion of the inhabitants of Great Armenia by the inroads of the barbarian hordes of Central Asia; the one portion maintained an independent position at Ani, for about a century. On the dispersion of this kingdom, some of the Bagratidæ family emigrated to Tarsus, in Cilicia, where they established a kingdom, and bravely defended themselves against the aggressions of the Sultans of Roum or Iconium. When the Crusaders appeared in Asia Minor, the Armenians of Tarsus gave their hearty consent to the Christian cause, and fought valiantly under the banners of the Latin princes of Antioch. In the fourteenth century, when the Western nations had lost all hold on the East, except the island of Rhodes, the full force of the successful Turkish conqueror fell upon the little Christian kingdom of Tarsus. Feeling themselves unequal to the conquest, the Armenians of Tarsus applied to Rome and the West; but the love of many had grown cold; no help was sent. When the last king died without an heir, the people hastened to offer the vacant throne to the French Count of Lusignan, whose ancestors ruled the Latin kingdom of Cyprus. The armies of the Sultan of Egypt, however, were fast closing in the last stronghold of Christianity in Asia Minor. In vain did the Armenians watch and guard; in vain did the steel-clad warriors of S. John charge the clustering ranks of Turks and Arabs: the latter could fill up their losses, the former strained their eyes in vain over the clear blue expanse of the Mediterranean Sea,—no help ever came. Worn out with toil and disappointed hope, Tarsus fell: the green banner of the Prophet waved over its walls. Leo VI. was a captive, conveyed first to Jerusalem, then to Cairo, as a prisoner; lastly, he died at Paris, in 1393. *Souvenirs* of this intercourse between the Armenian and Roman Church still remain. At Etchmiadzine is a tiara, sent by Pope Lucius III. in 1184, and worn by the Catholicos instead of the Greek

mitre; a veil sent by Pope Innocent II., still used at the installation of the Catholicos; his throne was a present from Innocent XI. A formal union between these two Churches was actually drawn up between Hethoum, a king of the house of Bagratidæ, in 1288, and again another between Oschin, another king, and Pope John XXII. in 1320; but as these acts seem to have been much rather for a political purpose than a religious one,—that is, through a hope of obtaining help from the West to sustain the kingdom of Tarsus against the Mohammedan invaders,—and this help not reaching the Armenians, the union was never completed, nor carried out by the Catholicos. We find, however, that the popes never lost sight of these *rapprochements*; they formed the basis for future operations in attempting to bring this independent Church into obedience to Rome. In 1587, a Roman bishop, appointed by the Pope bishop of Sidon, was sent as a missionary to the Armenian Melkites, Jacobites, and Chaldeans, residing in Cilicia and about Mount Lebanon, to bring them into unity with the Roman Church. At this time, owing to the confusion arising from the invasion and conquest of the Turks, there were two Armenian Patriarchs; one at Etchmiadzine, and one at Sis, in Cilicia: the latter was induced to sign a Latin confession of faith, similar to that proposed at the Council of Florence, when a sham union was patched up between the Oriental and the Western Churches. It does not seem, however, that the Catholicos had anything to do with the matter. But from this time there has remained a considerable body of *United Armenians*—i.e. Armenians united to the Roman Church—in Cilicia. In 1666, a successful mission was established by the Jesuits in Gallicia, under whose training arose the celebrated archimandrite Mekhithar. He founded at Venice, in the Isle of S. Lazarus, a large monastery, with vast and magnificent printing presses. This was in 1717. The monastery flourishes to this day, and presents to the traveller a strange mixture of the Oriental and Western rites: a litany in Armenian with Latin forms: a priesthood both wearing the beard and having the tonsure: Armenian dresses and Latin gestures: a curtain hung up, but not drawn during the consecration: an Armenian choir in a Latin church: an Oriental altar, with Latin images of angels above it: the Latin *filioque* in the Creed, with the Oriental anathemas, and the thanksgiving of Gregory the Illuminator, at the end: the Roman elevation of the host, with the Armenian invocation of the Holy Spirit.

While Mekhithar was planning and carrying out this scheme, the efforts of the Pope and the intrigues of the Jesuits were

not only causing a persecution of the United Armenians by the Turkish Government. The following is from the pen of M. Ubicini, who would not be likely to take an extreme view of the conduct of the Roman Catholics:—

‘Abandoning the method of persuasion and mild exhortation which they had up to this time employed, and which had proved very successful, these missionaries, by a deplorable mistake, had commenced a furious propaganda, the immediate effect of which was to arrest the movement towards Catholic unity which had already begun. “They openly shocked the feelings of the “dissidents,” says M. Boré, “by forbidding Catholics to enter the schismatic churches, which they represented as sanctuaries of Satan, and by attacking the liturgy and practices of the ancient Armenian Church; and all who submitted not to this order were refused absolution. The Catholics, too much disposed to religious hatred, so well seconded the efforts of their instructors, that even in passing a church belonging to the schismatics, they would avert their heads, as though it had been a heathen temple: all the old disputes respecting Pope Leo and the Council of Chalcedon, dormant during centuries, were revived: whilst, on the other side, the partisans of the Patriarch [*i.e.* the Armenian Patriarch of Constantinople] intrigued actively against the missionaries, and represented them to the civil authority as conspirators salaried by the Western Courts.”¹ These false rumours were too readily believed by the viziers and grandees of the Porte, always ill-disposed toward Roman Catholics, whom they knew to be subject to a foreign spiritual chief, and disposed also, through an error already mentioned, to confound them with the Franks, whose name in Turkey is synonymous with faction and turbulence.’—*Ubicini*, vol. ii. p. 255.

The Patriarch Ephrem obtained a firman from the Porte, which banished the Roman Catholics from Constantinople, unless they would worship in the Armenian Churches, and submit to the Patriarch. Ephrem was succeeded by Avedik, who, by his intrigues, and the favour of the Grand Mufti of the Turks, was appointed Patriarch in 1702. He carried on the persecution. At Erzeroum the Romish college was broken up, and the three hundred students had to disperse. We are inclined to believe that very much of the machinations of the Jesuits had a political rather than a religious object; for when persecution came, numbers of European Romanists, rather than suffer banishment, abjured their faith, and became Mohammedans. Von Hammer tells us of an abbé who proved his zeal for his new religion by trampling under foot the consecrated host in the presence of the Grand Vizier. M. de Feriol, the French ambassador, however, came forward to help his co-religionists. He obtained a firman to depose and banish Avedik, who was sent to Chios; but, like much of French intrigue in the East, the thing was overdone, and so reacted on themselves. The Patriarch was seized and carried off on his passage to Chios,

¹ Boré, *L'Arménie*, p. 54. Serpos, *Compendio Storico*, p. 204. *Sulla Nazione Armene*, Venice, 1786.

to some place, it is supposed, in Italy or France. Rightly or wrongly, the Porte believed that the Jesuits were at the bottom of this abduction. Fresh persecutions commenced; the United Armenian printing presses at Galata, which had been employed to spread libels and calumnies against the Gregorian Armenians, were shut up; a hattî-scherif was issued, ordering the arrest of the United Armenians: seven of these apostatized, three others submitted to martyrdom. Ebullitions of animosity burst out from time to time. The war of Greek independence, in 1828, brought matters to a crisis with the Porte, and threatened the very existence of the United Armenian body in European Turkey. The Sultan Mahmoud was persuaded that the United Armenians were so many spies in the pay of the Western Powers to effect the overthrow of the Turkish empire. A firman was entrusted to the Gregorian Patriarch, directing the expulsion within fifteen days of all United Armenians in Constantinople; the Porte professing to recognise only one Armenian Church, and one religion. As there were no foreign ambassadors then at the Porte, no one interfered with this order; but on the return of the French ambassador, in 1829, not only did he obtain a reversal of the order, but procured also a liberty of worship, the Porte recognising, as head of the United Armenians, a bishop appointed by the Pope. Since then they have enjoyed peace.

We have rather digressed from the direct road of our history, by following out this account of the United Armenians: the digression, however, was the legitimate conclusion of our account of the Latin kingdom of Tarsus. We shall return presently to the history of the ancient, or, as we had better call them by the name by which they are best known in Russia and other countries, the Gregorian Armenians. But, as the thread has been broken, it will be most convenient to mention here another sect, propagated, like the other, by Western interference; we mean the *Protestant Armenians*; a sect making much way in Turkey.

In 1831 the missionaries of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews began to turn their attention toward the Christians under the Ottoman empire; among whom they hoped to reap a more plentiful harvest of converts than from the Jews. Of course, no opposition was made by the Ottoman Government; which considers itself too sublime to take notice of the proceedings of Christians, provided they are not supposed to be plotting against it. The greater number of converts were Armenians, who are, nationally, more liberal, open, and less prejudiced than the Greeks. In 1845, the attendance of these Armenians at the

preachings of the Protestants became very numerous, and there was a considerable body which had actually broken off from the communion of the bishops. The Patriarch, in alarm, was taking measures to meet the evil, when the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, instigated, it is said, by Russia, fulminated an interdict against the Protestants, and, having obtained permission from the Porte, proceeded to carry out its threats. This, so far from checking, only increased the spread of the new heresy. In the following year it was reported that fifty-eight Armenians had joined the Protestants, including a priest named Vartanes. This roused the Armenian Patriarch to issue an anathema:—‘Whoever has a son or a brother who has joined the dissenters, and gives him bread, or treats him in any way as a friend, must be made aware that he is nourishing in his house a venomous viper, whose mortal poison will one day destroy him. Such a one gives bread to Judas; such a one is the enemy of the holy Christian faith, a destroyer of the Armenian Church, and an opprobrium to all his nation. Cursed are the houses and shops of these heretics. We shall inquire concerning those who shall remain in connexion with them, and shall mark them out to the Church for terrible anathemas.’ This excommunication, of course, roused the passions of both parties; the Patriarch, as a civil officer of the Porte at the head of the Armenian nation, had the means of carrying out many of his threats: the English and American ambassadors, however, interfered, and procured from the Sultan a recognition of native ‘Protestants,’ and emancipated them from the civil jurisdiction of the respective Patriarchs. Four years later, in 1850, they were recognised as a distinct body under their own civil head; and finally, in 1853, a firman from the Sultan confirmed and established their separate privileges. From that time the Protestants have been unmolested, and have pursued their course according to their own inclinations. Since then the proceedings of this body have been very active; they have missions in many parts of Armenia, Syria, and Asia Minor, but chiefly at Constantinople: at Harkeni, on the Golden Horn, and Bebek, on the Bosphorus, they have large and extensive schools for boys and girls, chiefly attended by Armenians. Their proceedings are after the usual type of Protestant missionaries; they seem to count success by the number of hearers which curiosity draws together, and the number of Bibles which they give away. We have seen something ourselves of the value of such a mode of proceeding in these countries; but we rather give the words of one whose longer experience makes his statements more valuable, and whose intimate knowledge, both of the language and character of the people of the East, renders him well qualified to give an

opinion upon it; we mean Captain Slade, an officer of the British navy, and afterwards a rear-admiral in the Ottoman service, under the name of Mushaver Pasha:—‘Independently of moral qualifications, which, apparently, are not very seriously investigated by the appointers of missionaries, it is reasonable to suppose that other qualifications are considered indispensable: particularly a knowledge of languages. It will, therefore, hardly be credited, that missionaries arrive in the Levant to preach to converts, and to make converts, knowing absolutely no other than their mother tongue. Every one knows what a length of time it takes to learn a foreign language, so as to be able to *argue* in it, and the older the tyro the more difficult the task. The lavish distribution of Bibles is equally distressing to behold. Did the members and supporters of the Bible Society know how these books go—how they are received—they would infinitely prefer giving their money to their poor countrymen.

‘Let us examine what becomes of these books:—Bibles are given to the Turks, printed very rationally in the Turkish character: one hundred and ninety out of every two hundred cannot read. An ignorant Turk takes one of them with about as much interest as he would a Treatise on Fluxions, or the Life of Lord Bacon; and as neither the Pasha nor the Mufti interferes with his possession of it, it gains no additional zest for being forbidden; he therefore keeps it as a curiosity, or tears it up for waste paper. The Hebrews take the Bible with pleasure, because it saves them expense: they carefully destroy the New Testament, and place the old in the synagogue, without respect to the donors. The Albanian Klephts make wadding for their guns of the leaves of the Society’s Bibles, when they have no other. I must, however, add that the missionaries do not labour wholly in vain. Converts are obtained among the Syrian Christians chiefly—I will not say *gained* by actual bribery, but they certainly are by promises of employment in the missionary line—promises not often fulfilled.

‘It was said in one of the Bible Society Reports, that the Smyrniote Greeks were to be seen sitting at shop-boards diligently reading the books distributed by the Society, every moment they could spare from their work. I have no wish to cavil, but cannot help remarking on so astounding a misrepresentation. I have often been at Smyrna, and a great deal among the Greeks, but I have never seen one of them reading the Bible, nor do I believe has any Englishman there. When a Greek has done his work, he goes to dance, to sing, and to drink—attending mass satisfies his conscience.’—(*Records of Travel*, vol. ii. pp. 455, 476.)

The missionaries tell us wonderful stories when they return to England of the eagerness with which the Turks will come to listen to them when they read the Bible. We once heard a story told of a Turkish aga riding past one of these assemblies for reading, and, after stopping to listen for a few minutes, ordered the reader to come to his house, where he listened for six hours to him with the greatest attention. We have no doubt of the truth of this story; but we are also sure that had it been a history of 'Tom Thumb,' or 'Jack the Giant Killer,' the Turk would have been equally pleased and interested. Marvellous tales are quite as attractive now to the Oriental as they were when the fair Scheherazade redeemed her own life from day to day by a new tale of the 'Thousand and One Nights.' The Mohammedan also believes the Old Testament, and the mission of 'Issa' (Jesus) as a prophet; but he believes that all these were but preparations for the final mission of Mohanmed, who supersedes them all. It must be something else than merely reading the Bible that is to convert the Turk. Captain Slade remarked upon the ignorance of language and general want of qualification exhibited by the missionaries; this extraordinary ignorance seems to cling to these gentlemen during life; they never seem to conquer it. Read their journals, and hear their speeches, and we see and hear the most astounding statements. Dr. Dwight, in his published tour, tells us that the Armenians administer the three Sacraments of Baptism, the Eucharist, and *Extreme Unction*, all at once, to every child soon after its birth!! on which supposed anticipation of death the Doctor is gravely facetious. He had evidently never heard of the Holy Chrism of Confirmation. Again, we heard Dr. Hamlin, a missionary who had been in Turkey eighteen years, seriously inform us that the Armenians hold the doctrines of Transubstantiation, Purgatory, &c. the same as the Roman Catholics. Such blunders are quite unpardonable in men living for years among the Armenians; and as they go out for the purpose of converting them, they ought to make themselves at least acquainted with their doctrines.

M. Ubicini gives the numbers of the Armenian Protestants at two thousand, and their missions at ten, these being in Constantinople or the neighbourhood. Lord Shaftesbury declared the numbers to be far greater in a speech before the House of Lords, and that there were sixty-five mission stations, besides fourteen schools, in Constantinople alone. This latter statement must be taken with much limitation, as the reports are apt to include all occasional hearers, who are present out of mere curiosity.

We must, however, return to the Gregorian Armenians. They remained subject to the Seljouk Sultans of Roum until the fall of that dynasty, before the rising power of the Ottoman Turks. When the latter took Constantinople, the Armenians were placed in a more advantageous position; the Sultan put them on the same equality with the Greeks, and gave them a Patriarch, who should have his residence at Galata, as the ecclesiastical head of the Armenian nation, being, like the Greek Patriarch, also a civil officer of the State. Little occurred of any note besides the disputes with the United and the Protestant Armenians, which we have already mentioned, until 1828, when the Porte ceded a considerable portion of ancient Armenia to Russia, including Mount Ararat and the metropolitan convent of Etchmiadzine. This latter cession is of immense importance to the Armenian Church: it takes the appointment out of the hands of the Turkish Government, and leaves it in the hands of the bishops, who choose their own Catholicos, at once securing liberty to the Church, and putting a stop to that frightful system of bribery and simony which had hitherto been practised. The number of Gregorian Armenians in the Russian empire is reckoned at 500,000. They have large and well-appointed churches at S. Petersburg, Moscow, Nijni-Novgorod, Astrakan, Odessa, and other places. In 1841 the Emperor Nicholas issued a ukase forbidding any work being published reflecting in any way unfavourably on the Armenians or their religion.

In 1843, an event took place which proved nearly fatal to the 'ancient alliance' between England and Turkey. A young Armenian, of about twenty-two years of age, apostatized to Islam. Some time after, unable to endure the stings of conscience, he fled to Syra, where he was received back again into the Church. Putting on a European dress, he returned to Constantinople, hoping to escape discovery. By some means he fell under the suspicions of the police; his recantation was discovered; and, on being taken before the ulema, and the evidence being clear, he was condemned to death. The law being absolute, and admitting no modification, Ovaghian was executed on the 25th August, 1843. The execution caused great excitement. Europeans had been deceived into the idea that the Turkish Government had ceased to be barbarian, and was become civilized; that the law of the Koran would not be carried out, when it contradicted modern ideas of progress. This case opened the eyes of all; they saw that, with all Sultan Mahmoud's reform, and seeming adoption of civilized customs, the Turk is at heart a barbarian, who only needs opportunity to show it. Our ambassador acted with his usual energy: he

demanded a repeal of the law. Of course, the Porte could not do this, as it would be an effort to overthrow the authority of the Koran; but it tried its usual game of cajoling, extenuations, promises, and evasion. Sir Stratford Canning wrote a peremptory letter to the Government, and set off with all his suite for the Dardanelles on board an English man-of-war. The Divan, astounded at this vigorous proceeding, consented to sign the note, and sent a humble request to the ambassador to beg him to return.

This event has turned out to be one of vast importance; it has become a precedent, and is quoted whenever the awkward question is asked of the Porte, whether it will still put to death those who renounce Islam? The answer always returned is a cautious and evasive reference to this case; which reference is understood by each party according to his own prepossessions. Persons who, like M. Ubicini, admire the Turk, and believe in the reformation of Turkey, say that the signing of the note of Sir S. Canning by the Porte is the guarantee of liberty; others, who know Turkey and the Turks as well as M. Ubicini, like Dr. Sandwith, say that it means just this: if the Porte finds it can carry out the law without bringing upon it European interference, it will; if it finds that to execute what it calls an apostate will bring it into trouble, it will find some way to shuffle out. Dr. Sandwith mentioned at a meeting a case in point:—‘Three or four years ago a singular case came under my own observation. Amongst the Mussulmen of Adrianople there was a secret religious society, the members of which called themselves *Tafani*. The existence of this society gave rise to great curiosity in the vicinity; and at last one of the imauns, in a conversation with one of the sect, wormed out the fact that the members of the society, whatever they might call themselves, professed a form of Christianity, and believed Christ to be the Incarnate God. Information to this effect was given to the principal Mussulman priest at Constantinople, who, in his reply, said that the man in question was to be allowed an opportunity of recanting. The man was offered this opportunity, but he preferred dying a martyr to availing himself of it; and he was, in fact, executed. Since that time nothing more has been heard of the society.’ Here, then, we see the convenience of this case of Ovaghian.

With regard to the *Hatti-Noumayoun* (imperial edict) professing to give liberty to the Christian, that was a concession, no doubt, wrung from the weakness of the Porte; but, like many other things that come from the Turkish Ministry, so well practised in intrigue and double-dealing, is intended to satisfy

distant Christian nations, but to answer Mohammedan purposes. We will explain how. At the conquest of the Turks, a tax was laid on every Christian between fifteen and fifty, called the *kharatch*, which was intended to be a tribute paid for exemption from serving in the Mohammedan army; at the same time, be it remembered, the Christian was degraded by not being permitted to bear testimony in a court of justice, in any case in which a Mussulman was a party; in other words, the simple statement of any Mohammedan, though of the most worthless character, was taken in preference to the oaths of any number of Christians. Also, the Turk always speaks to, and of, a Christian as a 'ghiaour,' or infidel; while the Christian must always speak to the Turk in terms of abject submission. Now all this the *Hatti-Noumayoun* professed to repeal; the words run thus:—'As equality of taxation will be introduced, it will be just that Christian and other subjects should furnish their contingent of recruits, like the Mussulmans; they must, therefore, submit to the decision which has been lately come to in this respect. The principle of substitution and buying out will be admitted.' Again:—'All the commercial and criminal causes between the members of two different religious communities will be subject to a mixed court, whose sittings will be public. The accuser and the accused will be confronted there, and the witnesses will take the oath, according to their religion, to speak the truth.' Again:—'Every distinction or appellation tending to make any one class of my subjects inferior to another, by reason of creed, language, or race, shall be for ever abolished in all public documents. It is likewise strictly forbidden to officials and private individuals to use offensive or dishonouring terms; and the offenders will be punished.'

Nothing certainly can look better than this; and so we thought when we saw it. Wishing to ascertain the feelings of the native Christians, we went to a bishop of the Armenians at Scutari, with whom we were well acquainted, and asked him his opinion. He told us at once that, so far from being a boon to the Christians generally, this edict would prove their greatest curse. He explained to us that hitherto Christians had paid the *kharatch* as an exemption from serving in the army, now they would have both to *pay and serve*; ¹ that the clause about oaths was mere *bosh*, as every Turkish judge was absolute in the provinces: if he condescended to *hear* evidence,

¹ 'The only attempt which the late ministry made in the enlistment of non-Mohammedans failed, and ended with leaving the *kharatch* rather larger than before, and only changing its name into that of "military subvention."'—Times, Feb. 11, 1857.

he might *decide* upon it as he pleased.¹ And, thirdly, in the case of using opprobrious language, who was to carry out this law? The Turk? Would you ever find one Turk who would consent to punish another Turk for calling a Christian an infidel? He said that probably on the Bosphorus, in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, where the foreign ambassadors were, there was some chance of some part of this edict being observed, but not in the provinces. Indeed, his own belief was, that even in the former it would be evaded as soon as the British troops left; and so alarmed was he and his people at the prospect of a reaction of the Turks after our leaving Turkey, that he begged and obtained an interview with General Storks, to beg that some British troops might be left in Scutari, as a *protection to the native Christians*. All, both Greek and Armenian, expressed strongly their fear that that part which required Christians to serve as soldiers would be a frightful instrument of oppression in time of war. We have only to add, that the edict never has been, and, according to those who know Turkey best, never will be, published in the provinces: in fact, the Porte dares not do so.

M. Ubicini gives the probable number of the Armenians at four millions, distributed thus: living in the Ottoman empire, 2,400,000; in Russia, 900,000; in Persia, 600,000; India, 40,000; Western Europe, 60,000. The Gregorian Armenians have sixty-seven bishoprics, subject to the Catholicos of Etchmiadzine. The unity of this body is preserved by means of the sacred chrism, or oil of consecration: this is compounded once every seven years with considerable care by the Catholicos in full pontificals; and no bishop is considered fully consecrated unless anointed with this oil. There are patriarchs at Van, Sis, Jerusalem, and Constantinople; but all are subject to the Catholicos of Etchmiadzine. The 'Observateur Catholique,' of Dec. 1, 1855, informs us of a curious fact, and one deserving of notice; it says:—'At the beginning of the pontificate of Pius IX., the National Council of the Armenians in Turkey, sent to the Nuncio Ferrieri, at Constantinople, a deputation to

¹ Of the nature of Turkish witnesses our readers will learn something from the 'Roving Englishman,' chapter viii. 'These [witnesses] were often difficult to find in a country where truth was seldom spoken, and every man's lies were of course notorious enough. Under these circumstances, it occurred to the green turbaned descendants of Mohammed to set up in trade as witnesses, inasmuch as their respectability was shown to all men, like a judge's wisdom, by the nature of their head-dress. These gentry, in process of time, however, professed to witness so many things that never occurred, that the profession fell into disrepute, and is now altogether a mere refuge for decayed noblemen.' Bishop Southgate, in his book on Turkey, gives an instance of this 'hiring of witnesses' for special occasions. It is at the beginning of his book; but, as we have it not by us at present, we cannot give the reference.

‘ present to him an exposition of the doctrine of the Armenian Church. M. Boghos Dadian was a party to the presentation. The exposition was approved by the nuncio, and there appeared a hope of a union between the two Churches, when they raised the question of the nomination of the patriarchs and bishops by the Pope. This ultramontane pretension proved an insurmountable obstacle to union.’

We have said enough in the foregoing pages to show our readers that we do not consider the Armenians to be *formal heretics*, i. e. that they do not hold any doctrine contrary to the Catholic faith. We cannot acquit them altogether of schism: the rejection of the Council of Chalcedon is an act so often and so deliberately done, that it is impossible to come to any other conclusion. They anathematize Eutyches and Dioscorus; they confess the Catholic doctrine of the two natures and the one person of Christ. There occurs, however, one expression undoubtedly heretical in form; the words are these:—‘ He was united in one nature.’ This requires explanation.

The Armenian Church has nine Confessions of Faith, including the three Creeds, the Apostles’, the Nicene, that of S. Athanasius; the other six range from about 950 to 1177, except that called the *Armenian Confession*, which is attributed by the Armenians to S. Gregory the Illuminator. It is very probable that the former part is so; the latter, however, seems to have reference to the discussions on the Incarnation, and therefore belongs to a later period. It is in this Creed that the heretical expression occurs. Now, S. Nerses of Lambron, drew up a Confession of Faith; in 1177, at the Council of Tarsus, which professes to be rather a commentary on the *Armenian Confession* than a distinct Creed, though esteemed by the Armenians as one of the nine: his definitions are therefore authoritative. He there explains the apparent heresy, and justifies the retention of the words ‘one nature.’ ‘When we say “there is one nature in Christ,” we do not fuse the two natures as Eutyches does; but we speak with Cyril of Alexandria in opposition to Nestorius.’ Nerses of Klaens, the author of three of the Confessions of Faith, says, in his letter to the Emperor Manuel, —‘ Neither do we, after the manner of Eutyches and his followers, unite the two natures in one by changing or fusing them.’ And again:—‘ Since both natures, the divine and the human, remain in their union uninjured, we oppose Eutyches, and all others who both before and after him have impiously asserted that there is one nature after the mode of fusion.’ But he is still more explicit in his Confession of Faith; it is written in verse; he says:—

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- “ We acknowledge the Oneness,
Without thereby changing the Natures :
But the same SON, who is GOD from the FATHER,
Is also man from the mother ;
And we say that *thus* there is one nature,
By means of a union not to be described :
Even as one soul and body are united in one nature.”

Nothing can be more satisfactory than this ; and we could quote a great deal more to the point. We will, however, content ourselves with one more quotation from Nerses of Lambron, because he takes the same likeness of body and soul,—one used also in the Athanasian Creed. ‘ It is the same thing to call ‘ Christ God and man, and to say that He has two natures ; for ‘ it is evident that whoso acknowledges Him to be God and ‘ man, affirms that He has the two natures in one person.’ Nothing can be more distinctly Catholic than this.

It will be asked then, why is the Armenian Church separate from the Greek ? and why, if, thus it shows itself orthodox, does it persist in rejecting the Council of Chalcedon ? We believe the answer to be this :—The Armenians would willingly have united with the Greeks, had not the latter insisted upon conformity in indifferent matters, involving the giving up of national customs, which time and habit had rendered dear to the people ; we suspect also that political jealousy had more to do with keeping the Churches apart than religious differences. Any one who knows how political and religious matters were mixed up in Byzantine affairs will easily understand how this would influence the matter, especially among a people so tenacious of their nationality as the Armenians. The obstinate rejection of the Fourth Council has been found more difficult to account for. Neale thinks the Armenians unjustifiable in this part of the matter. We believe the reason lies in the fact, or rather the chain of facts, that the letter of Leo was sent to the Armenians as giving a complete exposition of the faith of the Council ; that this letter, as we have shown above, was so badly translated into Armenian that that Church concluded that the Council had committed itself to the heresy of Nestorius, in repudiating that of Eutyches ; that, in all discussions with the Greeks, this letter was appealed to, the latter admitting that it was a true exposition of the faith of the Council ; and this mistranslation never having been amended, the Armenians are to this day under the impression that the Council is heretical. While, therefore, they hold most fully the faith of the Council of Chalcedon, they reject the Council itself, because its decrees are represented to them, by a mistranslation, in an heretical form. This accounts also for the retention of the heretical expression, ‘ one nature ; ’ while they really hold the Catholic doctrine of the two natures :

an Armenian word was used to express 'person,' which really means 'nature.' The word became stereotyped to a certain use; and they would not change it, lest they should seem to cast the imputation of heresy on those who first used it. Every one conversant with ancient theological discussions will remember that it was some time before the words 'Hypostasis' and 'Homousion' received that definite meaning they now bear. The Fathers of Antioch, as Neale very justly remarks, were not heretics because they rejected the word Homousion, nor were those who at Alexandria asserted one Hypostasis in the Trinity; so the Armenians are not necessarily heretics when they adopt a term partly through a mistaken following of S. Cyril, and still more through an ambiguity in their language.

Some of these Creeds enter very fully into a multitude of definitions and illustrations on the great truths and doctrines of the Church, some very beautiful; but our space will not permit us to give examples: we must mention only those points in which the Armenian Church differs from the Greek. One is the use of unleavened bread in the Holy Eucharist,—a point of dispute between the Greek and Roman also. The Armenians use unleavened bread, which use they support with powerful arguments. They say that leaven is the type of sin: at the Passover unleavened bread alone was to be used: the shewbread was also unleavened, both of them a type of Christ, and both to be unleavened, because Christ was without sin. Shall, therefore, the bread of the Holy Eucharist, of which it is said, 'This is my Body,' be compounded of that which represents sin? Does not S. Paul say, 'Christ our Passover' 'is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast; not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.' So, likewise, they hold that pure wine best represents the blood of Christ. But they say:—'What the Lord requires of us, before all things, is true faith, and a righteous life, and not merely an accomplishment of the holy mysteries with unleavened bread rather than with leavened; we repeat the same thing in speaking of the wine; we may use it with the admixture of water, or without it. Neither will secure to us the favour of God, or ward off His chastisements. Those only will be glorified by Him who offer their gifts with a pure heart and a right spirit. But those who are defiled with impure thoughts and unholy lives, though they celebrate with pure wine or mixed, will most certainly be obnoxious to the judgments of God.'—(*Histoire*, p. 73.)

The Armenian Church celebrates Christmas and Epiphany on the same day. A curious argument is put forth, based on the

narrative of S. Luke, to justify the custom; but, as the whole rests on the assumption that Zacharias was high priest, and that the visitation of the angel Gabriel took place when he was celebrating the rites of the great Day of Atonement—a position which cannot be maintained—the argument wholly fails. We need not, therefore, describe it. A certain fitness is seen that the *baptism* of our Lord should be on the same day as His *birth*.

The Armenians hold seven sacraments, like the Greeks; *i. e.* giving a far higher place to Baptism and the Eucharist than to the other five: we need scarcely add that their doctrine of the Eucharist is that of the Real Presence. We showed the latter part of our Church Catechism, translated into modern Armenian, to a bishop at Constantinople, who pronounced it to be 'apostolic.'

Baptism is always by immersion, three times; immediately follows confirmation with the Chrism; then the Eucharist,—that is, the priest dips his finger into the cup that contains the bread and wine, and passes it over the lips of the child. It is called in their own tongue *scherthnahagh ortouhioun*, *i. e.* communion with the lips.

The Eucharist is given in both kinds to all; confession of all above seven years old being first required. The discipline on this point seemed, as far as we were able to judge, to be very good in the Armenian Church; unworthy members being at once rejected.

Like the Greeks, they repudiate the doctrine of Purgatory, holding the separate state of departed souls.

The fasts of the Oriental Churches are lengthened and severe; those of the Armenians more so than the Greek. Lent continues seven weeks; ten detached weeks previous to certain festivals, and every Wednesday and Friday throughout the year,—in all, one hundred and eighty-nine days, wherein abstinence is enjoined, not only from flesh, but also from fish, eggs, butter, cheese, more than half the year.

In clerical arrangements the Armenians resemble the Greeks; marriage, but not remarriage, being allowed: all the higher offices, however, are taken from the monastic orders. There is among them an order of preachers called *Vartabeds*, many of whom are eloquent and learned men; they are sometimes bishops and sometimes priests; in fact, they are the Armenian Doctors of the Sorbonne. We were present at the celebration of the Easter Service last year, at Scutari, when the bishop, who is a Vartabed, preached to a full church for upwards of an hour. The services were altogether very remarkable. The church was a parallelogram, with a narthex at the west end, over which were two tiers of galleries for the

women. At the east end was an apse raised on a platform, the platform extending into the church; below this platform, but separated from the rest of the church by a low wooden screen, was the presbyterium; there was no iconostasis. Within this latter were the desks for the choir and the bishop's throne; this throne was not a raised seat like the Greek, but a cushion to sit on, and kneel upon, separated from the rest. All the church is carpeted; for the Armenians, unlike the Greeks, kneel during prayers, and sit during preaching and the reading of certain parts of Scripture. The first part of the service is said in the presbyterium by the clergy and choir in their ordinary dress; the liturgy is said in the *pem*, a corruption of *bema*, (the platform in front of the altar,) then both clergy and choir wear their liturgical dresses. The effect of this arrangement is very fine; the clergy and boys—the latter in white surplices with purple capes, those holding candles in a pale yellow dress worked with flowers, two more holding a singular instrument for making a noise, (we cannot call it musical,) a circular brass disk hung round with bells, set upon a staff about five feet long; this being shaken violently makes a jingling noise, when the choir is singing choruses—the clergy and boys stand round the altar within the curtain; this is withdrawn, and the boys walk backward to the edge of the *pem*, exposing to view the altar, which is decked with a cross, flowers, and twelve candles: the service then begins.

* On Good Friday the service is peculiar; there is no liturgy; a black curtain is drawn before the altar, and there is set up a picture of the Crucifixion before it. On this occasion there were scarcely any men present, but the whole nave was filled with women and children; mothers trying to fix the attention of the children on the great event commemorated, by pointing, sometimes with tears in their eyes, to the picture. Easter Day is the great festival of all the Oriental Churches. In the Armenian the service commences at twelve at midnight, and continues till nearly seven next morning. Between three and four o'clock the church was nearly full; the bishop preached for an hour: some had books; all seemed attentive. One of the most striking parts of the service takes place just at sunrise. The bishop, with the choir, stands in the middle of the nave, a priest at the south side, and another at the north, the archdeacon at the foot of the *pem*; the history of the Resurrection is read, each taking a separate part; when finished, all proceed to the presbyterium: the bishop says, *Χριστὸς ἀνέστη*; the principal priest answers, *ἀληθινῶς ἀνέστη*; then they salute each other. This salutation passes through the whole body of worshippers, each repeating and answering these words to his neighbour; and as this

takes place just at sunrise, as the first beams stream into the church, the effect is much heightened.

The dresses are various, and varied for different parts of the service; all very magnificent, yet remarkably chaste; many of them ornamented with gold and jewels. The bishop's mitre more resembles that of the Jewish high priest than anything else; indeed, several parts of the dress are evidently taken from that source: for instance, the celebrant wears on his breast a sort of breastplate, semicircular, and having on it representations of the twelve Apostles; this is called *vagas*. The Vartabeds wear a high cap of black silk, somewhat like the Cambridge hood, only worn on the head, the point elevated, till the whole thing is brought to a conical shape: when the Vartabed is a bishop, he preaches with his pastoral staff in his hand.

The whole style of worship is more Oriental in character than the Greek. There is more care about taking off the shoes, more prostrations, more kneeling: the women, the majority of whom are veiled, are in latticed galleries, quite apart from the rest; and the further East we go the more the Oriental character creeps out: yet among them we find an openness and a sincerity much superior to the general Oriental character. There is something, too, in the position that the Armenian Church holds in the East that resembles our own in the West, and for that reason invokes sympathy. Accused of heresy, and, therefore, ignored by the Greek Church, which re-baptizes its members if they join her, yet holding fast her national faith and customs, she lives on in the presence of the other, while her members are daily rising in wealth and secular power, which must one day—at the breaking up of the Turkish empire—bring them into notice, and compel them to play an important part in that revolution, or re-settlement of nations. A strong attachment to national traditions, yet a ready adoption of improvements; a sincere and hearty love of their own country, yet a ready adapting themselves to other places and other habits, recall some of the national characteristics of England, and seem to point out to us the road by which we might commence an intercourse, long interrupted but never broken, with our brother Christians of the East.

ART. IV.—*The History of Normandy and of England*. By SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE, K.H., the Deputy-Keeper of Her Majesty's Public Records. Volume II. London: John W. Parker & Son, West Strand.

SOUTHEY has somewhere drawn a distinction between two classes of poets,—those who come to enjoy a widely-extended fame (*volitare per ora virum*), and those whose *better* fortune (so he terms it) it is to live in the hearts of their devoted admirers. The distinction is just; but it is not confined to poetry. In many other departments of art and knowledge the same spectacle presents itself. Nor does it militate against the validity of such a division, to admit that now and then some extraordinary genius—a Shakspeare or a Raphael—may unite the suffrages alike of the many and of the few.

Ignoring for the moment 'these bright particular stars,' and returning to the distinction suggested by Southey, it is not difficult to predicate the class to which Sir Francis Palgrave must be assigned. He is not, and perhaps never can be, a thoroughly popular writer. That his invaluable editions of ancient parliamentary documents, and the like, should command any extensive sale, was not, of course, to be expected. But even his lighter efforts are not known as they deserve to be. The wit and wisdom of 'The Merchant and the Friar' have been less widely circulated than might have been anticipated. Some fifteen years since, Mr. Murray entrusted to Sir Francis the preparation of one of his now famous hand-books,—that, namely, for travellers in Northern Italy. Complaints came from many quarters; for its purposes it was pronounced defective; and a second edition of very different character was issued under the superintendence of another gentleman. We do not say that defects did not exist; but, O ye trans-Alpine travellers! must it not be feared that for many of you the book was only too good? You wanted full information about *diligenze* and the *Café Florian*; and you found more letter-press than appeared desirable concerning Dante, Vasari, and mediæval antiquities. In like manner, the sale of the first volume of the 'History of Normandy and England' has been, doubtless, infinitesimally small by the side of the volumes of Mr. Macaulay and Lord Campbell.

But for those who do know and study these volumes, how hearty and deep is their appreciation! One author of high

attainments has been heard to class 'The Merchant and Friar' with Waterland on the Athanasian Creed and Adam's 'Old Man's Home,' as three of the most perfect specimens extant of their respective classes of composition. The red 'Book on Northern Italy' has been supplanted; but let a proposal be made to any one who really loves the land '*dove si suona*' for better things than its grapes and figs, to exchange a copy of that rare first edition for three copies of the later one, and we may safely predict the result. And so, too, if the impression of the first volume of the 'History' now before us has not been extremely large, yet, at least, it has never yet, we believe, reached the stall of the secondhand bookseller. If its value has not been perceived by the subscribers to circulating libraries, it has been recognised fully enough by the *literati*. An humble sign of such recognition has been exhibited in the pages of this Review. A contributor, who has furnished five articles to the *Christian Remembrancer* within the last three years, has in every one of his papers (and they touch on widely different themes) either quoted or referred to the first volume of the 'Normandy and England.'

We need scarcely, then, avow ourselves to be among the warm admirers of Sir Francis Palgrave. As English Churchmen, we can hardly, perhaps, claim to be unprejudiced ones; for rare, indeed, is it, and therefore all the more gratifying, to find history in such reverent keeping. But to show that our admiration is not indiscriminating, we shall first venture to speak with great freedom on what seem to us the main blemishes of the first volume of the present work.

Historians and biographers may be content with merely exhibiting the results which they have obtained by their researches and powers of inference; or they may, like skeleton-clocks, display the machinery by which those results are produced. It is undoubtedly difficult to lay down any rules respecting the degree in which it is wise to exhibit the process. Those who have, perhaps, the best right to conceal it are the writers who, like Thucydides or Clarendon, give the history of their own times. Here, while we make allowance for partiality, we know that our author enjoyed the best opportunities of obtaining information of current events. But it is otherwise when the tale is of bygone days. Livy's account of Hannibal's campaigns is often picturesque in the extreme; yet we desiderate more copious references to contemporary authorities than those occasional mentions of Fabius Pictor or L. Cincius Alimentus. The brilliant *Edinburgh Review* Essays of Mr. Macaulay and Sir James Stephen suffer in worth, though not in popularity, by the absence of all authority for their state-

ments. But it is certainly possible to rush into the opposite extreme. The golden mean has probably been attained by him whom Sir F. Palgrave justly recognises as the intellectual, though not, alas! the moral, *Coryphæus* of the votaries of Clio, the historian of the 'Decline and Fall.' Of another and still loftier merit of Gibbon, we shall have occasion to speak presently. But his notes, while they never overload the text, supply, as Mr. Prescott justly remarks, 'a body of criticism' and well-selected, well-digested learning which, of itself, 'would make the reputation of any scholar.' Has Sir Francis Palgrave thus arrayed, without unduly obtruding, his authorities and processes of reasoning? The reply must, we fear, be in the negative. Interesting and delightful as are his notes and the disquisitions interwoven with the text, they are still frequently too prominent. They afford a handle to those who maintain that his book contains materials for history, rather than history itself,—the precious ore, dug, indeed, with rare skill and assiduity from the mine, but not yet moulded into the statue.

In close connexion with this blemish stands another of a more subtle character. Our idea of a perfect history seems almost of necessity to involve a sort of epic unity. Colonel Mure, in his 'Literature of Ancient Greece,' has, with reason, called attention to the great success of the father of history, Herodotus, in this most important feature. Taking, as his main subject, the national rivalry between the Hellenic and Asiatic races, the historian conducts us, as with the grand sweep of a mighty river, from the distant legendary conflicts concerning an Io, a Helen, a Medea, to the day when the Athenians sail homewards, carrying with them the fragments of the bridge of boats, as the last trophies of that immortal contest for the world's supremacy. And not all the length and variety of his episodes ever allow us to lose sight of the leading idea. Just as Homer, during the absence of Achilles, reminds us, by some indirect allusion, that his hero is pining at the ships, away from 'the rapture of the strife,' so does Herodotus contrive that, amidst the details of Scythian or Egyptian customs, the prominent subject shall not be overlaid. A part of this success must, no doubt, be attributed to the felicity of the subject itself,—an advantage which Colonel Mure thinks incapable of being shared by any historian of an European state, with the single exception of England. Yet much has been done by distinguished writers to impart at least a semblance of unity to far less promising materials. Gibbon has certainly effected this, despite the immense range and variety which he was necessarily led to embrace. And Sismondi, in a narrative which is ever shifting

its scenes between Genoa and Venice, Milan and Florence, yet strings the 'Republiques Italiennes' upon a single thread, because, as it has been truly observed, he aims throughout at the exhibition in detail of an unique phenomenon, namely, the progress and the downfall of Italian liberty.

These skilful masters of composition remind us of the painter who makes all his accessories contribute, not to distract, but to intensify our perception of his chief subject; or of the gifted pianist who, amidst the most divergent variations from his theme, yet contrives that the ear shall still detect the strain of some well-known and favourite air. With all his great merits, Sir Francis Palgrave can hardly, we think, be entitled to this praise. Charlemagne, and Louis-le-Débonnaire, and Charles-le-Chauve, and Rollo, do, indeed, (especially the second,) stand out in great prominence; but, nevertheless, the mind becomes confused with the long array of aunts and uncles, brothers and cousins, of the Carlovingian and Capetian races. After making all reasonable allowance for the involved and perplexed character of the times of which our author treats, we cannot hold that he has attained to a high ideal standard by an approximation to the epic unity.

Neither are we able to range ourselves among the admirers of the style of this work. The first volume was 'written down by dictation, and transcribed from dictation.' The result is not, in our judgment, felicitous. There is, doubtless, much that is quaint and lively, much that is picturesque, interspersed with passages of a solemn and impressive eloquence. But we are not reconciled to the appearance of the Muse of History in so colloquial a mood. Sir Francis Palgrave, indeed, anticipates such a sentiment on the part of some of his readers, and asks whether 'any peculiar fashion of diction is required for history?' 'Wordsworth,' he adds, 'has for ever dispelled that notion with respect to poetry.' We venture to question the entire acceptance of the Wordsworthian doctrine which is here implied. But even the bard of Rydal Mount is sober and measured in all the historical and biographical notices which illustrate his poems. And just because the matter of this 'History of Normandy and England' is so admirable, we cannot help wishing at times that it wore a more becoming dress.

We mention, as we have intimated, these drawbacks, that we may the more freely speak of the attractions. The profound research, the intimate acquaintance with the minutest details of mediæval life, the power of entering into our ancestors' modes of thought, the variety of illustrative information, must all render these volumes objects of peculiar fondness to every true lover of historical studies. Add to these merits the charm of

large views, independence of thought, a playfulness of satire which is never diverted to wrong objects, and a most lofty conception of the duties of an historian, and it need not be matter of surprise that with a certain class of readers,—a class whose esteem is not to be valued lightly,—Sir Francis Palgrave is an especial favourite.

Among the subordinate sources of interest in these volumes, we may mention our author's fondness for geography. A real aptitude for geographical science appears to be a distinct gift. It is one of the conditions of military success of a high order. How admirable are the geographical sketches of Cæsar and Napoleon! In Greece, geography was, in Colonel Mure's opinion, the mother of history; and even in our own day she must rank as a foster-sister. The connexion between the two has been well set forth by Arnold in his 'Lectures on Modern History,' and exemplified in his volumes on 'Ancient Rome.' Now, the age of which Sir F. Palgrave writes necessitates, if its political doings are to be really understood, great knowledge of the past as well as the present physical condition of Great Britain and the European continent. Such knowledge is with our author a labour of love. He is fond of travel, and has travelled with open eyes and ears, and conjoined with the evidence of the senses the lore of the old historic scrolls. How curious is it to be reminded that in the times of Rollo the isle of Thanet in Kent was really and *bonâ fide* an island; to know, as we steam up the Rhine, that the islet opposite Caub, where Blücher crossed in 1814, was the spot where, nearly a thousand years before, the pious son of Charlemagne, the Emperor Louis-le-Débonnaire, breathed his last, in the thatched lodge erected at his own desire, while the priests prayed around his dying-bed! How necessary to bear in mind that both in France and England the sea has not only gained in some quarters, but has also left some important harbours dry and waveless; that the Conqueror would now find it extremely difficult to start from that flat expanse of sandy shore, Valéry-sur-Somme, and impossible to land at Pevensey.

We turn to another characteristic. There is many an author of no slight name, both in poetry and prose, of whom it has been said, 'he never awes us.' Whom this description would include, and whom it would exclude, among writers of this age, is a question of some curiosity, and, perhaps, of difficulty. But the line would certainly *not* be drawn where some persons might, *a priori*, expect to find it. It would not, of necessity, embrace all who treated of grave themes, nor shut out all who ostensibly handled light ones. Awe is by no means an entire absentee from the pages of our popular and humorous novelists, the

authors of 'Bleak House' and 'The Newcomes.' It is not wholly ignored even amidst the gay rattle of 'The Roving Englishman,' hovers over the effusions (especially the earlier poems) of Elizabeth Browning, and sobers from time to time the gorgeous eloquence of Ruskin. But it is well-nigh exiled from the pages of Macaulay, and never throws its sombre veil over the lively but inaccurate narrative of Lord Campbell. And to many, alas! this very deficiency is of itself a charm! How hateful is it—so runs the tenor of their thoughts—to be interrupted amidst our recreations with suggestions and reminiscences of serious things! It is the renewal of a custom of ancient Egypt, the skeleton at the banquet. And yet Aristotle, in his famous definition of tragedy, describes it as the corrector and refiner of men's minds, through the agency of pity and terror. Clio and Melpomene were sisters of old; and at any rate, among Christians, history may be supposed at moments to wear as grave a countenance as tragedy.

From the list of English annalists of this century, who have tried to smoothe the brow of the Historic Muse, to induce a perpetual serenity, and save us from the ferrors of her frown, two, at least, must be excepted—Dr. Arnold, and Sir Francis Palgrave. The solemnity with which Arnold depicts the treasures of history in his 'Lectures' may be easily illustrated from his actual narrative in the case of ancient Rome; and we shall see a similar treatment of his materials in the author now before us. To a portion of his readers the reflections of the historian will, no doubt, be tiresome and unpalatable. We do not ourselves like generalities, however soundly ethical, which do not seem to spring from the subject in hand, nor to reflect the native emotions of the writer. Such is, for example, the panegyric on virtue, with which Sallust opens his 'Jugurthine War.' It is uncalled-for and out of place; and hence leaves us in a state of mind quite prepared to give credit to the accounts of the low moral standard of character which that author is reported to have displayed. But when, as in the instance before us, they are not only striking and weighty, but arise naturally and unconstrainedly, then, in our humble judgment, they increase the value of the volume which contains them, and impart to us a more vivid idea of the historian's individuality.

It is high time to turn our attention to some of the views and facts brought before us in this history. One very prominent feature in Sir Francis Palgrave's writings is his deep conviction of 'the devolution of authority' (to use his own expression) from ancient Rome upon the states of modern Christendom. He believes that the fourth empire of the Prophet Daniel's

vision is not yet come to an end. This last-named point is, of course, a question of scriptural interpretation: and we will only at present remark concerning it, that, though at first sight strange, it does not necessarily clash with the prepossessions of patristic students. The prior question concerning the actual influence must, it seems to us, be one of degree. Our author pushes the theory of that influence to its utmost limits. His friend Hallam, to whom he dedicates this work, opposes it. Palgrave, however, claims among modern students, Guizot, Sismondi, and Allen, on his side; to whom we may safely, we think, add M. Ozanam. But it remains, we repeat, a question of degree. Hallam is shown by his friend to have made large admissions on the one hand; and, on the other, it is evident that even Palgrave is compelled to recognise the great sway of certain Teutonic and Danish elements in Saxony and Normandy. Nevertheless, we must say, that such consideration as we have been able to give to the subject has certainly strengthened our impression of the amount of influence of ancient Rome upon modern civilization. Sir Francis is justified in calling attention to the remarkably independent nature of the researches of those thinkers who maintain with him the continuity of life which binds the states of the European commonwealth to ancient Rome. Savigny is the great exponent of Roman law; and the degree in which such a study tends to confirm the theory of Roman influence over Christendom may be seen in the very able paper of Dr. Maine in the 'Cambridge Essays' for 1856. Guizot, in the second Lecture of his '*Civilisation en Europe*,' dwells upon the municipal *régime* and local government, as well as the general legislation and centralized authority of imperial government, and the actual idea of autocracy, and of something sacred attached to the very name of emperor, as part of our inheritance from the seven-hilled city. And in his later work, the '*Civilisation en France*' (2ième Leçon), he asserts the presence of this influence most strongly for his native country, though less inclined to press the point with reference to Germany and England. The lamented Ozanam (who, theologically, regarded things from the pole just opposite to that of M. Guizot), while giving due weight to the Germanic element, yet no less thoroughly acknowledges the *prestige* which affected minor matters, from the robe of a court-officer, or peer, up to the great facts of chivalry, scholasticism, and international law:—'Le nom 'de l'empire, la doctrine de ses jurisconsultes, la popularité 'même de ses poètes, servirent à maintenir l'union des peuples 'occidentaux, à fonder parmi eux le droit international, à y 'naturaliser le droit romain, à former cette famille puissante 'qu'on appelait la Latinité, qui fit des croisades, la chevalerie,

'la scolastique, toutes les grandes choses du moyen âge.'¹ Palgrave, while including all these particulars, is copious likewise upon the impress of Roman language upon the European mind. He shows how it lived alike in law and in St. Jerome's Bible; in the councils of the Church and official communications of the State. He remarks that neither the tongue of Shakspeare nor that of Goethe have, with all their merits, won the post of universal interpreter throughout the European commonwealth, but have yielded in this respect to French—a daughter of the Latin. And he eloquently closes his list by reminding us of one of those triumphs of Roman imperialism which are all the greater because exercised over so many unconscious or unreflecting subjects.

'July and August are monuments of Roman domination which will endure when the last vestiges of Roman splendour shall have perished from the face of the earth. They are inscribed on the signs of the Zodiac, and will perpetuate the memory of the founders of the Roman empire in the regions now covered with the forests of the far West, and in the plains of Australia, until the European, or civilized commonwealth, the great fourth empire, shall have fulfilled her appointed course, and be dissolved into the miry clay.'—Vol. i. pp. 78, 79.

We must leave this topic with two remarks. Firstly, that he who would duly investigate the intellectual, as well as the political developments of mediæval times, should take into account the influence exercised by the mind of Greece, and not only that of Rome, upon Europe; a task for the prosecution of which he may find some valuable suggestions in the sketchy (but of course able) papers lately republished by Dr. Newman, under the title of 'The Office and Work of Universities.' And, secondly, that, in the employment of his native tongue, our author's fondness for the Latinized elements appears to create an undue preponderance of words arising from that and a kindred source. Sir Francis Palgrave does not follow the rule of Julius Cæsar, '*insolens verbum, tanquam scopulum, evitare.*' As the construction of his sentences occasionally reminds us of French, so too are his words occasionally of foreign origin. Some of these, as *onomastic* and *enchorial*, appear to be derived from the mint of Mr. Grote's 'History of Greece;' one of the Latin or Italian coinages which occurs in each volume, where conspiracies are said to *pullulate* through the empire, is expressive, and not easily perhaps replaced; but, in general, the introduction of so many strange terms must be reckoned among those blemishes of style to which allusion has already been made.

The great subject of these volumes being the history of the

¹ Civilisation Chrétienne, p. 371.

Duchy of Normandy, other countries come under our observation in proportion only as their affairs are mixed with those of the duchy. Of these countries, France is of course the first in importance. The distinctness of the two realms is admirably impressed upon the reader; and it is really well to bear it in mind, for our neighbours across the Channel have a way of talking of the victories of Duke William as if they had resulted in a *French* conquest of England. Our own popular appellation, *the Norman Conquest*, is the correct one. England was subdued, and (as Thierry has shown) only after a protracted struggle, and by much skilful policy, as well as valour, by the same race which had first won by the sword the realm whence they started to invade Albion; the same race that mastered southern Italy and the principality of Antioch; the race which has left the monuments of its devotion in Corfu and in Sicily; the 'patricians of the world' (as Bulwer Lytton calls them); 'the captors' (as Campbell sings):

'the captors of England's domains,
That ennobled her breed
And high-mettled the blood of her veins.'

The period embraced by our author in these volumes is about 260 years, namely, from A. D. 741 to A. D. 1002. This takes us from the time of Charles Martel until the death of Otho in Germany¹ (with whom the Saxon line became extinct), and the death of Hugh Capet, the first monarch of the Bourbon dynasty, and founder of their long-enduring royalties. In the intervening space we encounter in France, Pepin, Charlemagne, Louis-le-Débonnaire, Charles-le-Chauve, Louis-le-Bègue, Charles-le-Gros, Charles-le-Simple, and Louis d'Outremer, besides some rulers of minor importance. In Normandy, we have Rollo, Guillaume-Longue-Épée, and Richard-Sans-Peur; the three first dukes of the province. Besides the annals of France and Normandy, we are at times borne by the unavoidable complexities of the Carolingian era into Germany and into Italy. With these last countries, however, we shall try to meddle as little as possible; enough for us if we can convey to the reader a few memoranda concerning the Normandy and France of the times in question; following chiefly Sir Francis Palgrave, with occasional hints (to be duly acknowledged in their place) from Augustin Thierry's *Conquest of England by the Normans*, Sismondi's *Histoire des Français*, and the excellent and interesting *Histoire des Villes de France*, by M. Aristide Guilbert, and his

¹ A small typographical error occurs in p. 900 of this second volume: Otho's death, correctly given in the table of contents as occurring in the year 1002, is by a slip marked 1030. We notice spots on the sun.

eminent. fellow-workers of the Institute, and other learned bodies.¹

And, firstly, of France. In A.D. 741, when we commence, Charles Martel is in the zenith of his power. Some nine years have passed since he won that famous victory at Poitiers which for ever saved Europe from passing under the yoke of the Saracens, and is therefore justly ranked with Plataea, Zama, Arbela, Leipsic, and some few other great battles which have, humanly speaking, affected the world's destiny for all time. In the present year, Pope Gregory III. has despatched two embassies to Pepin to sue for aid against the Lombards.² But neither pope nor king complete the transaction, both dying within the year. Pepin is succeeded by quarrelsome sons. Pepin-le-Bref, who ascends the throne in 752, is the most successful. In 768 he is succeeded by a son known during his lifetime as Charles, but to posterity as Charlemagne—the hero of romance and poesy, no less than of sober history. We must not permit ourselves to linger over the deeds of the warrior, the legislator, the founder of a new order of things in Europe, nor to discuss his many resplendent virtues, stained by the one fault of grievous laxity in his conjugal relations. But we must say a few words upon the dismemberment of his empire, because the treatment of this subject affords opportunity for noticing the remarkable contrast between Sir Francis Palgrave and the ordinary run of historians. Popular narrators, herein followed implicitly by small compilers, seldom appear to find the slightest difficulty in assigning the cause of any event, however complex in its nature; and, further, they almost invariably judge of the wisdom of a course of policy by its issue. Our author cherishes a line of thought most opposite to this: he does not pretend to fathom all the sources and springs of conduct; he desires to acknowledge that often in history do we find 'that blessings and judgments are equally inscrutable; that many failures are unaccountable, and many successes inexplicable;' and he thoroughly sympathises with the malison of the distich,—

‘careat successibus, opto,
Quisquis ab eventû factâ notanda putat.’

Nor is there any feature of his writings which we more admire. Such a course of procedure may of course be carried beyond the bounds of reasonableness, as is seen in the Turkish annalists, but, kept within those bounds, it is at once bold and reverent;—bold, because frequently challenging the hasty, supercilious verdict of man; reverent, because acknow-

¹ Paris, 1848. Furne et Cie.

² Sismondi.

ledging the unsearchableness of the ways of God. Even among heathens we hear of protests against judgments merely based upon results. There is nothing more truly aristocratic (in the best sense of a much-abused word) than the conduct of the Roman senate to their political opponent, Vatro, in thanking him, though so grievously in fault, after the utter rout of Cannæ, because he had not despaired of the commonwealth. The grandest oration of classical antiquity contains nothing grander than that noble declaration—that even if the Athenians could have foreseen the termination of their struggle against Philip, they must still have acted in the same way.¹ That Christians should read history thus is the more unpardonable, since it leads to condemnation, not only of the unsuccessful patriot, but of every martyr whose death cannot be shown to have borne immediate fruits. Yet such is the kind of justice which has been meted out to the successors of Charlemagne. Gibbon, in a hasty, passing sentence, unworthy of his intellect, has condemned the entire lot; and his verdict has found its way, without question, into all our popular epitomes of history. Thus, for instance, in a most useful set of chronological tables, published by the late Mr. Talboys, of Oxford, we are informed that ‘the descendants of Charlemagne were imbecile wretches, who neither excited interest nor affection.’ Louis-le-Débonnaire, and the third Charles, imbecile wretches! Sir Francis Palgrave must, in this case be a greater magician than even his warmest admirers might suppose; for he has certainly contrived to enlist on behalf of both these sovereigns (and more especially the former) our liveliest interest in their lot, and a warm affection for their memories. Let us listen to his appeal on their behalf:—

‘Charlemagne was one of those great men whose talents, concurring with their opportunities, render them sole and single in the world. His descendants are inferior by comparison, but not positively. Few amongst them can be discovered really deficient in the natural qualities or talents needed for royal authority; some possessed those qualities in a high degree—prudence, prowess, contrivance, genius, and energy. The fact rather is, that, for their historical reputation, they had overmuch talent. The rivals—sons and fathers, fathers and sons, nephews and uncles, uncles and nephews, brothers and brothers—were too equally matched. Had any one crashed his competitors, so as to restore the ancestral glory, all their

¹ See the striking passage commencing: Μη δὲ τοῦθ' ὡς ἀδίκημα ἐμὸν θῆς, εἰ κρατῆσαι συνέβη Φιλίππῳ τὴν μάχην' ἐν γὰρ τῷ θεῷ τὸ τοῦτου τέλος ἦν, οὐκ ἐν ἐμοί' and again: Εἰ γὰρ ἦν ἅπανι πρόβηλα τὰ μέλλοντα γενήσεσθαι, καὶ προῖδεν ἅπαντες, . . . οὐδ' οὕτως ἀποστατέον τῇ πόλει τούτων ἦν, κ. τ. λ., ending with the famous appeal to those who fell at Marathon and Plataea, Salamis and Artemisium. —Demosthenes de Coroniâ, § 149. § 154—160.

individual slips and weaknesses would have been forgotten. But the whole family yielded to their adverse Nemesis.

• 'Clio has no toleration for the unprosperous; the mirror in which she reflects their images magnifies every blemish. She courses after the triumphal car, shouting, like the crowd whom she encourages, and by whom she is encouraged—Woe to the vanquished, woe to the weak, woe to the oppressed, woe to the humble, woe to the poor,—men, nations, kingdoms! As in the world, so in the page of history.'—Vol. i. p. 131.

We pass onward to Louis-le-Débonnaire. Inferior to his renowned father in largeness of views, he was yet a man of varied talents and high culture. His private life was far more consistently strict and religious than that of Charlemagne, as was shown by the great difference which he immediately effected in the condition of the court. Though economical in his household, his appointments were right royal when occasion required; and to his immortal honour he invited an Anglo-Saxon bard to execute a metrical version of the Old and New Testament. This version appears to have been excellent for its day; it became popular; and a portion is still preserved in the library of the British Museum. Ambassadors from Asia as well as Europe vied with each other in paying homage to 'the imbecile wretch.' He made a noble, and not unsuccessful, struggle against the pride of birth insinuating itself into a place where it had no business—the dignities of the Church. His greatest fault (and though too common in those days, it was indeed a grievous one) was that, in the fifth year of his reign, he compelled his younger brothers to become monks.

But the court did not remain uncorrupt. Scandal made free, it would seem most undeservedly, with the name of Louis's second empress, Judith. Count Bernard, the supposed paramour, becomes the object of popular hatred, and a revolution is at hand.

And here, with our author, we cannot but marvel at the tendency of French history to repeat itself, and run, as it were, in cycles. Indeed, the observation appears to us to be capable of even a further extension than is assigned to it in the volumes before us. The memoirs of Louis-le-Débonnaire's reign alternately remind the historian of the Fronde and of the great Revolution of 1789. But, in his second volume, we find (p. 195) King Louis d'Outremer anticipating the policy of Cardinal Richelieu by destroying the chateau of a brigand noble, Serlo de Montigny. The primatial see of Rouen is occupied (p. 261) by, alas! a forerunner of Cardinal Dubois—Hugh, a monk of S. Denis, 'a prodigy of incontinence and rapacity.' Do we give credit to French rulers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—a Louis XIV., a Louis Napoleon—for skill in carrying out political and financial schemes by those delicate atten-

tions which frequently prove so irresistible? Here we have Louis d'Outremer (p. 251) requesting Guillaume-Longue-Épée, the Duke of Normandy, to stand sponsor for his first-born, Lothaire; and the fickle duke, overcome by this mark of courtesy from a king, breaking with his associates, Hugh-le-Grand and Herbert of Vermandois, and making all manner of unsolicited promises to Louis. We will not speak of the scientific gentry in Paris, who are now recommending horse-flesh as a nutritious article of consumption, because their prototypes must be sought in an unpleasant quarter, namely (p. 344), among those Normans who either retained or returned to their Danish heathenism. But on one peculiar feature we must needs pause for a moment. In a publication amongst the most brilliant which any female pen has produced in our day, the 'Lettres Parisiennes' of Madame Emile de Girardin, we find one (the third for the year 1844) which touches upon the famous salique law. Part of its heading runs as follows:—'Laws against wolves are only made in countries where there are wolves. Laws against the ambition of women are only made in countries where ambition is the passion of women.' And presently the fair authoress (now no more) proceeds to assert of her countrywomen in general:—'L'ambition, c'est toute leur vie; avoir de l'importance, c'est tout leur rêve. L'amour n'est pour elles qu'un succès; être aimée, c'est seulement prouver que l'on est aimable.' Oftentimes, while studying the history under review, and more particularly this second volume, have we been struck with the remarkable influence exercised by women in the events of French history, and felt with Madame de Girardin, '*comment les Françaises sont parvenues à détruire les effets de la loi salique*,' by their spirit, their tact, their penetration. The important city of Laôn is thrice at least (p. 189) entrusted to female keeping; to great ladies, countesses, or queens—Emma, Hermengarda, Ogiva; we should have said four times, for at length it is defended by the wife of Louis d'Outremer, Gerberga. The last-named sovereign is throughout his life (p. 325) guided by either mother or wife. We were about to reckon up some later instances of the same circumstance, when, on arriving at page 777, we found that our author had anticipated our thoughts; and we are too glad to be able to claim his authority for our belief that France is peculiarly marked in this respect to utter the *pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*.

'When reviewing French history, no circumstance becomes more prominent than the generic likeness marking the various convulsions and revolutions which the realm has sustained; the great majority connected with the influence of some one woman in state affairs. Blanche of Castile's bland piety, and the Pompadour's brazen profligacy—Joan of Arc's rapt

visions, and Agnes Sorel's meretricious charms.—The diplomacy of the Ruelle, guiding the cabinet or ruling the sovereign, planning the marriage or prompting the murder, negotiating the peace or provoking the war.

A peculiarity this, which, while often lending to the annals of that great kingdom a singular grace and fascination, as being entwined with much that is best and fairest in the list of national virtues, is unhappily no less allied, at times, with all that is most dark and deserving of condemnation—voluptuousness, cruelty, revenge. There were great ladies who withstood the world's temptations nobly, or who, after drinking too deeply of its cup, retired to a life of penitence; and there were many who displayed, at great epochs—as the Revolution—unshaken heroism and martyr-like devotion. But what was the part played by them, as a class, in the wars of the Fronde, or at the court of Louis XIV.? What shall we say of the fact (noticed by Sir A. Alison in one of his recent volumes) that it was they, who, after the return of the Bourbons in 1815, were the most urgent and clamorous for blood? Ney might have died in obscurity and disgrace, but that vengeance has softened the remembrance of his errors, and thrown a halo over the chequered tale of his career.

But to return to Louis-le-Débonnaire. The revolution made head; his sons, by his first wife, joined it; Louis was imprisoned and well-nigh forced to become a monk. His empress, Judith, actually took the veil, and her brothers were likewise driven into monasteries. The doctrine of indefeasible hereditary right had few consistent supporters.¹ Indeed, so far was it from being recognised, that somewhat later in this history (vol. ii. p. 29) we find an account of a definite ceremony (the casting up into the air the *hæum* or stalk of corn), whereby the Frankish nobles openly renounced allegiance to their king. But a turn in the tide took place. The German portion of the empire rose in his favour: he was restored; and the vows of the empress were pronounced null and void, as having been made under compulsion. But the gleam of sunshine was soon overcast: again had the monarch to meet his sons in the field; and in the parley which ensued so shameful was the desertion of Louis's friends and followers, that the place where the hosts met (it was near Colmar, in Alsace) was long known as the *Luegen-feld*, the Field of Falsehood.

Now, if rebellion on the part of sons is to be taken as a sufficient proof of inherent weakness in a sovereign's character, we should be compelled to consider even David, in the Scripture

¹ We do not dwell on this topic, it having been recently touched upon in this Review, in an article of our last October Number, headed 'Imperialism.'

history, and our own Henry II., in profane history, as weak monarchs, no less than Louis-le-Débonnaire. Not to dwell upon the person of one so hallowed as David, the two have this in common—that they were only too tender towards their unnatural offspring: they have this in common—that both performed public acts of penance. The first of these characteristics may be pardoned by men of the world as an amiable weakness, but will they ever overlook the second? Perhaps no event of Louis's life is less likely to win him favour with the bulk of historians than his open confession, before God and man, of his sins as a ruler. Perhaps the reader may hence gain a glimpse of one cause of the contempt sought to be cast upon this monarch. We have not space to follow his fortunes; enough to say that he was again restored, and died piously, in A.D. 840, (as already mentioned,) in that little island on the Rhine. After much confusion and conflict, his sons by the first wife (Hermengarda), Lothair and Louis-le-Germanique, obtained—Lothair, the imperial pre-eminence, with a long slip of territory reaching from Aix-la-Chapelle to Italy, hence often called Lotharingia; Louis-le-Germanique, the country eastward of the Rhine. To Charles-le-Chauve, the son by Judith, fell the kingdom of France, then, excepting in the lack of Provence, almost equal in extent to the France governed by Louis XIV.

But the old wounds broke out afresh. The brothers quarrelled, even while the Northmen were now ravaging the realm; and for a brief space, in A.D. 858, Louis-le-Germanique was acknowledged as king of France. This, however, did not last: Charles was soon restored; and in the course of the following years displayed much vigour and ability. His generals obtained successes, in 865, against the Northmen. The king followed the example of his father in his fondness for study and patronage of learning, and in the brilliancy of his court, and promulgated wise laws, though the state of the kingdom unfortunately prevented their execution. Amongst the 'new men' brought into notice by him were two whose descendants enjoy a world-wide celebrity; to wit, Count Robert-le-Fort, the victor over the Northmen, and Torquatus the Forester. Of these, the former, Count Robert, became the founder of that Capetian race which was destined to supplant the Carolingians; while Torquatus was the ancestor of a name which, simple in its elements—the plant of broom—can hardly be surpassed among earthly names for the music of its sound and the grandeur and brilliancy of its associations—*Plantagenista*—the royal, magnificent Plantagenet. The Capetian family was said to descend from a Parisian cattle-merchant, and Palgrave sides with those commentators on Dante who believe that there is truth in the famous lines:—

‘ Chiamato fui di là Ugo Ciapetta ;
Di me son nati i Filippi e i Luigi,
Per cui novellamente è Francia retta :
Figliuol fui d'un beccaio di Parigi.’

Purgat. xx. 49—52.

But this belief was repugnant to the heralds and genealogists of later days. As the Capetian crown gained glory, denial of this lowly origin was loudly uttered, though not proved. Cary, whose version we give below,¹ informs us that Francis I., in his indignation at this passage, forbade the reading of Dante in his dominions. Far different was the conduct of our English Henry II.; he allowed a monk, who dedicated to him a work of history, to remind him of Torquatus the Forester, and to invite him to exult in the lowliness of his progenitor. We need not offer an opinion respecting the side on which the true grandeur lies. It has always been held as a mark of greatness on the part of Napoleon, that when the Austrian heralds, on the occasion of his marriage with Maria Louisa, wished to make out for him an illustrious pedigree, he replied that his patent of nobility dated from the night of Montenotte.

Charles-le-Chauve likewise, whether for good or for evil in the long run may be a question, rather encouraged the settlement of a party of Danes or Northmen, who came peaceably. On the death of his nephew, Louis, the son of Lothair, he obtained from Rome the imperial diadem, though not without profuse expenditure in the shape of bribes. Still, in further contests with Louis-le-Germannique, he was unsuccessful; he was forced to fly from Italy, but expired on the road. His children, with one exception, had died before him; a sad loss, for either the eldest, or the second son, seemed peculiarly fitted to succeed him. Louis-le-Bégué (or the Stammerer) alone remained.

This Louis was thirty-one when he mounted the throne.² It is curious to observe how fully he admitted the consent of the people as an element of his royalty. Sir F. Palgrave turns for illustration to the case of Louis XVIII. recalled by Napoleon's senate; but we suspect that had his first volume appeared but one year later, *i.e.* in 1852 instead of 1851, a still closer analogy might have been appealed to. The declaration:—‘*Ego Ludovicus misericordiâ Domini Dei nostri et electione populi Rex constitutus,*

¹ ‘ Hugh Capet was I hight: from me descend
The Philips and the Louis, of whom France
Newly is govern'd: born of one who plied
The slaughterer's trade at Paris.’

Cary supposes the possibility of a metaphorical allusion to cruelty in Hugh Capet's father. But this does not seem probable: a good Italian edition now before us does not even allude to such a theory.

² Sismondi.

is, in spirit, precisely identical with the legend engraven on the coins of Napoleon III.—where the *voluntas populi* is recognised as well as the *gratia Dei*. It is, however, on this reign of Louis-le-Bègue that the anti-Carlovingsians appear to us to have the strongest case, though even he has, in our author's opinion, been unfairly disparaged. But, like his ancestor Charlemagne, he was blameable in matters matrimonial; and by this time (surely to its honour, despite the growls and harsh imputations of Sismondi) the Church had made itself felt. Sons born out of wedlock did not occupy in France, whatever might be the case in Normandy, the same position as formerly, when the land was but just emerging out of heathenism. And if, as there is reason to fear, Louis-le-Bègue's wife was taken from a convent while a former spouse was yet alive, we cannot wonder that the lawfulness of such an union was not recognised. But, whatever this king's merits or demerits, he had no long opportunity of displaying them. His reign did not last two years: in 879 he died. A posthumous son was born to him, whom we shall in due time find upon the throne as Charles-le-Simple.

But meanwhile Louis and Carloman, the sons of the first spouse, (though the validity of *her* marriage was also contested.) contrived, after an interregnum, to divide their father's kingdom. They were young and amiable princes.

‘For the first and the last time in the sad Carlovingian annals—from the hero Charles Martel to the Fainéant in whom the line expired—the family exhibited two brethren sincerely loving each other, free from envy, jealousy, co-operating as loving friends, between whom not the slightest quarrel or dissension is recorded,’—Vol. i. p. 565.

It was those melancholy family dissensions, far more than any want of energy or talent, that ruined the Carlovingian dynasty. But causes beyond human control likewise influenced the result. This third Louis perished in a foolish, and not very creditable, frolic; being killed on horseback while chasing a fair Danish damsel. From this time (882), Carloman reigned alone. But his sole reign only lasted about two years and a-half, as he was killed in the chase at the close of 884.

For a moment the empire founded by Charlemagne appeared to be re-united. Charles-la-Gros (or as his German subjects called him, Karl der Dicke), already emperor, and king of Italy, was invited to take the crown of France. But in mentioning the early anticipations of events occurring in modern French history, we ought to have included that sad laxity concerning the value of political oaths which constant revolutions have such a tendency to create and foster. ‘*C'est le treizième,*’ said the jesting Prince Talleyrand, as he took the oath of allegiance to Louis Philippe, *Roi des Français*. Many a French liegeman

might have almost said as much in the times we are now discussing. And it must be owned that the reigning family had done but too much to encourage this want of principle. There had been too much of deceit and violence displayed in their dealings with each other to give them any right to adopt a lofty moral tone towards those beneath. His German subjects rebelled under the leadership of a nephew, Arnold of Corinthia, who contrived to win from his uncle the Teutonic crown. Charles was deserted in his own realms; he sickened of a loathsome disease, and died patient and contrite in A. D. 888. The French have generally declined to recognise the validity of his reign in France.

Few readers can find it possible to recollect, or would care to recollect, a tithe of the dates which, for clearness and accuracy's sake, are here recorded. But there are two which the student will do well to take a hint about from Sir F. Palgrave, and carefully bear in mind. They are easily remembered. In A. D. 800 (*one eight*) Charlemagne is solemnly crowned at Rome as Emperor of the West. In A. D. 888 (*three eights*) was that Carovingian empire utterly dismembered, never to be re-united. One more date may perhaps be advantageously impressed on those to whom a *memoria technica* lends any aid. Take unity from the right hand 8 of the last date, and add it to the left hand 8, and the result is 987. With that year ended for ever the Carovingian dynasty!

Competitors for the prize came forward. The successful one was Eudes Capet, the Count of Paris. But a strong party maintained the rights of Louis-le-Bègue's posthumous son. His extreme youth—he was only five years old when Carloman died—had been the ground of exclusion. But he is now brought forward, struggles, makes compromises with Eudes; and at length, on the count's death in 899, is accepted as the sovereign of France.

This is a long and important reign. The question of the monarch's character again affords to Sir Francis Palgrave an opportunity of displaying his independence of thought.

'Charles, Louis-le-Bègue's posthumous son, like Charles-le-Gros, is the victim of an epithet, stupidly imputed, and therefore taken for granted; and the slur, once admitted, has never been investigated or denied. Possibly the *soubriquet* was first bestowed in some satirical song or ribald miustrel ballad. How many a *vaudeville* has influenced the fate of France, and contributed an essential element to French history. Modern historians, when speaking of Charles, vie with each other in ringing the changes of contemptuous depreciation,—“ce roi si imbecille,” “ce roi hébété,” “d'un esprit si obtus,” and so on. From the highest and most philosophical

¹ See Palgrave, vol. ii. p. 323.

writer of the pragmatic "*Précis*," and conceited "*Manuel*," the v are all content in this view.

'*Carolus simplex*, or *Carolus stultus*, as the old Capet chroniclers call him, was, however, as appears from the very facts related by his detractors, right-minded, clever, active, full of expedients, profiting by experience, excepting that he never acquired the statesman's indispensable qualification—he lacked the power of maintaining constant vigilance, or, in other words, constant distrust. He was wary, yet not suspicious, unable to defeat craft by cunning. He proceeded too openly, never attempting to circumvent the factious against whom he had to contend, by machinations like their own. In a worldly sense, honesty is not always the best policy—frequently quite the contrary. Charles was honestly simple: this simplicity was folly before the world. Many and grievous faults had Charles to answer for; but the contumely cast upon him as *Charles-le-Simple* is his highest praise.

'The traditionary depreciation of his character, so implicitly adopted, denaturalizes the history of this crisis, by attributing to the monarch's alleged incapacity the misfortunes he sustained. We must rehabilitate his reputation, not for his sake, but for our instruction. Unless Charles be properly estimated, we shall have to wonder (as his gainsayers confess they do) at the successes obtained by him—successes which, according to the popular historical assumption, become unaccountable. Considering the extreme adversity of the times, Charles had been eminently prosperous. A miraculous regeneration of moral principle among the Franks could alone have sustained the expiring monarchy.'—Vol. ii. pp. 3, 4.

We are not inclined *jurare in verba magistri*, even in the case of such a teacher as the historian before us. We shall probably be compelled to dissent, in part, from the severe condemnation which we perceive to be in store for the Crusades. We hope that it is possible to think more favourably than he appears to do of King Richard Cœur-de-Lion: we are unable to sympathise with his seeming regret, for the destruction of the murderous and ruthless pirates of Borneo. But, in the instance now under

¹ As we are here proceeding to support our author in the text, we must beg the indulgence of our readers if we devote a note of some length to the consideration of these *obiter dicta*. And, firstly, of the Dyaks or Dayaks. We read in this work (vol. ii. p. 303): 'And until the sea gave up her dead, has not the applauding voice of our legislature drowned the Dayak's cry for vengeance?' We can only suppose Sir F. Palgrave to refer to Sir J. Brooke's destruction of the pirates in Borneo. It may be questioned whether these pirates are correctly termed Dyaks; but there is no question that the following letter, written from Singapore in 1855, is corroborated by abundance of similar testimony:—

'They have humbugged us here nicely. Owing to Sir J. Brooke's being brought to a trial for murder on going beyond his orders, he did nothing towards stopping the pirates from gathering again; and now they are out again, stronger than ever. He was tried whilst we were in Singapore (the chief justice of Calcutta coming down on purpose), and acquitted; but the mischief was done. I heartily wish some of the "heads" were out here, and could see some of the scenes that are witnessed here now, again and again. A junk is taken (a pirate junk), her decks are one mass of blood, her paint all stained with it, torturing instruments of all kinds on board, and the men boasting how many they have killed.'

This extract, from a private letter, which we know to be genuine, was published in a newspaper of June 5th, 1855. And on what principle the pirates can cry for vengeance, which is not equally applicable to Thurtell or

consideration, Sir Francis has, so far as we can judge, a very strong case, and one which should be a lasting warning against a blind acquiescence in the justice of popular nick-names. We say so far as we can judge, for we are writing, it must be confessed, without the means of access to the original authorities for the period. Frodoardus, Richêrius, and the old abbot of S. Quentin, Dudo, are not within our reach. But thus much we can do: we can refer to two or three other writers of name, who more or less fully touch upon the question, and see what evidence they produce. Gibbon, as we have intimated, accepts the ridiculous epithets of the *balâ*, the *stammerer*, the *fat*, and the *simple*, as if they were necessarily just, and established their own correctness. No further proof does he vouchsafe to us. M. Emile de Bonnechose, in his lucid and excellent short 'Histoire de France,'¹ adopts unhesitatingly the common cry:—'Il est connu sous le nom de Charles le Simple; et l'histoire, qui se tait sur la plupart des événements de son règne de vingt-cinq années, nous a transmis avec son surnom le souvenir de son incapacité.' No syllable of proof, unless we accept as such the mention of this king's cession of Normandy to Rollo—an act which might be shown to be extremely wise and long-sighted. Conversion to Christianity formed a condition of this cession; and in a few generations these 'filthy pirates,' as Mr. Emerson terms them, became the gallant and chivalrous defenders of the Cross, the glory of France and of all Christendom. We turn to Augustin Thierry. He is entirely with us in approval of the king's policy in this important and memorable transaction. 'King Charles,' he tells us, 'who was surnamed the Simple or the Stupid, and with respect to whom history has preserved the first of these appellations, *had sufficient good sense on this occasion to listen to the voice of his people.*' Now, as Thierry's subject, the Norman conquest, does not lead him to mention any other of Charles's acts, we are simply left to infer that he did not display good sense on other occasions. Again, not a single proof, not even an illustration, of the assumed stupidity. But Sismondi, in his ample narrative of thirty volumes, may at any rate be expected to find room for detailed evidences of King Charles's incapacity. Let us look

Palmer, we are at a loss to perceive. There could not be a formal trial in the pirate's case; but, if that had been possible, can any one doubt but that conviction must have ensued? The question of the Crusades is, of course, too large and important for a note; and, on second thoughts, we think it better to defer the discussion of the animal most fit to represent our Richard I.—the lion—in accordance with popular estimation, or the tiger, which Sir F. Palgrave considers to be the true type.

¹ Paris. Firmin Didot, 1848. An English translation has been published.

to them. Having mentioned the coronation, he narrates the advance of the supporters of Charles against the rival Eudes. The young king, he informs us, soon showed the justice of the epithets bestowed upon him. 'His imbecility more than outweighed the advantages of his position. *It is probable* (!) that those who had arrayed themselves on his side hastened to desert him, after having had proofs of his incapacity. *We have not, however, any details* of the civil war which raged at this epoch, and which was marked by very few combats.' Again, so far, mere assertion. If Charles's adherents enjoyed proofs of his folly, we have not the like advantage. But what is the evidence that *they* had proofs? None whatever; only the historian's *ipse dixit*—'il est probable.' But why, perhaps suggests the reader, did the great lords abandon him? Is not this in itself sufficient evidence? As well might it be asked, why the wind which blew dryness from the east yesterday is now bringing rain from the south-west? There is no limit to the complexity of causes—self-interest mostly at the bottom—which determined the political changes of this era. If all who were suddenly left by their partisans are to be excluded from the list of able men, then assuredly it will prove a very hard task to discover a single man of ability in Carolingian days. But ought *we* of the nineteenth century to adopt this strange test of capacity? Has our age never heard of *les adieux de Fontainebleau*? Has it never seen a minister, commanding a parliamentary majority, suddenly, at the moment when his position seemed secure, deserted by numbers of those who had raised him to power?

But we have not done with Sismondi and his estimate of Charles-le-Simple. This distinguished author is a strenuous supporter of the compact with Rollo. He observes, very justly, that although it might appear disgraceful, as a sanction of the usurpations of valour over weakness, it was in reality accordant with sage policy, and for the interest of all parties. 'The French king was only yielding to the Normans what they already held —what they had rendered worthless by their ravages; whilst he acquired a defender in exchange for a mortal enemy.' And he proceeds to show how Neustria (as the province was then called) was renovated and restored from a degenerate state to one of military virtues, by the union of its race with these valiant soldiers. This proceeding, then, on the part of Charles was not apparently *simple*, at least in any bad sense of the word. One more point and we quit the subject. Sismondi presently remarks on the general superiority of the German armies at this epoch to those of France. Nevertheless, in A.D. 915, the Germans are, on his own showing, defeated; Saxony is entered and over-

run, its towns and strong castles and palaces are seized, and restored to their lawful owner, Henry, duke of Saxony and Thuringia. And by whom is all this effected? By none other than this foolish Charles. The *naïveté* of the historian's comment here is unsurpassable: 'Charles the Simple obtained, even in Germany [where the art of war was so well understood], successes to which his incapacity did not seem to have destined him,—*des succès auxquels son incapacité ne sembloit pas l'avoir destiné*.'¹ Is it possible to give a more marked example of the very un-Baconian process of first assuming a man's character to be of a certain stamp, and then applying this as a *major* premiss, under which all single actions must be arrayed by a Procrustean arrangement; instead of inductively arriving at the conclusion that a man who could make wise treaties, conquer gallant armies, and whose aid was sought by various parties in Suabia, Bavaria, and Saxony, could not be quite the fool that his opponents chose to call him.

But the contending parties in France at length finally overthrew Charles. He died in captivity at Perorme, in 929, and was succeeded by Raoul, a temporary interloper, neither Carolingian nor Capetian, who had already been acknowledged in Belgic Gaul, though not in Aquitaine. Never having made his claim good universally, this usurper, Raoul, is not numbered in the lists of the French monarchs. Raoul (or as Sismondi terms him, Rodolphe) died at the commencement of 936.

A son of Charles-le-Simple, named Louis, had with his mother Ogiva escaped to England, when his father was captured. He lived to relate the manner of his escape. It was homely enough; he was concealed in a truss of hay. England, the land of exiles, here appears in a very favourable light, thanks to the nobleness of its sovereign, the glorious Athelstane. The young Prince Louis received not only all the attention due to his position, but was trained in all the culture which became it. And when, on Raoul's death, he was sent for, at the age of thirteen, to assume the crown of France, his subjects distinguished him as Louis from beyond Sea, *Louis d'Outremer*.

In attributing the fall of the Carolingian dynasty less to the incapacity of the rulers, than to other causes of a complicated nature, Sir Francis Palgrave has at least one ally across the channel, and that one is of himself a host. M. Guizot, after noticing the explanations of those who would ascribe everything to the avarice and ambition of the nobles and royal officers, or else to the weakness of the sovereigns and their inferiority to Charlemagne, announces his opinion of these solutions in one

¹ Sismondi, *Histoire des Français*, tom. iii. pp. 307, 336, 343.

brief sentence: '*Explications évidemment étroites et puériles.*'¹ But at the epoch we have now reached, a dark shadow is seen creeping over the stage. The President of the Assembly which summoned Louis from beyond the sea was the Count of Paris; Hugh, known as Hugh-le-Grand, or Hugues-le-Blanc. Amidst the struggles with Charles-le-Simple the opposition had for a moment raised Hugh's father, Count Robert, to the throne. But Robert was slain in battle within a year. Hugh's uncle, Eudes, had previously been acknowledged king in Neustria, before the coronation of Charles the Simple. Hugh's brother-in-law, Raoul, had in a similarly lax and incomplete manner been a king. Son, nephew, brother-in-law of kings, it was naturally expected that he would try to encircle his own brows with the diadem; but this Hugh shrank from attempting. Either, as our author not improbably suggests, the remembrance of his father's fate and the knowledge of the miserable end of so many who had played a false part, withheld him, as with the dread of an avenging Nemesis; or else he was satisfied with the indirect influence he would obtain, and his own actual extent of authority, which was immense. He was supreme in the duchy of Neustria and the duchy of France (this duchy included the country between the Seine and the Meuse); he laid claim to the duchy of Burgundy, and was lay-abbot of S. Martin of Tours, of S. Denis, and S. Germain des Prés.²

And here we pause for a moment over the difference of opinion which the mention of lay-abbacies and affairs ecclesiastical calls forth in the narrators of these events. It would not, we suppose, be difficult to call from Ultramontane historians somewhat indiscriminating eulogies of the clergy of this age. Apologies for any seeming laxity of principle, with sympathetic recognition of their good works, may be found in the pages of M. Ozanam, one of the very best, and gentlest, and most large-minded of that school. For full and candid recognition of the Church's part in the work of civilization we need hardly say that M. Guizot is among the foremost. He maintains that on many occasions when the clergy are accused of grasping at political power, the fact simply was that they were the only persons who possessed any real idea of order or government at all. For the selection of every blot (and they are often deep and most disfiguring blots), for the imputation of every bad motive, for the omission of all extenuating circumstances with reference to the character and conduct of the clergy, we must turn, with regret be it said, to the flowing and vigorous narrative of Sismondi.

¹ Civ. en France, 24ème Leçon.

² Sismondi. Palgrave.

Doubtless indignation at what is wrong is a noble feature; but it may be permitted, with M. Guizot, to desiderate in Sismondi *un peu plus d'impartialité et de liberté dans l'imagination*; and to hold with Hallam, that 'he sometimes demands 'from the men of past times more than human frailty and ignorance could have given.' It is under the impression of a logical connexion that Sismondi heads his ninth chapters (embracing events from 851 to 869) with the words, *Progrès de la puissance sacerdotale, et déplorable état de l'empire des Francs*. It may be well, therefore, to learn from Sir F. Palgrave, what we should never discover from Sismondi, the way in which the State was during this era treating the Church. (We premise that while, with Dr. Arnold, Sir J. Stephen, Bowden, and many more, we sympathise with the Hildebrandine reforms alluded to by our author, this sympathy must not be construed into an acceptance of that pontiff's theories on the relations of the Church with the State.)

'Direct and unmistakable simony was not unfrequent, money or money's worth; yet from its very grossness this most vulgar form was the least injurious to the Church, whose interests received far more damage when the preferments were dictated by the temptations which, tripping in, velvet-shod, do not startle the slumbering conscience,—policy, convenience, or family aggrandisement.

'Occasionally the prerogative appointees were men of secular or disreputable lives,—bowling bishops, sporting bishops, drunken bishops, campaigning bishops; but even when they were of an average character, decent and tolerable, the preferments were vitiated in public opinion by the certainty that the proportion of good was a chance, and that the patronage was exercised solely for patronage sake, of which the most flagrant examples were such as that which Herbert of Vermandois now so anxiously sought to afford. In the cases belonging to this class, and they had become matters of common occurrence, the absurdity was even more revolting than the scandal. An ordinary man, decorously lukewarm, smatteringly learned, moderately dull, or cleverly worldly, might be useful in the See; but to instal a little fellow, bigger than a baby, yet hardly grown up into a boy, was an outrageous mockery of the Christian community. The ceremony was equally sorrowful and ludicrous; the child, taught to repeat the responses, or to spell them if he could not get them by heart, usually behaved pitifully. Sometimes the terrified urchin would whimper, not in fear of losing the bishopric, a loss which he could nowise appreciate, but lest, as a dunce, he should receive the accustomed chastisement for not knowing his lesson. Such is the naïve description given by a contemporary who had too often witnessed and deplored these grievous spectacles, Hatto, Bishop of Vercelli. They were amongst the heavy abuses and tribulations of the Church, which Hatto records, not to be mitigated until the age of reform, the age of Hildebrand.'—Vol. ii. pp. 81, 82.

To return to Louis d'Outremer. There is no external gift more valuable to a ruler than a good seat on horseback. Amidst wide differences of all sorts, our liege lady in Britain and her ally in Paris resemble each other in being able

'To witch the world with noble horsemanship.' •

The admiration felt for this gift as a mark of nobility is not new. We all remember Alexander and Bucephalus, and many still think with Spenser,

'But chiefly skill to ride seems a science
Proper to gentle blood.'

Here is an illustration from the history before us. Louis, having crossed from Dover, lands at Boulogne; the Frankish chieftains are there to greet him.

'But pre-eminently remarkable is Hugh-le-Grand; the mightiest of the assembly, in the humblest attitude, holding by the bridle the right regally caparisoned steed. The spirited animal was unruly; but his master was come. Into the saddle the young Louis bounded without touching the stirrup, or help from groom; that bound was worth a kingdom! The avenging sentence impending upon the race of Charlemagne appeared to be reversed; loud shouts testified the admiration of the multitude, who sought to accept the omen; and Hugh-le-Grand, accompanying the King to his hostel, walked humbly by his side, his serving Squire.—P. 166.

It is this Hugh, by the way, and not his still more celebrated son, that Dante is understood to mean by *Ugo di Ciappetta*. We cannot wonder that Louis soon attempted to break from the humiliating thralldom in which Hugh sought to retain him. Even Sismondi, while blaming Louis's want of good faith (a rare article on any side in those days), gives this youthful sovereign full credit for courage and activity. It is but little of his story that we can tell; but it may be found in the volume under review, which in continuity of narrative seems to us superior to its predecessor. Louis d'Outremer had his full share of the troubles of a crown, not, however, unlit by blessings. His excellent mother, Ogiva, was replaced by a devoted wife, Gerberga. She was the widow of Gilbert, Duke of Lorraine, one of Louis's best supporters. The king repaired to Chevreumont to offer his condolences to Gerberga on the death of her first husband. He was abundantly successful; they were married, though the lady was considerably the senior. Of their large and numerous family none survived their father but the eldest, Lothaire, and the youngest, Charles. The prominent feature of Louis d'Outremer's reign is his connexion with Normandy, and its young duke, Richard-sans-Peur.¹ On the whole, our sympathies in the negotiations and contests are decidedly with the Norman side, though the devotedness of Gerberga lends interest to the cause of Louis. During this reign, which lasted eighteen years, from 936 to 954, an event of

¹ An episode in this history is the subject of Miss Yonge's clever tale, 'The Little Duke,' i.e. Richard-sans-Peur. Sir Francis does not, however, support the lady's very favourable account of Guillaume-longue-Epée, and he says more on behalf of Gerberga. Has Miss Yonge any authority for Lothair's cruelty? It is a shocking charge.

European importance occurred on the side of Germany. That country had been frequently invaded by hordes less civilized than the very Saracens, less tameable than the Northmen; the brutal merciless Magyars, or Hungarians. They had been known to starve to death many of their prisoners; they had stripped priests of every garment, and shot at them for marks; and now, taking advantage of troublous times, they made a hasty raid into Italy; they penetrated into France. This last-named incursion was in 937; and about sixteen years later they again appeared, and reached Burgundy. If scientific men conjecture aright, many a family owes to that Magyar inroad of 953 the mourning robe worn for those who have perished prematurely, many a beauty the early loss of her charms. They are believed to have been the human channel whereby the scourge of small-pox was brought into Europe. It dates from this period.

But the Magyars were not left unchastised. On the 10th of August, 955, being the feast of S. Laurence, Otho of Germany met those heathens on the west of the river Lech. The German preparation was most religious. Storms raged in the air; but Otho knelt on the ground, prayed to the God of battles, received the Holy Communion from a priest, afterwards canonized as S. Adalric, and addressed his troops in a manner worthy of such a commenment of the day. Conrad, the noble who (like the Roderic of Spanish ballads) had, in a moment of vexation, invited these dire foes of Christendom, besought that he might fall by their hand. His prayer was granted; but not till he had done his part in gaining an overwhelming victory, a victory blest to all Europe, for it saved it from falling a prey to the fierce invaders; blest likewise to the vanquished; for they grew quiet and became Christians. From that day (which our author would class with Poitiers) Otho was always styled Emperor. He had been saluted as such by his soldiers on the field of battle, and in time was duly elected and crowned imperially. But we must return to France.

Louis died young, being only in his thirty-third year. His end was singular. Matter-of-fact Sismondi, in narrating the manner of his death, by his horse falling upon him, makes him give chase to a wolf, by which the quadruped is frightened. But Sir F. Palgrave declares Louis's own account to be less definite. He had, certainly, when riding quietly near the river Aisne, suddenly dashed out of the road across the fields, and the rottenness of the ground made his horse stumble. Louis told his attendants, says Palgrave, 'that a wolf, or something like a wolf, or which he imagined was like a wolf, had crossed before him, and he had given chase to the phantom animal.'

His blood must already have been in a diseased state; for the terrible complaint known as elephantiasis ensued, and soon ended a career which had seemed long by reason of the events crowded into it, and the King's energy and ability. Our author cites a curious epitaph, composed shortly after Louis's death. The concluding lines, though very obnoxious to verbal criticism, may help to remind us of the length of this sovereign's reign (the same as poor Louis Philippe's), of the day of his death, the 10th of September, and of the fact that the continuance of the dynasty therein prayed for was only granted for a space of time equal in length to Louis own life. Thirty-three years more bring us to the fatal 987, and to the words inscribed, we are told,¹ in capitals on all the French monastic records:—

‘HIC DEFECERUNT REGES DE STIRPE KAROLI.

‘Octavum-decimum regnando subegerat annum;

Quadris September Idibus exit iter.

Lector, posce Deum, Francorum posce salutem,

Hoc regale genus servet in orbe Deus.’

Lothaire, otherwise Glothaire, and originally in German *Ilod-Iler*,² succeeded. Not yet did Hugh-le-Grand clutch the sceptre for himself, or for the son who had been born to him in his old age. But his power had been increasing. It seemed but too probable that the duchy of France must be united to the Crown, or the Crown to the duchy. We cannot afford space for the narrative of the struggle. At one moment Hugh Capet is in great danger, and disguises himself as a groom. An ‘ower canny’ inn-keeper, who suspects the real condition of the groom, is bound by Hugh's attendants, forcibly carried with them when they start on the morrow, and, when the danger of pursuit is over, dropped like a bundle on the road—a terrible warning against an indiscreet display of acuteness. At other times the Capetian star is virtually in the ascendant, and we are reminded of the touching and almost prophetic speech of Louis d'Outremer to Hugh Capet's father, Hugh-le-Grand. ‘Hugh, Hugh, how many good things hast thou taken from me, how many evils hast thou brought on me. . . . My captive sire was delivered by death from misfortunes like those which are crushing me, and I myself reduced to the same extremities; I possess nothing of the royalty of my ancestors but the appearance. I regret to live, and cannot die.’³ Poor Lothaire was at seasons in a somewhat similar plight; but his troubles too were shortened. In the spring of 986, he suddenly sickened

¹ Palgrave, vol. ii. p. 323.

² Sismondi.

³ Richerius, cited by Bonnechese.

and died. There was a general suspicion of poison ; but nothing was ever proved. His funeral was remarkable for its grandeur and solemnity.

Louis, son of Lothaire, had already been associated with his father in the government, and thus recognised as the successor. He commenced his reign with spirit, and was engaged in trying a chief foe of his father, the Archbishop of Rheims, Adalbero. But again a horse is concerned with events. Having reigned one year, Louis meets with an accident in the hunting-field. He too does not recover.

On the 1st of June A.D. 987, just 830 years ago, Hugh Capet stepped into the seat which no descendant of Charlemagne was thenceforth to occupy. Hugh Capet, the ancestor of the sagacious Philip Augustus, the saintly Louis IX., of the nation's darling Henry of Navarre, of Louis XIV. the tenant of a throne for seventy-two years, the king, selfish, levelling, sensuous, yet grand withal, and not devoid of some redeeming virtues, of Louis XVI. whose death has done more for royalty than all displays of power and magnificence can affect, by the might of meekness, the mysterious charm of suffering.

That royal house is now, to human eyes, upon the wane, and may seem, as represented in Spain and the two Sicilies, and even in the person of the Comte de Chambord, almost to merit the appellation of its great rival, of being *un effete race*. If it be the will of the Most High that, it should yield its long-enduring throne, the oldest in all Europe, to a new dynasty, let it be remembered that this is nothing more than befel the House of Charlemagne himself. If that crown has twice within the present century been bestowed by the nation upon the members of another family, that same nation bestowed it upon Hugh Capet. If any of the Capetian race felt misgivings, as they seem to have done, concerning the manner of their entry into supreme power, let it be considered how carefully the present Emperor of the French abstains from dishonouring the day on which Louis XVI. was guillotined, and how his uncle, while apparently planning the erection of the Madeleine for the glorification of the army, secretly intended it as an expiatory monument to the memory of the slaughtered monarch, and Marie Antoinette, and the other victims of the Revolution.

But for us, who aim, however humbly and unworthily, at the adoption of a tone which does not of necessity shout with the successful, nor display the captives in a triumph to strangle them when the ceremony is over, this does not seem the time wherein to descant upon the faults or misfortunes of the Bourbon sovereigns of France. Far be it from us to sympathise with those, either here or on the Continent, who in such an hour

would remind us only of their failings. Their glory, as M. de Montalembert has recently expressed it, is part of the glory of France; and sure we are that it is utterly alien from the better minds of England to speak of the fallen greatness in any voice but that of compassion and respect. We cannot presume to say whether their day is over; but if it be past and gone, it has not vanished prematurely, nor without leaving ennobling and even hallowed reminiscences.

It must be owned that we have been somewhat inconsistent in devoting so much space to France, when our ostensible theme is Normandy. It is possible that the work before us may be partially guilty of having seduced us into this fault. If the amount of attention to be given to Normandy must be comparatively limited, this does not arise from any lack of interest, but simply from want of space and time. For Normandy, even now, when it has long been part of the French dominion, is replete with peculiar interests to Englishmen. Its external features justify the sense in which *we* should understand the epithet *belle* far more than the ordinary aspect of *la belle France*. Its archæology is peculiarly rich and interesting; and if some native *savans* were inclined to deduce from its buildings an unwarrantably early date for pointed architecture, they were satisfactorily refuted, as they themselves now admit, by the researches of an English Member of Parliament, the late Mr. Gally Knight. Acknowledging the truth of these assertions, that in this and that place a church had been built at the time asserted, he showed that the original structures had either not remained, being burnt by the Northmen, while yet they worshipped Thor, or else, if they had remained, were not pointed.

But if Normandy be the land of ecclesiastical remains, in few places have they undergone severer trials. Monasteries converted into warehouses or country residences, are again and again mentioned in Mr. Knight's interesting little volume. Our Yorkshire Abbeys, Rievaulx, Fountains, Kirkstall and others, are at least protected, and preserved in the present century from such a fate as this. Indeed, what Mr. Knight saw going on in 1831 suggested to him very naturally the aspect of England in the time of Henry VIII. We do not mention these things *ad invidiam*, but it is right that they should be fairly known.

One other circumstance should be also looked in the face by men of thought and observation on either side of the Channel. The progress of civilization brings with it trials of its own. Let these be assigned to their proper causes, when duly investigated. But let us not seek, on either side, to inflame religious rancour,

already quite hot enough without the aid of fresh fuel and tinder, by dragging questions of creed into provinces with which they are not concerned. Manufacturing distress is not to be charged upon any form of Christianity. Mr. Gresley has truly remarked, that the statistics of Presbyterian Glasgow ought to close the lips of those travellers who attribute all the misery of Lyons or Amiens to 'the incubus of popery.' On the other hand, certain writers in France and Ireland would do well to abstain from insinuating that a like responsibility is attached to the English Church. These observations are suggested by our approach to Normandy, because its ancient capital is so deeply concerned with them. Rouen, the residence of the dukes of the province, with its beautiful situation, its marvelously splendid churches, its quaint and picturesque remnants of street architecture—Rouen is among the sufferers as well as the gainers from the industrial development of the age. We quote the following from a work already mentioned, M. Guilbert's '*Villes de France*':—

'The markets of the country no longer sufficing for the disposal of the produce, recourse was had to foreign markets, where the manufacturer had to face a competition still more formidable and ruinous. . . . An unbounded prosperity has been followed by the most indescribable misery; it is hardly possible to imagine the state of wretchedness, suffering, and degradation into which the unhappy families have fallen who live huddled together in the low, narrow, damp, and dark houses of the thickly-peopled streets of the Martinville district. The frightful report made on this subject by M. Blanqui, to the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques last year, is, unhappily, no exaggeration. This is M. Blanqui's account of the truly deplorable state of the workmen's cottages in the Saint-Vivien and Martinville districts:—"The only entrances to the houses "are low, dark, narrow alleys, where frequently it is impossible for a man "to stand upright. These alleys serve as beds for fetid streams, which are "filled by the dirty muddy waters, loaded with abominations showered "down from each story, and which lie in pestiferous pools in the little ill-"paved yards. The ascent is by spiral stairs, without bannisters, without "light, and bristling with projections, caused by filth of every description, "dried on to them. These lead to miserable holes, low, ill-closed, and ill-"lighted, and nearly always destitute of furniture or domestic utensils. "The domestic hearth of the unfortunate inmates of these hovels consists "of a litter of hard beaten straw, with neither sheet or counterpane; and "their crockery consists of a pot of wood, or of broken earthenware, which "serves for every purpose. The youngest children sleep upon a sack of "ashes; the remainder of the family is heaped indiscriminately, father "and children, brothers and sisters, upon that litter, as indescribable as the "mysteries it conceals."

There is, we fear, but little improvement since this was written. But we must transport ourselves, in thought, a thousand years back, from the Rouen of 1848 to the Gallo-Roman '*Rothomagus*' of 841. At that time the Northmen, or Danes (we are to understand by the name a motley crew, including Frieslanders

and Jutes, and even Angles and Saxons), were in the full vigour of their wild and terrible career. For more than eight hundred years did these pirates ravage the coasts of Europe. Sir F. Palgrave (Vol. i. p. 97) considers these '*Gesta Danorum extra Daniam*' to commence with their attacks upon parts of the Roman empire under Honorius, towards the close of the fourth century, and to end in A.D. 1263 with a sea-fight, which is a just subject of exultation to Scotchmen—the battle of Largs, in which Haco, king of Norway, was utterly defeated by the Scottish monarch, Alexander III. This would make the expedition of Jarl Osler up the Seine, in 841, quite literally in the middle of the Northmen's exploits. They sacked and burned Rouen; and not till their descendants embraced Christianity under Rollo, was the injury wrought to its churches and monasteries ever effectually repaired. Within four years a more formidable Vi-king than even Osler sailed up the same fair stream. This was Regner Lodbrok. He and his crews again occupied Rouen, and ascended the Seine, then broader than at present, to Paris. Charles-le-Chauve could not encourage his troops to the onset, and was obliged to buy off the invaders with a Danegeld. The end of such subsidies is written very legibly in the page of history, from the days of the treaties of the kings of Judah with Babylon, to those of the Chinese and their Mongol-Tartar conquerors. Of course the Northmen came again. There was first Eric, the Red, and in 885 came Rollo.

Rollo had been expelled from Norway by Harald Harfager. His mother warned king Harald,—'Thou drivest from thy kingdom a man of noble race; it is dangerous to attack the wolf, and when once he is enraged, beware of the flocks that stray through the forest.'¹ Rollo, however, sought his flocks away from home. Taking from the Hebrides certain compatriots who had settled there, he began to try his fortune up the Seine. There is some obscurity about their first proceedings. According to Thierry, the Archbishop of Rouen made terms with the invaders; and it appears from the quaint verses of the '*Roman de Rou*,' that Rollo and his comrades were highly satisfied, as they well might be, with the situation and appearance of the city:—

'E Rou esgarda la vile à lunge et lée,
Et dehorz e dedenz l'a souvent esgardée;
Bonne li semble a bele, mult li plect é agréé,
E li compaignonz l'ont a Rou mult loée.'

We need hardly dwell on the details of the cession made by Charles-le-Simple. Most people know that Rollo, though

¹ Thierry.

consenting to perform homage, was unwilling in person to kiss the king's foot; and that the rude soldier who was deputed to perform this part of the ceremony is believed to have thrown the king backward. With a discourtesy at which their polished descendants would have been shocked, the rude seamen burst into a fit of laughter. However, this incident was overlooked; Rollo is duly baptized, and wedded to Charles's daughter, Gisella.

That the French, for three generations or more, determined not to forget the old habits of these settlers, is undoubted. 'Dux Piratarum' is the title by which even the third duke of Normandy, Richard-sans-Peur, is called by Richerius. But it is hardly worthy of Mr. Emerson's abilities, to employ this as the one distinctive appellation of the Normans. There must have been much more than the pirate in the minds of men who could so rapidly advance in civilization. Rollo's rule was soon distinguished for its stern order above the neighbouring districts. Minor points exhibit the same progress. The Bayeux tapestry displays pointed helmets and chain armour. Before that date, in their siege of Paris, in 886, we read of their painted shields, supposed to be the dawn of mediæval heraldry. Their fondness for poetry is shown by the circumstance that the recipient of hospitality could often pay for his fare by a tale or cheerful song:—

'Usages est en Normandie
Que, qui herbergiez est, die
Fable ou chanson lie (joyeuse).'

It was Normandy that was destined to contribute, as our author justly observes, 'ancestors to our aristocracy, clergy to our Church, rule and discipline to our monasteries, instructors to our architects, teachers to our schools.'

Rollo died in old age, having previously, at the request of his followers, nominated his son William (Guillaume-longue-Epée) as his successor. The character of this second ruler of Normandy is a curious study, on which the historian has bestowed considerable pains. The following is only a portion of the picture, which is afterwards more fully developed. There is about it something of the air of a Christian Alcibiades; and whether it be a faithful portraiture or not of Guillaume, it is assuredly but too applicable to many of us who read it.

'Guillaume was amply endowed with mental and bodily talents; but great disadvantages were the correlatives of these natural advantages, the compensation by which our pride is judicially confounded. Athletic and graceful, Guillaume possessed extraordinary vigour. His stroke, as the

¹ For these details see M. Cheruel's excellent 'Dictionnaire Historique.'

minstrel sung, was that of a giant; his features beautiful, his complexion bright as a maiden's. Gracious in manner, spirited and cheerful, having an eye for splendour, well spoken to all, Guillaume could quote a text to the priest; listen respectfully to the wise saws of the old; talk merrily with his young companions about chess and tables; discuss the flight of the falcon, and the fleetness of the hound. Sober men were fain to think that Guillaume was weaning himself from the world's vanities; and yet that same world well knew how fully Guillaume enjoyed all the world's delights and pleasures. In short, he was one of those who (when not put out) are sure to have every man's good word, and every woman's also. Was it probable that Guillaume would live discreetly and wisely? He never could hold fast either to the good or to the evil; always wrestling with himself and failing; inwardly warned, yet disobeying the warning; ardently affectionate, yet destitute of fidelity; seeking to do right, yet backsliding, unstable in all his ways. Human life is a continued warfare; but in Guillaume's case the strife was more than usually disclosed.'—Vol. ii. pp. 68, 69.

It was a peculiar feature of his history that his consort, Espriota, was wedded to him only according to Danish Pagan rites; and that though she became the mother of his son and successor, Richard-sans-Peur, he yet repudiated her to marry, *more Christiano*, a daughter of the noble and princely French family of Vermandois. He was anxious to conciliate French feeling. That this end was ultimately attained, though not in Guillaume's day, is shown by the fact that in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the Duke of Normandy was unquestionably the first of the lay princes of the kingdom. *Dux Normanniarum*, says Matthew Paris, *primus inter laicos et nobilissimus*. But the coveted end was not won by Guillaume, nor was his state marriage a happy one. After many tergiversations and coquettings between the parties of Louis d'Outremer and his opponents, after making plans for retiring from government and becoming a monk, Guillaume-longue-Epée was treacherously murdered at a conference held upon the island of Picquigny, on the river Epte, the boundary of Normandy.

Richard-sans-Peur lived to see the end of the Carlovingian dynasty, and, indeed, by a skilful holding of the balance, contributed not a little to the coronation of Hugh Capet. It must be owned that the Carlovingians had deserved but little favour at his hands. Louis d'Outremer had at one time detained him as a virtual prisoner. On the other hand, Richard had married Emma, the sister of Hugh Capet; a marriage brought about through the agency of a great personage, Bernard the Dane, said to be the ancestor of the House of Harcourt.

We shall look forward with interest to the next volume of this work, in which a prospect is held forth of a discussion upon the Episcopate and the influence of Christianity upon the Fine Arts and the cultivation of profane literature. It will be

curious to compare Sir F. Palgrave in these matters with M. Guizot and Dean Milman among historians, and with some of our most prominent writers upon Art.

We regret that the late hour at which this second volume reached us, has rendered our notice of it more broken and disjointed than we could have wished. If the reader has derived any satisfaction from our hurried sketch, he will, we trust, understand whom he has to thank. A tithe may be due to the reviewers, but the remainder must be given to the gifted and religious historian whose pages we have criticised and epitomised. Sincerely do we trust that the shade of sorrow alluded to in the Preface may have passed away, and no fresh trial interfere with his future labours; but that it may be granted to him to guide us farther down the *Stream of Time*. The aptness of this image is the theme of the very first pages of Sir Francis Palgrave's history; and as in thought we trace that stream from a quiet to a more troublous state, we can sympathise with the aspiration of a living poet, whose philosophy it is not always so easy to accept,—

‘Haply, the River of Time
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

‘And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he float.,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast.
As the pale Waste widens around him—
As the banks fade dimmer away—
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite Sea.’

- ART. V.—1. *Dante Alighieri's Göttliche Comödie metrisch übertragen und mit kritischen und historischen Erläuterungen versehen von Philaethes.* 3 vols. 4to. Dresden and Leipzig. 1839-1849.
2. *Œuvres Posthumes de F. Lamennais. La Divine Comédie de Dante Alighieri. Précédée d'une Introduction sur la Vie, les Doctrines, et les Œuvres de Dante.* 3 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1855-1856.
3. *Dante's Divine Comedy: translated in the Original Ternary Rhyme.* By C. B. CAYLEY, B.A. 3 vols. 12mo. London: Longman & Co. 1851-1854.
4. *Dante's Divine Comedy. The Inferno: a literal prose Translation, with the Text of the original collated from the best Editions, and Explanatory Notes.* By JOHN A. CARLYLE, M.D. Post 8vo. London: Chapman and Hall. 1849.

THE desire to render Dante's 'Divina Commedia' into their native tongue has induced many writers of different countries to undertake the task of translating that wondrous emanation of human genius. M. de Batines¹ gives a list of them, with notices of the most remarkable, down to 1845.² It appears that there are two Latin, one Spanish, eight German, sundry French, and six or seven English translations of the 'Divina Commedia,' not to mention versions of some of the celebrated passages—such as the story of Paolo and Francesca, by Byron, and other portions by Merivale, Leigh Hunt, and others. The existence of so many translations in various languages points to several things: the general estimation in which Dante is held, the strength of the instinct which leads us to imitate what we admire, the failure on the part of early translators to satisfy the minds of those who succeed them, and a difference of aim in the translators themselves. Some appear to have aimed at little more than writing a pretty poem, after the model of Dante, sacrificing both the thoughts and language of the poet to their own conceits and idea of what poetical language ought to be. Others have confined themselves to the accurate expression of Dante's thought, contented with such an approximation to verbal accuracy of translation as the genius of their language admits. Others have aimed at a reproduction of the original in a modern dress, retaining the metre, the *terze rime*, the archaisms, the quaintness, and grotesqueness of the original. This multi-

¹ Bibliografia Dantesca, vol. i.

² An extract from this portion of M. de Batines' work is to be found in the Preface to Dr. Carlyle's translation of the 'Inferno.'

plicity of aim, it need scarcely be said, increases the difficulty of translation very much. To give a faithful rendering of Dante's ideas, in unadorned prose, demands no common knowledge of his language, besides accurate study of the history, theology, and philosophy of the time. The qualifications of an editor, somewhat differently applied, joined to a full and accurate knowledge of his own language, are required in a translator for this, which we may call the *essential*, part of translation. How far it is necessary to combine verbal accuracy with a faithful rendering of the ideas will always remain a matter of dispute. Some translators appear to think words more sacred than thoughts; and, while rendering word for word with the utmost fidelity, betray an utter carelessness about the connexion of thought, and the general sense of the author. As we shall have to judge of the merits of several translations differing in aim as well as in form and manner of execution, it may be well to state once for all the relative importance we should assign to the different elements which enter into the design of a translator.

1. The object of paramount importance, especially in a poem full of condensed thought, is the faithful and adequate rendering of the poet's ideas.

2. Verbal accuracy is to be observed where the genius of the language allows it. It is not only desirable to know what a poet meant to say, but how he said it. Considering that words represent forms of thought and suggest states of society, so that the entire history of a period may (by association) be attached to a word, it is important that, so far as may be, equivalents should be found for the actual words used. These must be sought not only in our modern language, but in the language of the era when the poet lived, or, at all events, a corresponding period in the literature of another people. In the case of Dante, words used by Chaucer, and at a later period by Spenser, and other writers of his time, frequently present more equivalent expressions than any modern words. These elements are all that are needed for the understanding a poem translated out of a foreign tongue.

3. The author's style should be preserved. If the original be condensed, the copy should not be wordy or diluted; if the original be simple, frank, and familiar, the copy should not be elaborate, and full of circumlocution and stilted dignity. This is a very important matter. On it depends, in no small degree, the truth of the impression produced by a translation.

4. It may be the aim of a translator to convey a notion of the metre of the original. If so, in translating an epic poem, he will either choose hexameters, or aim, in some other way, at preserving the even flow and continuous rhythm of the verses.

If this even flow be interrupted by the punctuation, as in the *terzetti* of Dante, he will be led to adopt a similar arrangement.

5. If the original be not only a metrical poem, but a poem in rhyme, the translator may aim at preserving this feature also. To do this, he must imitate the original in preserving the intervals at which the rhymes occur, whether he has sonnets, or Canzoni, or a poem written in *terze rime* to deal with. The difficulty which this element adds to the translator is incalculable. Frequently the whole structure of a line has to be modified to suit the rhyme; words must be introduced which have no place in the original, and others omitted which are there. As a general rule, the common epic metre may be preserved without impairing the sense of the original. In the case of hexameters, and some other classical metres, this is difficult; in that of rhyme practically impossible. A metrical translation in rhyme, therefore, presupposes inaccurate renderings of ideas and phrases.

In estimating the merits of a translation, besides the merit of the translator, the capabilities of his language have to be taken into consideration. There is an affinity of origin between Italian, Spanish, and French; so that, antecedently, we should expect a better translation of an Italian poem into either of the latter languages, than into German or English, which are closely related to each other, and more remotely to Italian. Perhaps this may be the case with respect to two French translations,—that of Lamennais, and an incomplete one by Louis Ratisbonne, which we have not examined; but the greater number of them are very bad, and decidedly inferior to the average of German and English translations. The assiduity of the Germans is partly the cause of their success. The richness of their language, with its abundance of roots, its compound words, and its store of particles, and its great flexibility, are also most important causes. Our own language is, in some respects, inferior to the German. As a vehicle for translating from classical languages, it is decidedly so; but it possesses a noble vocabulary, a coinage stamped by some of the world's master-minds; and in force, pregnant brevity, and power to express emotion, it may challenge any of its contemporaries. That these are valuable qualities in any language which is to become the medium of translating Dante's '*Divina Commedia*' is evident. The English language possesses other characteristics which are, in fact, reflections of the mind of the people. The English mind is eminently appreciative. In the plastic arts, in music, in architecture, we are no less prompt to welcome foreign than to reward native genius. In poetry it may be said of us, as Pericles said of the Athenians, that we are no less familiar

with the greatest productions of foreign lands, especially of Italy and Greece, than with our native productions. Nay, it has been even said that our neighbours the Germans first taught us to appreciate Shakspeare. Refusing to admit this, we may express our gratitude to German critics, and German translators, for the light which their labours have thrown upon some of the dark passages in Shakspeare. As a nation we are less given to deep reflection and laborious analysis; we have less patience in wading through ponderous commentaries, and in accumulating knowledge from every source to illustrate a subject; but we possess one very valuable quality—that of practical common sense—which frequently enables us to see more clearly, and therefore interpret more faithfully, than the Germans, a poet's meaning and intention. Moreover, if we do not possess that precision and spiritual insight which characterise the more enlightened French critics, we do not insist upon viewing literary works from an isolated and exclusively national point of view, which they are apt to do; and this constitutes us, if not abler, at all events fairer, judges of literary excellence. An English translator or commentator is seldom deficient in reverence for his author. If French critics taunt us with Bentley's emendations of Milton, we may point to a far more audacious act of M. Alexandre Dumas, who set himself to improve 'Hamlet.' Again, the best of our critics and translators seldom fail in tact to explain the points which ordinary readers want to have explained. We do not waste time and the reader's patience in beating about for the *Grund-idée*, as a German writer commonly does, but are rather too much inclined, perhaps, to a summary settlement of disputed passages. However, where sufficient learning and industry are united with spiritual insight and a perception of poetic beauty in the translator, we may look in an English translation for fair appreciation of the original, clearness, practical good sense, and something more than a superficial rendering of passages expressive of deep feeling and transcendental truth.

The list of translations given above does not include the well-known works of Cary and Wright. The former of these is so well known, not only to students of Italian, but to English readers, that it is almost entitled to rank as an English classic. Its faults have been often pointed out, and have occasionally, and where the design of the work admitted, been corrected in the last edition. It will always be a popular, perhaps the most popular, translation of Dante; not the less so because its very departures from the spirit of the original are concessions to English tastes and understandings. Those who are familiar with the original will not fail to remark the want of force and

vigour in some passages where those qualities are most expected; and the style is not that of Dante, but that of the conventional epic writers and translators, upon whose model the taste of our countrymen has been formed; but the sustained flow of the verses, and the beauty of some of the most remarkable passages—such as the episode of Paolo and Francesca, the story of Count Ugolino, the interview with Piccarda Donati (Par. 3), and the vision of the heavenly rose (Par. 31)—are positive sources of delight, which, although they may not satisfy all the conditions which the student of Dante would impose, cannot fail to charm any unprejudiced mind, and sufficiently account for the popularity of the translation.

Wright's translation is of more recent date; but it is too well known to need an elaborate notice. It exhibits an advance on Cary in some respects. It shows, for instance, a more accurate study of the original, and preserves, to a certain extent, the peculiarities of Dante's rhyme, though incompletely. 'In *Dante*,' says Mr. Cayley, 'every rhyme is threefold; the middle line of one triplet ending like the first and third of the succeeding triplet; so that one consonance is never abandoned until another has commenced; accordingly, the measure cannot be broken into stanzas, but has a woven continuity that seems proper to a poem on eternity, although it would seem heavy and monotonous for a lighter and a mundane subject. But in Wright the rhymes are but double, and fall upon dissimilar points within the triplet; hence the measure divides itself into stanzas, and that, too, at irregular intervals. This false march of rhymes preserves him, however, from the vice of paraphrase, confining him, as it does generally, to the same number of lines as his original.' In this criticism, coming from the pen of a brother translator, the 'vice of paraphrase' is attributed (it would appear) to Cary; but Mr. Wright is accused of weakening his language 'by a boarding-school or family-Shakspeare etiquette; as where he renders "*la meretrice*" (Inf. c. 13) by "*that wicked meretricious dame*." On the whole, after every allowance, we are disposed to think Mr. Wright's translation fully deserving of Dr. Carlyle's praise (Preface, p. xxxviii.) as being 'in some places very spirited,' and showing a thorough understanding of the original, even where the necessities of rhyme induce him to depart from it. We shall occasionally refer, in the following criticisms, both to Cary and Wright, though less frequently to the latter, because we have already¹ brought his translation before the notice of our readers.

¹ The quotations in the Article on Dante, *Christian Remembrancer*, Jan. 1850, now published among Mr. Church's 'Essays' (London, J. and C. Mozley, 1854), are mostly taken from Wright. It would not become us to say anything in praise

Of the four translations which we have selected for examination, two—viz. that of Lamennais, and that of Dr. Carlyle—agree in abandoning all attempt at giving anything except the *essential* portion of the poem, the thoughts of Dante—so far as the French and English languages allow of their being rendered—unencumbered by any restrictions of metre or rhyme. The author of the ‘Göttliche Comödie,’ who assumes the name Philalethes, sacrifices rhyme, but retains the metre of the original, as Cary does. Mr. Cayley aims at an entire reproduction in an English dress of the thought, language, metre, and *terze rime* of the ‘Divina Commedia’ of Dante.

How far they have severally succeeded will best be shown by an accurate comparison, with the original, and with each other, of passages selected with a view of testing the respective merits and shortcomings of the translators. To this we now invite the reader’s attention.

The third Canto of the ‘Inferno’ is one of the best known and most justly admired in the whole poem. No translation can give an adequate idea of the power of the original; because that power depends in great measure on those qualities which the Italian language possesses, and which are incommunicable. Nevertheless it is a good test of the power of translators, as we may be sure that they will have put out their whole strength for the occasion. A careful comparison of Mr. Cayley’s translation with those of Cary and Wright leads us to the conclusion that he has improved on the former, not on the latter. Cary is deficient in power, and there is a slovenliness about his lines which Wright, by the adoption of rhyme, and by his generally contriving that there should be a pause at the end of every triplet, avoids. Mr. Cayley has for the most part given a very literal translation; but it is in places bald, deficient in elevation of style, inharmonious, not always correct, and wanting in clearness. As an instance of baldness, we may take his translation of ‘Per ch’io al cominciar ne lagrimai:’—

‘At which I wept ere I’d a moment been.’—v. 4:

which Wright renders:—

‘Whence tears began to gather in mine eyes;’

Carlyle:—

‘It made me weep at first;’

and Lamennais:—

‘Tels qu’au commencement j’en pleurai.’

The want of elevation is conspicuous wherever its presence

of this Essay; but we may be permitted to quote from it, as having received the corrections of the author, rather than from the article as it originally appeared in our pages.

is remarkable in the original. For want of harmony in rhythm, compare vv. 55—57 :—

‘And in its rear there came a troop so long
Of people, that I could not have believed
Death ever had disfeatured such a throng.’

For incorrectness, we may take v. 54 :—

‘a banner *not* mine eyes,
That circling with a rapidity moved along,
That all repose appeareth to misprise.’

This use of the ‘historical present’ is scarcely allowable in English. Again, in the next verse, *disfatta*, ‘unmade,’ is rendered ‘disfeatured;’ *il gran rifiuto*, ‘the great refuse;’ *ch’eran ivi*, ‘that therein thrived;’ *per lo fuoco lume*, ‘although their light is hoarse.’ Light never was, nor can be hoarse. Carlyle, with greater truth of feeling, renders it, ‘by the faint light;’ and Lamennais, ‘à cette faible lueur.’ It is a metaphor from species to species—from an obstruction in the voice to an obstruction in the atmosphere; and in such cases, where a translator must sacrifice either an expression or the sense, we may see by his choice whether he rests on the accidental, or penetrates to the essential, characteristics of the original. Again, v. 95. *Vuolsi così colà, dove si puote ciò che si vuole*: ‘This thing is willed in *such* a place *that* will is one with can,’ for ‘in *that* place *where*.’ V. 96. *e più non dimandare*—‘now speak not from the mark;’ (Carlyle, ‘and ask no more.’) V. 101. *Cangiar coloro e dibattero i denti*; (Carlyle, ‘Changed colour and chattered with their teeth;’ Lamennais, ‘Changèrent de couleur, et leurs dents claquèrent’), ‘Their colour drop, and teeth with teeth engage.’ And the description of Charon, vv. 109—111 :—

‘Caron dimonio, con occhi di bragia,
Loro accennando, tutte le raccoglie;
Batte col remo qualunque s’adagia;’

which is translated by Carlyle :—

‘Charon the demon, with eyes of glowing coal, beckoning them, collects them all; smites with his oar whoever lingers;’

and by Lamennais :—

‘Caron, d’un signe de ses yeux de braise, les rassemble toutes, et frappe de sa rame quiconque s’attarde;’

is thus given by Mr. Cayley :—

‘There with his eyes of *flame*, Charon the devil
Assembles them, with beck (instead of call),
And aye at each who lags *his oar is level*.’

The italics and marks of parenthesis are ours, to denote a wrong translation, a gratuitous insertion, and a weak periphrasis. *Flame* and glowing coal present two very different pictures; and it is possible to bring down an oar to the level of

a ghost, as well as a man, without striking him. The passage is thus translated by Philalethes:—

‘Charon, der Dämon mit den glühn’den Augen,
Winkt ihnen, und versammelt rings sie alle,
Schlägt mit dem Ruder Jeglichen, der zögert.’

Here, it will be seen, the force of the expression ‘occhi di bragia,’ is weakened, there being *no* word, probably, in German, which would give the full idea, and define the precise kind of glow that burned in Charon’s eyes. A better specimen of the same translator will be found above, vv. 82—87:—

‘Und siel’, es nahte gegen uns zu Schiffe
Ein Alter sich, weiss durch die greisen Haare,
Laut rufend: “Wel’ euch, ihr verruchten Seelen,
Hofft nimmermehr den Himmel zu erblicken,
Zum Ufer jenseits komm’ ich euch zu führen,
In ew’ge Finsterniss, in Frost und Gluthen.”’

This is a close and spirited version, giving us a good idea of the power of the translator, and of the flexibility and rhythmical character of the German language. Cayley’s is very inferior:—

‘And lo! within a bark approaching still
An old man, white with antiquated hide,
Who shouted, “Woe befall you, spirits ill!
By you shall heaven be never more descried.
I come to lead you to the further shore,
Eternal dark, that frost and fire divide.’

‘Still’ is an interpolation; *pelo* is not ‘hide,’ but ‘hair;’ ‘*prave*’ is ‘depraved,’ not ‘ill.’ ‘By you,’ &c., is put for ‘hope not ever to see heaven.’ The *dividing* of darkness between frost and fire is not a bad idea; but it is not in Dante.

Let us take another well-known passage of a similar kind—the description of Cerberus, and the third circle, ‘Inferno,’ Canto vi. 7^a—18. Cayley’s version of it is as follows.

- ‘I stand in the next circle of the rain,
Accursed, everlasting heavy, chill,
That never changes quality nor strain.
10. Great hail, and snows, and clouded water still
Go gushing down athwart the darksome air;
The land they fall upon dire steuches fill.
Cerberus, fell beast, uncouth beyond compare,
Howls like a hound, out of his threefold jaws.
15. Over the nation kept in water there.
His eyes vermillion are, his hands with claws,
His belly large, and black and greased his beard;
He rends the ghosts, and quarters them, and chaws.’

In this passage we cannot say that Mr. Cayley has improved upon his predecessors, Cary and Wright. V. 9. ‘regola e qualità mai non l’è nova,’ is rendered by Cary, ‘unchanged For ever, both in kind and in degree,’ clumsily enough, but faithfully. Mr. Wright is wider from the mark. Dr. Carlyle’s version is

perfectly literal—‘Its course and quality are never new;’ that of Lamennais less so, ‘Toujours la même, toujours elle tombe également.’ V. 10. ‘Grandine grossa’ is better rendered by Cary, ‘large hail’ than by ‘great hail.’ V. 11. ‘Go gushing’ may be intended to compensate for the loss of the alliteration in ‘Grandine grossa;’ but it is not happy. ‘Pute la terra,’ v. 12, gives the notion of the land resenting the shower, and is well translated by Cary—‘Stank all the land whereon that tempest fell:’ in Mr. Cayley’s translation the land appears passive. V. 14. ‘caninamente latra’ is properly rendered by Cary, ‘barks as a dog.’ Everybody knows that a dog *barks* in anger, and ‘*howls*’ in grief or pain. V. 15, ‘la gente,’ (Cary, ‘the multitude,’) is transformed by Mr. Cayley into ‘the nation.’ It simply means ‘those’ (Carlyle), ‘ceux’ (Lamennais). V. 18. ‘Graffia’ is not *rends*, but *clutches*, as Dr. Carlyle renders it; nor is ‘Scuoia’ *chaws* (!) but *flays*, as it is in Cary. In fact, there is no quality in which Mr. Cayley’s version of this passage is better than Cary’s, except that he renders line for line. So does Philalethes, and with infinitely more truth and propriety:—

‘Ich bin im dritten Kreise nur des Regens,
Des ew’gen, kalten, läst’gen, flucherfüllten,
Dem nie Gesetz, noch Eigenschaft sich wandelt.
Unreines Wasser, Schnee und schwerer Hagel
Ergiesst sich durch der Lüfte Finsternisse
Und Stank entsteigt der Erde, die es aufnimmt.
Das Unthier Cerberus, seltsam und wüthig,
Bellt aus drei Kehlen, nach der art der Hunde,
Die Menge an, die überschwemmt hier lieget,
Roth sind die Augen, schwarz der Bart und triefend,
Der Bauch geräumig und beklaut die Pforten,
Womit’s die Geister krallt, zerfleischt und viertheilt.’

Here is rhythm without sacrifice of force, and horrible grotesqueness without vulgarity. Dr. Carlyle and Lamennais also do full justice to the original, so far as the powers of the French and English languages extend; but it must be confessed that for the glories of devildom German is more expressive.

We may compare with this one more passage, in which Dante describes a black demon carrying a sinner on his shoulders, with such energy of vision that Michel Angelo took the idea, and introduced the figures in his ‘Last Judgment.’ Inf. xxi. 29—36. Cayley’s version is very fair:—

- ‘Then I beheld a black fiend beat
30 The rock behind us running. Woe is me!
How dreadful seemed his countenance to meet,
And with his port what savageness he blent.
With outspread wings, and lithe upon his feet:
His shoulder, which was sharp and eminent,
35 A sinner loaded with his haunches twain,
And he the *ankles* in his clutches pent.’

The *only* fault we should find with it is the rendering of 'il nerbò' ('the sinew,' Carlyle, *i. e.* the tendon of Achilles) by 'the ancles.' In Michel Angelo's design the sinner's face looks backwards: hence his heels, and not the forepart of the ancle, are grasped in the clutches of the demon. There is little doubt that he interpreted Dante truly. Philalthes is right on this point, and his version of the passage is capital:—

' . . . hinter uns sah ich in schnellem Laufe
Die klepp' ersteigen einen schwarzen Teufel.
Weh! wie so wild sein Antlitz war zu schauen,
Wie roh es schien in jeglicher Gebärde,
Die Schwingen ausgespannt und leichten Fusses;
Mit beiden Hüften lastete ein Sünder
Auf seinem hoh'n und spitz'gen Schulterpaare,
Und selbst hielt er umkrallt des Fusses Sehn' ihm.'

The translation of Lamennais satisfies the understanding perfectly, but not the ear: this is not the fault of the translator, but of the French language:—

' . . . derrière nous, je vis venir un diable noir courant sur la rocher.
' Ah! que d'aspect il était farouche! et qu'avec ses ailes déployées il me paraissait cruel dans sa contenance, et léger de pieds.'
' La pressant des deux hanches, un pêcheur chargeait son épaule élevée et pointue, et lui le tenait agrippé par le nerf des pieds.'

Let us now, quitting the domain of diabolic terrors, enter upon that of the human affections, in which no poet reigns more supreme than Dante. The episode of Francesca and Paolo is known to thousands who have never read a word of Dante. Deep tenderness, marvellous truth, and the subordination of human pity to Divine justice, combine to render it one of the most affecting, and most instructive scenes that a poet's pen has ever described. Painters and sculptors have vied with each other in the attempt to bring before the eye portions of the scene which Dante has brought so vividly before the imagination. The pencil of Flaxman and Ary Scheffer, and the chisel of Monti and Munro, have been employed about different portions of the subject. Rossetti, a name well known in connexion with Dante, has chosen several subjects for his inventive genius from Dante's story. But no one artist, to our knowledge, has ever represented adequately the 'Solo punto . . . che ci vinse.' Before the book was shut up, even before the kiss was given, there must have been a mental recognition on the part of each of the lovers, that the story they were reading was, in fact, their own story, describing the feelings which they had long felt, the natural tendency of impulses which had long moved them, but had either not been recognised or had been suppressed; there must have been a look—glance meeting glance

—when the individual recognition passed into a mutual one. Up to that time the course of their love had been like that of a stream underground, the existence of which is scarcely guessed at: there had been inward desire and ‘dolci pensieri,’ but no conscious step towards the rash and sinful act which brought the lovers ‘al doloroso passo:’ then came the seal of recognition—the kiss—and all restraint, all prudence was banished. The remainder is told ‘in quattro pennellati;’ and Dante sinks to the ground overcome by grief at the story told by the daughter of his friend and host, whom he had known in innocent girlhood at her father’s house, and who was cruelly sacrificed—nay, entrapped—to marry a man whom she could not but detest. If this digression should induce any artist to portray that mutual look of recognition in a manner worthy of the subject, we shall rejoice in having thrown out the suggestion. Of the translations of this celebrated episode, Cary’s is so good in point of tenderness and feeling that it leaves little to be desired. Wright also has given a very accurate and excellent version of it, with some interesting notes at the end of the first volume, relating to the family history of Guido da Polenta, and Dante’s friendly relation to him. Comparing the prose translations together, we find that Lamennais renders ‘per l’aer dal voler portate,’ v. 84, ‘d’un vol ferme traversant les airs,’ as if it were ‘dal volar,’ which would be a tautology after ‘volar,’ in the beginning of the verse. Carlyle gives ‘borne by their will:’ he also renders ‘affettuoso grido,’ ‘affectuous cry,’ choosing, apparently, to coin an English word rather than sacrifice an Italian one. The line, ‘Mi prese del costui piacer sì forte,’ is differently rendered by them; Dr. Carlyle’s version being, ‘Took me so strongly with delight in him;’ Lamennais, ‘M’éprit pour celui-ci d’une passion si forte.’ Neither, to our judgment, translates the line so well as Wright—‘So ravish’d me to think of pleasing him.’ By far the worst translation is Cayley’s, from whom we give the three lines entire:—

‘Love, who from loving none beloved reprieves,
So kindled me to *work his will again*,
That still, thou seest, my side *he* never leaves.’

All the best versions make Love the nominative case to ‘abbandona,’ not Paolo.

In line 130, ‘gli occhj ci sospinse,’ is translated by Dr. Carlyle, ‘urged our eyes to meet;’ more literally, and we think truly, by Lamennais, ‘mut nos regards.’ Suspicions raised their eyes, but did not bring them together, as all other translators would have us believe. Throughout the Canto, Lamennais’ version is marked by great precision, refinement, and intelligence. Dr. Carlyle’s is very close, and sternly conscien-

tious. Of Mr. Cayley's we have had one sample. Let us take another:—

- 'As soon as toward us on the blast they move,
- 80 I lift my voice, "O spirits harassed,
Come and speak with us here, if none *reprove*."
As doves that, by affection called, with spread
And moveless wings to their sweet nest repair,
Through the air gliding, by volition sped;
- 85 Thus from the troop, which Dido holds, they fare,
Approaching us across the air malign,
So strong the loving call had *reucht* 'em there.'

This is literal enough, save that 'reprove' is put for 'deny,' that it may rhyme with 'move.' But what shall we say of the murdering of that exquisite line, 'Si forte fu l'affettuoso grido,' the beauty of which induced Dr. Carlyle to admit even into his prose a word hitherto unknown to the English language? So far as bad taste can be called a fault, this is a fault of the deepest dye, unparalleled among the translator's fellow-labourers. Perhaps some, nearly as bad, might be found in the sequel of Mr. Cayley's version of this Canto; as lines 118—120:—

- 'But tell me, at the time of your sweet sighs,
How love, and by what token, did concede
That you the dubious passions might surmise?'

the baldness of which must strike every one. V. 132 is rendered, 'One only passage our *endurance quelled*;' as if love laid a regular siege to their hearts, and did not surprise them. Philalethes gives a much better rendering of the whole episode; as, for instance, v. 82, 'Quali colombi . . .'

- 'Wie Tauben stracks die Luft mit offenen Schwingen,
Wenn Sehnsucht sie zum süßen Neste hinlockt,
Durchfliegen, von dem eignen Trieb getragen,
So kamen aus der Schaar, wo Dido weilte,
Auf uns heran sie durch die argen Lüfte;
Denn mächtig war das Liebevolle Rufen.'

The rhythm of the last line is quite equal to the Italian. Again, v. 127, 'Noi leggevamo . . .'

- 'Wir lasen eines Tages zum Vergnügen
Von Lanzelot, wie Liebe ihn umstricket,
Wir waren ganz allein, und ohne Arges.
Zum öftern trafen schon sich uns're Blicke
Bei'm Lesen, und entfärbte uns das Antlitz;
Doch was uns ganz besiegt, war eine Stelle,
Als wir gehört, wie das erschnte Lächeln
Von so erhab'nen Liebenden geküsst ward;
Da küsste mich, der nie sich von mir trennet,
Ganz bebend auf den Mund. Zum Galeotto
Ward uns das Buch und Jener, der's geschrieben;
Am diesen Tage lasen wir nicht weiter.'

Although the bloom of the original is rubbed off by the

handling of the translator, the fruit, in such specimens as the last two, remains sound and sweet. A German reader would gain a very good idea of the *essential* beauties of Dante from the translation of Philalethes, and would feel that justice had been done to the powers of his native language as a vehicle for translation. Would that we could say the same of Mr. Cayley.

Let us turn to the tragic story of Ugolino, 'Inferno,' Canto xxxiii.

This is fairly translated by Cary, better by Wright, and pretty well, though unequally, by Cayley, who exhibits fewer faults than in Canto v., and these are mainly owing to the exigencies of rhyme. 'Muda,' v. 22 (*mew*), is rendered 'tower,' and 'bower' is inserted below to rhyme with it. V. 46, 'io senti' chiavarl' 'uscio di sotto,' ('I heard the outlet below locked,') 'I heard the turning of the key below.' V. 59, 'per voglia Di manicar,' 'for my maw,' ('par l'envie de manger,' Lamennais). V. 75. 'Poscia più che 'l dolor, potè il digiuno,' ('Puis, plus que la douleur, puissante fut la faim,' Lamennais,) is translated, 'And hunger then put anguish to the rout;' somewhat too freely. Dr. Carlyle remarks of this line in a note, that it may signify either 'Hunger did more than grief did,' *i.e.* killed me; 'or, 'Hunger had more power to compel, than grief to restrain me,' *i.e.* fasting overcame my senses, and made me die eating, as my poor children had invited.

Philalethes gives a close and, in all respects, satisfactory rendering of this touching scene. The following is a specimen:—

'Wir waren wach jetzt, und die Stunde nahte,
Wo man uns Speise sonst zu bringen pflegte;
Doch Jeder zweifelte ob seines Traumes,
Als unter uns des grausen Thurmes Thor ich
Zuschliessen hörte, droh ich meiner Sühnen
In's Angesicht sah, ohn' ein Wort zu sprechen,
Nicht weint' ich, so erstarrt war ich im Innern,
Doch Jene weinten, und mein Anselmuccio
Sprach: "Blickest mich so an; was hast du, Vater!"'

Mr. Cayley translates the same passage thus:—

'I wept, and now the hour was drawing near
At which our food was brought us commonly,
45 And each was by his dream involved in fear:
Whereas I heard the turning of the key
Below the horrid tower, mine eyes I throw
Upon my sons, but never word spoke we.
I wept not, so like stone I 'gan to grow;
50 But they did weep, and little Anselm said,
"Father, what ails thee, that thou starest so?"'

Line 43, 'Già cran desti,' is oddly translated 'I wept;' especially as the fact is contradicted afterwards, ver. 49.

Line 47, 'throw' for 'threw' probably is a concession to the

rhyme. By comparing the prose translations with the above, we shall see how much is sacrificed to metre and rhyme.

Dr. Carlyle's version is as follows:—

'They were now awake, and the hour approaching at which our food used to be brought us, and each was anxious from his dream, and below I heard the outlet of the horrible tower looked up; whereat I looked into the faces of my sons, without uttering a word. I did not weep; so stony grew I within. They wept; and my little Anselm said, "Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?"'

It would be difficult to point out a flaw in this. Lamennais is equally good:—

'Déjà ils étaient éveillés, et l'heure approchait où, de coutume, la nourriture on nous apportait, et, à cause de son rêve, chacun était en anxiété.

'Et j'entendis en bas sceller la porte de l'horrible tour, et de mes fils je regardai le visage, sans rien dire.

'Je ne pleurais pas, tant au dedans je fus pétrifié: ils pleuraient, eux; et mon petit Anselme dit: "Père, comme tu regardes! Qu'as-tu?"'

In a passage like the foregoing, where no difficulties of construction occur, the capabilities of prose and rhyme are not severely tested. But it is instructive to examine different translations of such a passage, because there can be little question of each translator's understanding the original. Consequently, any divergencies from the literal sense may fairly be put down to the score of rhyme and metre, leaving the translator answerable for faults of style. Yet, sometimes the absence of imagination in a translator—the want of power to conceive a scene, however vividly depicted by Dante—may stand in his way, and lead him into error. There is no grander image in the whole poem than that of the great Ghibelline chief, *Farinata degli Uberti*, 'Inf.' Canto x. 32. Lamennais compares Dante's conception of *Capaneo* with that of *Satan* in Milton's '*Paradise Lost*.' In pride, and in the constant gnawings of disappointed ambition, *Farinata* also resembles the fallen archangel, as drawn by Milton; but he has, moreover, a feeling of patriotism remaining, which gives to his character great nobleness. Dante introduces us to him in five lines,² which Wright translates:—

¹ For his part in the political struggles of the times, see Church's Essays 14.

² 'Vedi la Farinata che s'è dritto:
Dalla cintola in su tutto il vedrai.
Io avea già il mio viso nel suo fitto;
Ed ei s'ergea col petto e colla fronte,
Com'avesse lo Inferno in gran dispetto.'

' "Lo Farinata! upwards from the waist
 His form behold, apparent to thy view."
 Already on his face my eyesight fell;
 And he upreared his forehead and his breast,
 As if he felt supreme contempt of hell.'

The closeness of this version is a little spoiled by the rhyme; still, there is not much amiss, and the great idea is well expressed in the last verse. Now, let us see how Mr. Cayley improves upon his predecessor:—

' "Look! Farinata standeth there upright;
Down to the girdle he appears in view."
 "Already had I fixed on him my sight,
 And he stood working up his chest and head,
As 'twere a man that scorneth hell outright.'

The faults in this are marked by italics, and need not be dwelt upon. It is a refreshment to turn from so laboured and inadequate a version to Dr. Carlyle's vigorous prose:—

'Lo there, Farinata! who has raised himself erect. From the girdle upwards thou shalt see him all. Already I had fixed my look on his; and he was rising with a breast and countenance as if he entertained great scorn of hell.'

Dante's interview with Cavalcante de' Cavalcanti, which breaks in upon his discourse with Farinata, is somewhat better given by Mr. Cayley; but Wright's version is more faithful to the spirit of the original, and more readable. A translator may perhaps plead—'I am not Dante; he saw with the eye of the imagination; I can only see his images by the light of the understanding. A copy must be inferior to an original in 'point of conception.' Granted: but the copy should be careful in execution. It should not slur over acknowledged beauties, which are recognised by all as belonging to the poet's art. Every scholar knows how much depends upon the position and choice of words. When Horace wrote—

'Gaudes carminibus; carmina possumus
 Donare'—

he did not repeat the word *carmina* at the beginning of the second clause for nothing. And a translator who rendered the line—'You delight in verses; I can give you verses,' would not do justice to the original; still less one who dropped *carmina* in the second clause, as, 'You take delight in verses; well, I'll give you as many as you please.' Would not every reader of Horace say of such a translation—'It gives the sense, but it does not give the neatness of the original?' Faults of this kind are very common in Mr. Cayley. Let us take an example from the description of the 'tristi,'—'Inferno,' Canto vii. 121—124.

'Set fast in slime they say we lived in trouble
In that fair country which the sun makes gay,
And now we must in coal-black pool have double,
Such fumes of sloth we bore in heart away.'

Here are greater inaccuracies than in Cary's or Wright's translations, though the former translates '*nella belletta negra*,' '*in these murky settlements*.' 'Tristi' is not accurately rendered by 'in trouble,' nor is there any reason for substituting 'that fair country' for 'the sweet air.' The translation of '*ci attristiam*' seems to be taken from the witches' song in Macbeth,—'Double, double, toil and trouble;' but Mr. Cayley would have done better if he had followed the example of his predecessors, and repeated the same word. Dr. Carlyle's version gives the sense as well as the force of expression. 'Fixed in the slime they say; sullen were we in the sweet air, that is gladdened by the sun, carrying lazy smoke within our hearts; now lie we sullenly 'in the black mire.' That of Lamennais is equally close and scholarlike.

Let us now examine one or two passages where Dante's highest earthly inspiration—the love of his country,—is displayed. We will first take the description of Florence in the good old times, which Dante puts into the mouth of his ancestor, Cacciaguida, 'Paradiso,' Canto xv. 97. Mr. Cayley's version is as follows:—

'Florence, within that ancient boundary placed,
From which she taketh matin hours and noon,
Abode in peace yet, sober and shamefaced.
100 No crownets, and no tinsel'd ladies' shoon,
No chains, no girdles of such costliness
As oft the claims of person might impugn.
Nor yet did every daughter's birth distress
Her father, for the dower and nubile age
105 Not yet eschewed the mean for more and less.
No mansion yet was made a hermitage;
Not yet was by Sardanapalus shown
What wars a man may in the chamber wage.
Nor yet had Montemalo been outflown
110 By your Uccelatoi, which shall surpass
In being, swiftly, as if rose, o'erthrown.
I've seen Bellincion Berti girded pass
With bone and leather, and his lady fair
Depart unpainted from her looking-glass.
115 I've seen the Nerli's and the Vecchio's heir
In bull-hide, and their ladies to endure
To ply the needle and the yarn prepare.
O fortunates, and every she was sure
Of decent burial, and to leave her bed

'Fitti nell' lino dicon: Tristi fummo
Nell' aer dolce che dal sol s' alliegra,
Portando dentro accidioso fummo?
Or ci attristiam nella belletta negra.'

- 120 No Frankish commerce could the bridegroom lure.
 Then one, a-watching by the cradle's head
 I' th' language, that to parents giveth joy
 As soon as heard, things comfortable said;
 And one with flax and spindle would employ
- 125 Her fingers, and amongst her maidens *tell a*
 Tale of the Romans, Fesulæ, or Troy.
 As great a marvel Lupo *Santerello*
 Would then have been as Cincinnatus now,
 And as Cornelia would have been Cianghella.'

Now, if any one will compare this with Cary's translation, (which we have not time to do,) it will be evident that the two translators have gone on very different principles; the one only aiming at the essentials, the other at a combination of these with other qualities of a more external character. To Cary's successor this was, indeed, the only course open; for his version is all but entirely satisfactory. One falling off from the original—the substitute of 'lectured', for '*favoleggiava*'—has been remarked by Mr. Ruskin, than whom few writers have shown a truer appreciation of Dante. In all other respects Cary's translation leaves a faithful and adequate impression of the quiet beauty of the original.

What has Mr. Cayley added to this? rhyme, and a better substitute for '*favoleggiava*,'—'would tell a tale of;' but divided between the verses in a way that reminds one of Drunken Barnabee's journal, or Hudibras. He has translated one or two lines, which we have marked by italics, in such a way as to be scarcely intelligible to any reader without the Italian; and in so doing he sins against his own canon, (Preface, vol. i. p. xv.)—'A decided literary version should require no notes that are merely exegetic, and its text should be "in scipso totus, teres atque rotundus,"—in itself whole, round, and handy.' Now, we appeal to any unprejudiced reader whether the lines in italics present a text 'in itself whole, round, and handy.' Such a text is not even to be found in Lamennais, part of whose version we give:—

'Florence, au dedans de l'antique enceinte d'où elle entend encore tierce et none, vivait en paix, sobre et pudique.

'Elle n'avait ni chaîne ni couronne, ni femmes attifées, ni ceinture qui attirât les regards plus que la personne.

'La fille, en naissant, ne faisait point encore peur au père, le temps et la dot, en deçà et en delà, ne s'éloignant pas de la mesure.

'N'avait pas encore vaincu Montemalo, votre Uccellatoio, qui, comme il l'a vaincu à monter, le vaincra à descendre.'

To translate the above passage correctly is a sufficiently difficult task; but to attempt to explain in the text all the local allusions would be absurd. Lamennais gives some very concise and useful notes at the end of the volume. Phila-

lathes, in his very conscientious and truthful version, comprises an elaborate and useful commentary, explaining and illustrating the text. On the points where Cayley has broken down the German translator maintains his superiority: for instance, he renders v. 98 :—

‘ Von denen Terz’ und Non’ annoch es hernimmt.’

V. 103—105 :—

‘ Nicht machte, kaum geboren, schon dem Vater
Die Tochter Sorge, dass nicht Zeit und Mitgilt
Sich hier und dort vom Mass entfernen möchten.’

V. 109—111 :—

‘ Besiegt war Montemalo noch von eu’rem
Uccellatojo nicht, der, wie im Steigen
Er’s ward, besiegt euch wird im Sinken werden.’

And the richness of the German language, in words expressive of domestic joys, enables him to do justice to the beautiful lines 121—126 :—

‘ Die eine wachte sorglich an der Wiege
Und brauchte, lullend, jene Redeweise,
An der zuerst sich Väter fren’n und Mütter;
Die andere, den Faden zieh’nd am Rocken,
Erzählte Märchen, in der Ihr’gen Mitte,
Von Rom und Fiesole, und den Trojanen.’

From this peaceful description of Florentine life let us turn to the picture in the 6th Canto of the ‘Purgatorio.’ Virgil and Dante are seeking a path in order to ascend the mountain. At a distance they see a solitary figure.

‘ Towards him we came; “ Lombardish spirit, O,
How proud thou stoodest, irrespective, and
In moving of thine eyes august and slow!”
He spake no word to us, but as he scanned,
In manuer like a lion, taking rest,
And so let us approach, and kept his stand.’—Cayley.

This is one picture. Shortly afterwards the name of Mantua, uttered by Virgil’s lips, melts the cold, stern heart of Sordello :—

‘ And each one to embrace the other ran.’

At this second picture, exhibiting the force of patriotism, Dante breaks out into the impassioned exclamation :—

‘ Ahi serva Italia,’ &c.—v. 76.

which Mr. Cayley thus renders :—

‘ Ah, servile Italy, of griefs the door!
Thou ship unpiloted, on howling sea!
Not Lady over Provinces, but Whore!
This gentil spirit so alert could be,
At one short mention of his native land,
To make his fellow-townsmen jubilee,

The while no living men without war stand
 In thee, but one upon the other preys,
 Who by a common moat and wall are spanned.
 85 Search, thou unhappy one, around thy bays
 Thy fleets, and in thy bosom search again;
 What part of thee enjoyeth peaceful days?
 What boots it, that Justinian should thy rein
 Have shortened, if thy saddle no man fill?

And Philaethes:—

‘Weh’ dir, Italien, Slavien, Haus des Jammers,
 Schiff ohne Steuermann in grossem Sturme,
 Nicht Herrin der Provinzen mehr, nein, Metze!
 Also behend war jene edle Seele,
 Den süssen klang der Waterstadt nur hörend,
 Hier ihre Burger festlich zu begrüessen,
 Und jetzt sind sonder Krieg nicht die Lebend’gen
 In dir, und es benagen sich einander,
 Die eine Mauer einschliesst und ein Gräben.
 Such’, Jammervolle, ringsum an den Küsten
 All’ deiner Meer’ und scheu’ dir dann in’s Innere,
 Ob eine Stätt’ in dir sich freut des Friedens.
 Was frommt’s, dass hier den Zügel ausgebessert
 Justinianus, wenn das Sattel leer ist?
 Wär’ ohnediess geringer doch die Schande!’

And Lamennais:—

‘Hélas! serve Italie, séjour de douleur, navire sans pilote dans une grande tempête, non maîtresse de provinces, mais bouge infâme!

‘Au seul doux nom de sa patrie, ainsi fut prompte cette noble âme à accueillir son concitoyen :

‘Et en toi, maintenant, jamais ne sont sans guerre tes vivants, et se dévorent l’un l’autre ceux qu’enferment un même mur et un même fossé.

‘Cherche, malheureuse, sur les rivages que baignent tes mers, puis regarde en ton sein, si de toi aucune partie jouit de la paix.

‘A quoi ton Justinien repara-t-il ton frein, si le siège est vide? La honte n’en est que plus grande.’

In these three translations we advance from less to greater accuracy, in proportions as we throw off the fetters of rhyme and metre. However, in Philaethes there is no fault to find. Cayley’s version is less close than Cary’s; but it is spirited, and the faults are very slight.

A few lines further on, v. 93, ‘Se bene intendi ciò che Dio ti notà!’ Mr. Cayley has a strange construction, which, even if admissible, is very awkward:—

‘If well ye note, how God you writes his will!’

Philaethes has:—

‘Wenn wohl du fasstest, was dir Gott bestimmet!’

And Lamennais:—

‘Si tu entends bien ce que Dieu te déclare!’

Dante then apostrophises Albert of Austria, son of the Emperor Rodolph, who refused to enter Italy, and heaps execrations on his head, calling upon him at the same time to come and heal their internal disorders.

‘Come see the Montague and Capulet,
Monaldis, Filipeskis, fashless king!
These in misgivings, those in wanhope set.
Come see, thou cruel lord, this harassing
Of thy good peers; regard their griefs, and see
If Sanctaflöre at peace be sojourning?
Come see thy Rome; forlorn and widowed, she
Is pouring tears, and calling, night and day,
“My Kesar, why dost thou not walk with me?”’—*Cayley*.

Philalethes translates the passage:—

‘Komm’ her und sieh’ Montecch’ und Cappelletti,
Sorgloser Mann, Monald’ und Filippeschi,
In Noth schon len’ und Dicke voll Befürchtung.
Grausamer, komm’ und sieh’ die Unterdrückung
All’ deiner Edeln, komm’ und heil’ ihr Leiden,
Und sieh’n wirst du, wie sicher Santaflor ist!
Komm’ her und sieh’, wie deine Roma weinet,
Die einsam, eine Wittwe, Tag und Nacht ruf:
“Mein Caesar, was doch ein’st du dich mit mir nicht?”’

And Lamennais:—

‘Viens voir les Montecchi et les Cappelletti, les Monaldi et les Filippeschi, homme insouciant, les premiers abattus déjà, et les autres dans la crainte.

‘Viens, cruel, viens, et vois l’oppression de tes nobles, et pause leurs blessures; tu verras Santaflor, comme on y est en sécurité.

‘Viens voir ta Rome, qui pleure, veuve, seule, et jour et nuit t’appelle :
“Mon César, pourquoi me délaisses-tu?”’

These are all good specimens of translation. Cayley has enriched his vocabulary by a north-country epithet (‘fashless’), and by a good old English word (‘wanhope’), for which *despair* is commonly used. A few lines below he gives an interpretation of ‘parteggiando viene,’ (‘comes to carve their food’), the correctness of which we much question. Dante is comparing the plebeian Guelph leaders to Marcellus, who, in the civil war between Pompey and Cæsar, took part against the latter. Philalethes gives a more probable version: ‘und Partei ergreifet;’ and Lamennais: ‘aux parties se mêle.’

Next follows the famous address to the poet’s native city, in which tenderness and bitter irony are so wonderfully blended. ‘Fiorenza mia,’ &c.:—

‘Beloved my Florence, thou wilt not be jealous
Of this digression, which concerns thee not,
(Thank thy good commons, who for that are zealous.)

130 Many at their heart have justice, but ’tis shot
Late out, for prudence puts it off the bow;

- Thy people have it on their tongue-tips got.
 Many refuse the public loads, but no!
 Thy people answereth, before we call,
 135 With right good will, and shouts, "I'll undergo."
 And now exult, for thou hast wherewithall!
 Art not at peace, and opulent, and wise?
 I speak the truth; plain fact avoucheth all.
 Athens and Sparta, though they could devise
 140 The laws antique, and had such culture won,
 Did the best life but poorly realise
 Compared to thee, who dost thy measures run
 So fine, that till the eleventh of December
 Reacheth not what was in October spun.
 145 How often since the time thou canst remember
 Hast thou laws, monies, customs, offices,
 Changed, and regenerated every member.
 But if thy mind collects itself, and sees
 A glimpse of light, thou'lt in thyself discern
 150 A sick girl, that on down-bed hath no ease,
 But sends her pain with many a toss and turn."—*Gayley*.

Philalethes translates the passage thus:—

- 'O mein Florence, zufrieden kannst mit dieser
 Abschweifung du wohl sein; die dich nichts angeht,
 Dark's deinem Volk,' das so viel Kluges aussinnt,
 In manchem wohnt Gerechtigkeit, doch spät geht
 Sie los, weil er mit Vorsicht spannt den Bogen,
 132 Doch auf der Zungenspitze hat dein Volk sie.
 Gar mancher lehnt die öffentliche Bürd' ab,
 Allein dein Volk antwortet ungerufen
 Voll Aemsigkeit und schreit: "Ich unterzieh' mich."
 So sei denn Fröhlich: denn du hast wohl Ursach',
 Du reich', du voll des Friedens, du voll Einsicht,
 138 Ob wahr ich spreche, Zeigt sich an der Wirkung.
 Athen und Lacedaemon, die, der alten
 Gesetzte Mutter, so geregelt waren,
 Sie geben gegen dich geringe Proze
 Der Wohlfahrt nur, die du so fein erdachte
 Satzungen mach'st dass bis Novembers Mitte
 144 Nicht reicht, was im October du gesponnen.
 Wie oft hast du, so weit zurück du denkst,
 Gesetz' und Münz' und Obrigkeit und Sitte
 Gewechselt und erneuert deine Glieder,
 Und wenn du recht besinnst dich, und dir's klar wird,
 So wirst du seh'n, dass du dem Kranken gleichest,
 150 Der, keine Ruhe findend, auf den Federn
 Umher sich wälztend, Schutz sucht vor der Schmerzen.

And Lamennais:—

'Ma Florence, bien peut te plaire cette digression, que ne te touche point, grace à ton peuple qui tant raisonne.
 Plusieurs ont la justice dans le cœur, mais tard en sort-elle pour ne pas venir inconsiderément sur l'arc; ton peuple l'a sur les lèvres.
 Plusieurs refusent le fardeau de la chose commune; mais le peuple empressé répond sans qu'on l'appelle, et crie: "Je m'en charge!"

‘Réjouis-toi donc, tu as bien de quoi; tu es riche, tu as la paix, tu as l’intelligence; et vraiment l’effet le montre assez.

• ‘Athènes et Lacédémone, qu’établirent les anciennes lois et furent si policées, du bien vivre donnèrent un maigre exemple.

‘Près de toi, qui prends de si habiles mesures, qu’a la mi-Novembre n’arrive pas ce que tu files en Octobre.

‘Combien de fois, depuis le temps dont tu as mémoire, as-tu changé, en toutes leurs parties, lois, monnaies, offices et coutumes?

‘Si bien tu te souviens et n’es pas aveugle, tu le verras semblable à cette malade qui ne peut trouver de repos sur la plume.

‘Mais qui, en se tournant, s’escrime contre sa douleur.’

These are three good specimens of translation: that of Mr. Cayley is for him unusually good. Philaethes alters the gender of the invalid. Instead of comparing Florence to ‘a sick girl,’ as Cassius did the mighty Cæsar in his ague-fit, he substitutes the image of a sick man. Lamennais preserves his even quality; scrupulous in giving the exact meaning, and always ready to do justice to an idiomatic turn or expression.

In the last line *scherma* is rendered by him ‘s’escrime contre,’ (‘fences against,’) which is closer than Philaethes’ ‘Schutz sucht,’ and more expressive than Mr. Cayley’s ‘fends her pain.’

Let us now follow Dante into a region of higher inspiration. The interview with Piccarda Donati is one of the most lovely episodes in the poem. For heavenly purity and serenity of thought it is almost unequalled. Dante meets Piccarda in the moon, among other figures, whose shadowy, dream-like forms are thus described. ‘Quali per vetri’ (Par. Canto iii. 10—21):—

- 10 ‘As through transparent and smooth glass, or through
Some undisturbed expanse of waters bright,
(Yet not so deep as makes them downward blue,)
Return the pictured objects of our sight
So faintly, that the gleam is not more weak
- 15 Of pearl in midst of maiden temples white,
So saw I many a brightness fain to speak,
Which made me fall in quite a different error
From that which *passioned* for the stream the Greek;
For these I deemed reflections of a mirror,
- 20 Which made me on the sight mine eyes incline,
That whence they came I might perceive *the nearer*.—Cayley.

Here ‘persi,’ v. 12, is incorrectly rendered *blue*; and ‘maiden,’ v. 15, is an insertion; ‘to passion,’ v. 18, is an unusual verb active; and the rhymes are questionable; ‘nearer,’ being moreover, an insertion. Lamennais renders the passage:—

‘Telle qu’a travers des vers transparents et polis, ou des eaux limpides et tranquilles, non si profondes que le fond ne s’aperçoive pas,

‘De notre visage l’image revient si faible, que moins fortement ne vient pas frapper nos pupilles une perle sur un front blanc.’

'Telles vis-je plusieurs faces se préparant à parler ; d'où je tombais dans l'erreur contraire à celle qui alluma l'amour entre l'homme et la fontaine.

' Aussitôt que je les aperçus, pensant que ce fussent des figures peintes en un miroir, pour voir de qui elles étaient je tournai les yeux.'

And Philalethes :—

'Wie aus durchscheinend hellem Glase oder
Aus einem Wasser, glatt und unbeweglich,
Das nicht so tief ist, das der Grund entschwinde,
Der Umriss uns'res Angesicht's zurückkehrt
So schwach, dass eine Perl' auf weisser Stirne
Nicht minder früh erreicht uns're Augen,
So sah ich wortbereit mehr als ein Antlitz,
D'roh ich in einen Wahn fiel, dem entgegen,
Der zwischen Mensch' und Quell' hat Lieb entzündet,' &c.

'Persi,' v. 12, has not received justice in any of the three versions quoted. Cary renders it literally, 'dark : ' it signifies a dark colour; and, though water of which you cannot see the bottom usually looks dark, the word ought to have its true meaning. The reference in v. 18 is, it need scarcely be observed, to Narcissus, who took a shadow for a reality, as Dante took realities for shadows, or rather reflections. Encouraged by Beatrice to speak to the figures, Dante addresses the most conspicuous : 'O ben creato spirito,' &c. (vv. 37—51)

40 "O well-created soul, which in the Sun
Of life eternal dost that sweet partake,
Which, not partook, is understood by none ;
Thou wilt be highly gracious, if thou make
Me with thy name acquainted, and your lot."
Then promptly, and with beaming eyes, she spake ;
"Our charity, O my brother, shutteth not
Its gate on just desires, else would it lean
On Him no more, who all his court with what
He is, would liken ; I on earth have been
A sister plighted, and if thou regard
Me carefully, much beauty shall not screen
My sameness, but thou'lt recognise Piccarda,
50 Who placed among these others here, am blest
I th' sphere, which doth his orbit most retard."—Cayley.

'O ben creato spirito,' v. 37, is also translated literally by Philalethes, 'O wohlerschaffner Geist.' Lamennais, we think, gives the essential meaning better in his version, 'O esprit élu.' Neither he nor Philalethes fall into Mr. Cayley's blunder of rendering 'ai rai,' in the Sun. Piccarda was in the moon, and Dante knew it ; so also must Mr. Cayley : but, like Petruchio, he declares 'it is the blessed sun.' Of course he uses *sun* in a metaphorical sense; but the ambiguity would be better avoided. 'Partook,' v. 39, is put, it seems, for *partaken*. Both Lamennais and Philalethes give these lines with absolute correctness; and both explain the last line in a note, showing that, as Dante believed all the planets to accomplish one revo-

lution in the same time, the moon, having the least orbit, must move slowest. A little farther on, Dante having asked Piccarda whether she desired no higher happiness :—

- ‘She smiled not long with all her blissful quire,
Then answered me anon, as joyous-blest
As though she burned in Love’s supremest fire.
70 “Our wills, O brother mine, are set at rest
By power of charity, which makes us will,
For nought else thirsting, only things possess.
If we should crave to be exalted still
More highly, then would not our wills agree.
75 With His, who granteth us the place we fill;
Which in these orbs impossible must be,
If all to live in charity are bound,
And if its nature thou dost rightly see,
For ’tis of that blest thing the very ground,
80 That in the will of God we govern ours,
Which from the twain doth one sole will compound.
So that as we live here from *bowers to bowers*
Distributed, the realm doth each one please;
Pleasing that king, who makes his own will ours.
85 In his good pleasure we have each his peace;
This is the mainsea, whereto all things bear
That he creates, and Nature’s whole increase.”—Cayley.

This translation gives a very fair idea of the original; but no equivalent is given to *qui*, v. 77, which takes away from the force of the original; and ‘from bowers to bowers’ does not give the idea of ‘*di soglia in soglia*,’ which Philaethes rightly translates, ‘*von Grad zu Grad*,’ and Lamennais, ‘*de seuil en seuil*,’ giving as a gloss in a note, ‘*de sphère en sphère*.’

We must now take leave of Philaethes, of whose accurate, learned, and vigorous translation his countrymen may well be proud. It shows that a literal version in blank verse may be attempted successfully. It shows the fruits of deeper study, and greater powers of mind, than the translation—similar in form—of our countryman Cary; and it exhibits the power and flexibility of the German language in a way that demands our admiration and respect. None but a greater master of his own language—a Schiller or Goethe—could have attempted more with greater success.

In the brief space that remains we should wish to draw our readers’ attention to points of comparison between Cary and Mr. Cayley, taking with us, as a standard of reference, the translation of Lamennais. We have already parted from Mr. Wright; and although no apology is needed for this, (as we did not profess to review his translation,) a word of acknowledgment is due for the thoroughly conscientious spirit which he has brought to the task, and for the ability with which he has executed it.

Let us now turn to the Introduction to Canto *xxiii.*—the passage which introduces the Vision of the Church triumphant. (Par. Canto *xxiii.*)

Cayley:—

- ‘As when the bird among the boughs beloved,
 Keeping beside her darlings’ nest her seat,
 By night when things are from the view removed,
 That sooner she the dear ones’ looks *may* meet,
 5 And that by which she feeds them *to* purvey,
 Counting for them her anxious labour sweet,
 Forestalls the hours upon the unsheltered spray,
 And waits the sun with burning eagerness,
 Poring with fixed eye for the peep of day,
 10 So my heart’s Lady stood erect, no less
 Intent, and gazing firmly on the tract,
 By which the sun least hurried seems to press;
 Whilst I, beholding her engrossed and rapt,
 Became as one desirous to obtain,
 15 And solaced in but hoping what he lackt.’

Cary:—

- ‘E’en as the bird who midst the leafy bower
 Has, in her nest, sat darkling through the night,
 With her sweet brood, impatient to descry
 Their wished looks, and to bring home their food,
 5 In the fond quest, unconscious of her toil:
 She, of the time convenient, on the spray
 That overhangs their couch, with wakeful gaze
 Expects the sun; nor ever, till the dawn,
 Removeth from the East her eager ken;
 10 So stood the Dame erect, and bent her glance
 Wistfully on that region where the sun
 Abateth most his speed; that seeing her
 Suspense and wondering, I became as one
 In whom desire is waken’d, and the hope
 15 Of somewhat new to come fills with delight.’

Lamennais:—

‘Comme l’oiseau qui repose entre les feuilles ~~amées~~, près du nid de ses doux nouveau-nés, pendant la nuit qui nous cache les choses,
 ‘Pour jouir de leur vue désirée, et pour les chercher la pâture, en quoi agréables lui sont les dures fatigues,
 ‘Devance l’heure sur la plus haute branche, et avec un ardent désir attend le soleil, et fixement regarde, épiant la naissance de l’aube;
 ‘Ainsi près de moi, debout et attentive, se tenait ma Dame, tournée vers la plage sous laquelle le soleil montre le moins de hâte;
 ‘De sorte que, la voyant, suspendue en une vive attente, j’étais comme celui qui, désirant, voudrait ce qu’il n’a pas, et espérant s’apaiser.’

So far, we think Cayley’s decidedly superior to Cary’s; it is closer, and truer, and tolerably flowing, except for the awkwardness in the change of the construction in lines 4 and 5: ‘*That* sooner she the dear ones’ looks *may* meet, and that by ‘which she feeds them *to* purvey,’ which reads like bad grammar,

if it is not really so. Dante has the two verbs in the same mood, 'per veder,' and 'per trovar;' Lamennais also, '*pour jouir de leur vue,*' and '*pour chercher leur pâture.*' Carey also, '*to descrie* their wished looks,' and '*to bring home* their food.' Why did not Mr. Cayley write '*may purvey*?' We trace here and there indications of his not being a very exact scholar. In his preface there are mistakes in grammar, and awkwardnesses in the construction of some of his sentences so decided as to be apparent to every reader. One may excuse a little slovenliness in conversation or in letter-writing, but not in a translation of Dante. The above is not a good specimen of Cary; it is diluted, and rather pompous. Neither he nor Cayley have quite caught the force of '*l'aperta frasca.*' The mother-bird chooses the branch the most open to the sky, that no leaf nor twig may intercept her eager gaze. Lamennais is the most true, in rendering it '*la plus haute branche.*' Cayley's, 'the unsheltered spray,' suggests a different idea; and Cary's is not a translation of the original at all,—'the spray that overhangs their couch.' The latter has also substituted, for the '*ardente affetto*' with which the bird awaits the dawn, 'wakeful gaze,' which is by no means an improvement.

(To continue)—Cayley:—

- 'But 'twas not long between the moments twain
When I began to wait, and to behold
The heavens of brightness more and more to gain;
"Lo! there," said Beatrice, "the ranks unfold
20 Of Christ His triumph, there the fruit entire
Is gathered in, for which these orbs have roll'd."
Methought that all her aspect shone like fire,
And so exulting did her eyes appear
That I to phrasing it no more aspire.'

Cary:—

- 'Short space ensued: I was not held, I say,
Long in expectance, when I saw the heaven
Wax more and more resplendent, and, "Behold!"
Cried Beatrice, "the triumphal hosts
20 Of Christ, and all the harvest gathered in
Made ripe by these revolving spheres;" meseemed
That while she spoke, her visage all did burn,
And in her eye such fulness was of joy,
As I am fain to pass unconstrued by.'

Lamennais:—

'Mais peu fut d'intervalle entre l'un et l'autre temps, je dis entre l'attendre, et voir le ciel devenir de plus en plus brillant.

'Et Beatrice dit: "Voici l'arrivée du Christ triomphant, et tout le fruit recueilli du mouvement de ces sphères."

'Son visage me parût tout en feu, et d'allégresse ses yeux étaient si pleines, que je dois passer sans plus de discours.'

This is better; pretty well in both the English versions. Mr. Cayley's grammar is again doubtful in 'between the mo-

'ments twain *when I began to wait and to behold.*' It should be, 'when I began to wait, and *when I beheld.*' But his verses would not admit of that.

The last passage which we shall select is the description of the vision of the souls of the blessed in the empyrean heaven. (Par. Canto xxxi.)

Cayley:—

- 'In form as a white rose the sanctified
Host therefore was presented to mine eye,
Whom Christ had bleeding taken for His Bride.
But their associates, whose it is to fly
5 And hymn and laud the Goodness which their powers
Gave, and the glory they're enamoured by,
As when a swarm of bees amongst the flowers
Awhile dip, and another while return
Where the sweet labour swelleth in their bowers,
10 Alighted on that ample flower superne,
Glorious with many leaves, then sallied higher
Where of their love the Lord doth aye sojourn.'

Cary:—

- 'In fashion as a snow-white rose lay there
Before my view the saintly multitude
Which in His own blood Christ espoused. Meanwhile
That other host, that soar aloft to gaze
5 And celebrate His glory whom they love,
Hovered around; and like a troop of bees
Amid the vernal sweets alighting now—
Now clustering where their fragrant labour glows.
Flew downward to the mighty flower, or rose
10 From the redundant petals, streaming back
Unto the steadfast dwelling of their joy.

Lamennais:—

'En la forme donc d'une rose blanche se montrait à moi la sainte milice
que dans son sang le Christ épousa.

'Mais l'autre, qui, volant voit et chante la gloire de celui qui l'énamoure,
et la bonté qui la créa si excellente,

'Comme un essain d'abeilles qui tantôt se plonge dans les fleurs, tantôt
retourne là où son travail prend de la saveur,

'Descendait dans la grande fleur, qui s'orne de tant de feuilles, et de là
rémontait où son amour toujours séjourne.'

The beginning of this of Cayley's is awkward; the noun is disjoined from its adjective, 'sanctified' being in one line, and 'host' in the next; and the conjunction 'therefore,' instead of following the first substantive, is kept back. Cary's is much more elegant; also his expression 'that other host' is more literal and comprehensible than Cayley's 'their associates.' There were two hosts—one, the saints espoused in Christ's blood—the other, the angels: but Cary takes the liberty of leaving out altogether, 'La bonta che la fece cotanta.' His translation is often rather free; and by the modern school, and lovers of Browning,

parts would be thought a little in the 'lute-string' style, such as 'amid the vernal sweets alighting now;' which reminds one rather of Pope's and Dryden's days. But there is a medium between this and the affected quaintness and careless word-inventing of many of the young poets of this day.

Though Cayley's faults are in general caused by his having hampered himself with the necessity of rhyming, yet sometimes, it seems to us, he steps out of his way to be quaint and odd when there is no need for it. He might often be more simple. If we wished to give a friend who did not know Italian some idea of the exquisite beauty of this Canto, we should give him Cary's translation and not Cayley's.

Lamennais' is as literal as possible. Indeed, his translation is, on the whole, so faithful throughout, that it may serve as a test to try the faithfulness of others; but it is not equally beautiful in sound: there is a poverty in the French language which strikes coldly on one's ear: it is not a language for a highly imaginative poem, nor for a subject so noble, and almost beyond the reach of words. Had it been otherwise, the French language would not have been, as it is, without a really great poem.

Dante has an advantage over all his translators in his power of expressing in *one* word what they are obliged to render into half-a-dozen: for instance, 's' inffiora' is translated by Lamennais, 'qui se plonge dans les fleurs;' by Philaethes, 'sich in die Blumen einsetzet;' by Cayley, amongst the flowers dip;' and by Cary, as we have seen, 'amid the vernal sweets alighting.' Also again: 's' insapora' Lamennais renders 'prend de la saveur;' Philaethes, 'lieblichen Geschmack erlanget;' Cayley, 'swelleth in their bowers;' (*bowers* being quite superfluous, and only inserted to rhyme with flowers:) Cary, 'glows,' which requires the 'fragrant' before 'labour' to give it the meaning of the original.

(To continue) — Cayley:—

- 'Their faces all were like as living fire,
- Their wings were golden, and the rest so white,
- 15 That never snows in whiteness mounted higher.
- Descending on the flower, from height to height
- They flew, depositing of the peace and love
- Whose fire they had been fanning in their flight:
- Nor did the entering 'twixt the part above
- 20 And flower, of all that multitude on wing,
- Impair the sight or gloriousness thereof;
- For God's voice in the universe doth ring,
- Ever as it merit finds in every place;
- Check can it never find, nor limiting'

Cary :—

‘ Faces had they of flame, and wings of gold ;
The rest was whiter than the driven snow :
And as they flitted down into the flower,
From range to range, fanning their plummy loins,
Whisper’d the peace and ardour which they wore
From that soft winnowing. Shadow none, the vast
Interposition of such numerous flight
Cast from above upon the flower, or view
Obstructed aught. For, through the universe,
Wherever merited, celestial light
Glides freely, and no obstacle prevents.’

Lamenhais :—

‘ Leurs faces étaient de flamme vive, leurs ailes d’or, et le reste, d’une telle blancheur, qu’il n’est point de neige qui l’égale.

‘ Lorsque dans la fleur de siège en siège ils descendaient, ils y versaient de la paix et de l’ardeur qu’ils produisent en eux agitant leur ailes.

‘ Le vol d’une si grande multitude interposée entre la fleur et ce qui est au-dessus, ne voilait ni la vue, ni la splendeur,

‘ Car la lumière divine pénètre dans l’univers autant qu’il en est digne, tellement que rien ne lui fait obstacle.’

Mr. Cayley’s here is very good, except that he loses entirely the carrying out of the beautiful idea of there being no shadow or impediment to light, and sight of the company of the redeemed, by the interposition of the angel hosts. Naturally, such a cloud of forms would have cast those underneath into shade ; but no, the Divine light is of so pervading and piercing a nature that nothing impedes it—a conception worthy of the poet. But Mr. Cayley most unwarrantably and needlessly changes the figure, and says the *sight* and *brightness* were not impeded, *because the voice* of God so *rings* through the universe that nothing opposes it. Voice is not *seen* but *heard*, and the *hearing* might not prevent the shadow thrown by angel forms. This is a great mistake in conception. In Cary’s the thought is made somewhat clearer by expansion, but force is lost. ‘ Fanning their plummy loins,’ and the ‘ soft winnowing,’ are not in Dante. Indeed, it rests solely on Cary’s authority that the angels’ *loins* had feathers on them, wings being generally worn on the shoulders.

A few brief remarks, and we have done. We have carefully examined the translations of Dante, comparing them with each other and with the original. Our method has not been that of a reviser, whose business it is to look out for mistakes. We have rather selected fair passages—specimens of Dante’s genius and style—that our readers may be able to judge with us how far the translators have respectively given the spirit of the original. Had our limits been greater, we should have wished

to draw attention to some of those descriptive bits which Mr. Church has collected in his 'Essay ;' especially to those beautiful descriptions near the end of the 'Purgatorio,' where Rachel and Leah are introduced as the symbols of contemplative and active life, and where Beatrice's appearance to Dante is set forth (Canto xxx). But we think enough insight into the subject has been obtained to establish certain results. Respecting the aim of the translators, it appears that those who confine themselves to the task of rendering Dante's thoughts succeed in their object with greater certainty than those who attempt more. Dr. Carlyle and Lamennais are both repaid for what they sacrifice. Both are very truthful and accurate. The one, perhaps, is the more resolute in facing difficulties ; the other, more acute in piercing through them. Lamennais presents an easier text to the reader than Dr. Carlyle. He is a translator of a more *essential* order than the latter, who adheres more to verbal accuracy, yet shows in his notes how deeply he has studied, and how thoroughly he understands, the original. In form, also, the translation of Lamennais is more convenient than that of Dr. Carlyle. He gives the Italian text on the left, the French on the right page, reserving his notes to the end of the volume. Dr. Carlyle prints the English and Italian text and notes, one under the other, on the same page, which is less agreeable to the eye. At the same time he exhibits a much more correct text than Lamennais, whose Italian is full of mistakes, from want of proper correction. Lamennais prefixes an introduction to his first volume, which is an excellent guide to the study of Dante, though not to doctrinal truth ; for he abjures all revelation about the condition of the wicked in a future state, and quotes Plato's 'Gorgias' as the highest source of information existing on this subject before the time of Dante. He also abuses as heretics all who do not believe in Purgatory, with an especial fling at the Calvinists, which is not to be wondered at in a 'good Catholic.'

We have spoken of Philalethes and his aim : Mr. Cayley remains. We have in the foregoing pages pointed out some of his defects : let us bear testimony, before we conclude, to his pains-taking diligence, and the genuine good faith in which he has set about his task. He is fully convinced that no one translator before him has done justice to Dante : that a perfect translation is achievable, and that he is the man to do it. Nay, he almost tells us, on the authority of Professor Rossetti, that he has done it.

This is what we cannot allow. Had he attempted less, he might have done more. Certainly, with more prudence, he might have shrunk from adventuring himself on dangerous

ground; and with more refined taste, and a more scholarlike mind, he might have got safely over it. His chief faults are not faults of understanding, but of taste. He has more sympathy for the grotesque than for the lovely and elevated parts of the '*Divina Commedia*.' Had his version been the original, no one—not even Mr. Cary—would have refused to let it be called '*Commedia*;' but it would never have been entitled '*Divine*.' He is more capable of entering into the force of a simile like the '*vecchio sartor, che fa la cruna*,' than the celestial rose in the '*Paradiso*.' He speaks of the approval of friends. Had he shown it to some good English scholar—not a learned man, but a sensible English man or woman, who speaks and writes the language with purity, and taken their corrections, or himself corrected the parts they objected to as being in bad taste, or obscure—it might have been better. It is very unequal, and will bear revision. In a second edition most of the faults might be cured. Then it might be said that the experiment of reproducing Dante in an English dress had been tried. At present it cannot. After all, we must adhere to Dante's own opinion, that his thoughts, when once set in a particular mould, cannot be transferred to another without losing much of their original beauty. And any attempt to replace this by borrowed charms we regard as no less futile than trying to restore the bloom on a grape, or the down upon the wings of a butterfly, after they 'have handled been awhile,' and their surface destroyed.

This does not detract from the merit of such translations as that of Lamennais, who may now claim to be the best exponent in a foreign language of Dante's thought; nor that of Dr. Carlyle, who, when he has finished his work, may claim to be placed side by side with him on a similar pedestal; nor that of Philalethes, who deserves, in our opinion, the reputation of having produced the best metrical translation of the '*Divina Commedia*.'

In giving the palm to foreigners, we do not wish to appear unjust to our countrymen, Cary, Wright, and Cayley. Although there are faults in all of them, we have no hesitation in saying that they have contributed much to the study of Dante in this country. With different aims, they have all succeeded, more or less, in one object—that of making the English reader understand, in some degree, why it is that Italians and Italian scholars lavish so much admiration on Dante; and why he is talked of in our day as the greatest of all Christian poets—the noblest exponent of the faith and religious life of the Middle Ages.

ART. VI.—*The Will, Divine and Human.* By THOMAS SOLLY, Barrister-at-Law, of the Middle Temple, and Lecturer on the English Language and Literature at the University of Berlin, late of Caius College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co. 1856.

WE had thought that the fundamental question of all moral science had been a settled point, at least amongst Christian philosophers. We are sorry, therefore, to see the question reopened as it has been by Mr. Solly; still more do we regret that so able and candid a writer should have been induced to give his sanction to a theory utterly untenable, and, as we hoped, entirely exploded. The conclusion at which this author's elaborate investigation has at length brought him, stated in his own language, is, that the Divine will has from all eternity made the Divine character, and that God has assumed the goodness freely, and not found it imposed upon Him by any form of necessity. He regards it, moreover, as a conclusion from which it is impossible to escape, that God has made morality, not found it; that moral perfection is a Divine attribute, freely adopted by God's will, not imposed upon it. We need scarcely say that we object to the manner of stating the alternative, but have preferred giving the author's own words, that there may be no room to accuse us of misrepresenting him. Moreover, we wish to point out the fallacy involved in the mode of expression, one which Mr. Solly would be the last person to take advantage of, but which we are sure is calculated to mislead an incautious reader, who might easily take the expressions 'found it' and 'imposed upon it' to imply, that if he did not admit the will of God as the ultimate principle of the laws of morality, he must find them in something external to the Divine nature.

It might be thought superfluous to notice this attempt to revive the exploded theory of Des Cartes, but we cannot refrain from saying a few words on the subject before we go on to notice some other parts of this volume which meet with our warmest sympathy, and which we recommend to such of our readers as take an interest in questions of metaphysics and moral philosophy. And, indeed, Mr. Solly's philosophical powers are of so high an order, and there is so unmistakable a tone of earnestness about his writing, that his expressed opinion will naturally be considered to possess great weight; and what we

consider the general correctness of his views, as expressed in the earlier part of the volume, will, we fear, carry many readers beyond the point at which we feel obliged to part company with him. Attentive readers will, we think, subscribe to our opinion, that Mr. Solly is a very clear writer—one who neither affects hard terms nor is ashamed to repeat his meaning over and over again, and illustrate it in every possible variety, to give his readers a better chance of going along with him. They will perhaps find, as they progress, that there is a point when this clearness merges into obscurity, and precision into vagueness—and we venture to suggest that the explanation of this phenomenon is not any inability or want of comprehension on the reader's part, but inconsistency on that of the writer. We confess our own inability to understand Mr. Solly in many of these passages; but we have nevertheless no hesitation in pronouncing him wrong, for his conclusion is not tenable, and the arguments adduced by him against objections to it are inconclusive. We apprehend what is true in philosophy will always eventually yield to patient attention; whereas it is frequently difficult to detect the exact point where error begins, though error may be manifestly present somewhere. Those who have looked over answers to examination questions in mathematics are familiar with the difficulty of putting the hand exactly on the points which the student does and does not understand. We are reminded here of the well-known passage in the Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle—*τῷ μὲν γὰρ ἀληθεῖ πάντα συνάδει τὰ ὑπάρχοντα· τῷ δὲ ψευδεὶ ταχὺ διαφωνεῖ τὰ ληθές.*

We have said that the view which resolves the obligations of morality into the will of God is an exploded theory. To explain what we mean. There have been three theories propounded on the subject, which may be designated respectively by the names of Hobbes, Des Cartes, and Cudworth. Of the first we need say nothing more than that it resolves the idea of 'obligation' into that of the 'advantage of the community'; it assumes that people are bound to do that which upon the whole will conduce to the good of the commonwealth, with the view of showing that there is no such thing as obligation in the abstract; that is to say, it assumes a particular case of obligation in order to deny it in the general. This theory is so suicidal that it requires no further notice from us here, especially as the question at issue between us and Mr. Solly is, whether Des Cartes' or Cudworth's theory can be maintained? No one to whom it would be worth while in these pages to reply would advocate the theory of Hobbes—and the question here is simply whether the laws of morality are dependent or independent upon the will of God? The former is the false, the latter the true

theory. In other words, the issue raised is, whether God could have interchanged virtue and vice, or whether the ideas of right are coeval with the Deity,—whether, for instance, He could have created beings under obligations to malice and hatred towards each other in the same way as He has created them with the law of charity,—or, to put the case in a still stronger light, whether it was possible to Him to have created man so that his highest excellence should have been to hate his Creator. Mr. Solly puts the problem in two ways:—‘Is the Divine will co-ordinate with the Divine nature, or is it the ground of such nature?’ And again:—‘Are the laws constituting the Divine nature imposed upon the Divine will, or freely assumed by it in its own act?’ And he adopts the latter of these two alternatives unhesitatingly, alleging that it is impossible to escape from this conclusion, because ‘directly we make the least attempt to evade it, and endeavour to conceive God with a certain opaque kernel of attributes, and the Divine will as limited to certain modes of action by laws not originating in its own act, we must look for some higher energy which has imposed these laws; in short, we must look for a god above God, as the ultimate ground of His having such a nature.’ (P. 227.) Surely, if the author had been accustomed to regard the laws of morality as being *in* God, and forming part of His very essence, he would have seen his way out of this dilemma. The objection to his position has been extremely well stated by himself:—‘Perhaps it may be said that this doctrine lowers the conception of the Deity by making Him in His essence a mere force,—infinite no doubt,—but still a mere force; and thus robbing Him of all those high attributes which command our veneration and our awe.’ Now, this is a real objection, and is absolutely unanswerable; what the author urges against it being entirely false, viz., ‘that the conception of a will is necessarily logically prior to that of a moral law.’ If he had said ‘prior to the idea of enforcing a moral law,’ we should not have disputed his position; but then it would have lost all its efficacy in the relation in which he uses it. And as regards the other part of his reply, viz. that ‘the opposite doctrine would destroy all claim on the part of the Deity to the love and reverence of mankind,’ we may observe that the truth or falsehood of this assertion may be tested by experience. Is it not undeniably true that persons holding (whether rightly or wrongly) this view, that God is necessarily good, and quite understanding what they mean, are affected towards this necessary goodness with fear, love, and reverence? If this be so, this is enough to overthrow the rash assertion that ‘a necessarily good being is a contradiction in terms,’ and that ‘a necessarily good being is simply not good, inasmuch as

necessity at once removes an action from the sphere of morality.' Such are some of the statements on which the author attempts to establish that the ultimate principle of the moral law is the will of God.

The author has made a great show of reasoning in this chapter, and has exhibited a large array of statements, both of his own case and of objections urged against it; but there is really very little argument throughout the whole chapter. Thus the passage following that which we have just quoted contains nothing but a mere *petitio principii*. He says:—'The feelings of love and awe would therefore be utterly misplaced on the supposition that there is a necessity of goodness in the Divine essence—not subject to the Divine will:' for 'these feelings only acquire their full significance when we have completely grasped the conviction of the absolute and unconditional liberty of God in the determination of His own attributes. Why should we feel grateful to God for His loving-kindness, if such loving-kindness were an attribute not chosen by Himself, but one of which He could not divest Himself if He would?'

Now, we thank Mr. Solly for having expressed his opinion in language which a less candid writer would have shrunk from using, and which, undoubtedly, will have the effect of shocking many minds which cannot see their way out of his theory. The answer to this question is simply that we are so constituted that we cannot help doing so. Goodness is the natural object of love, just as much as misery is the natural object of compassion, or danger of fear, food of hunger, &c., and just as every natural affection has its natural object.* It is as great an absurdity to ask why we should feel grateful to God for His goodness when He cannot divest Himself of it, as to inquire why compassion should be felt for distress which a sufferer cannot be relieved of. Both are plainly original instincts of our nature, and do not admit of any further analysis. Again, will Mr. Solly explain to us what is the affection in human nature which has will for its object? Wisdom, power, goodness, naturally inspire reverence, awe, love. What does will inspire, unless so far forth as it is guided by wisdom and goodness? Bishop Butler tells us that 'if a man approve of, or hath an affection to any principle in and for itself, it will be the same whether he views it in his own mind or in another's.' Now, let us try this statement with reference to the subject of will. If will be the ultimate thing in the Divine mind, if it is supreme over wisdom, goodness, &c. it ought to give scope for some affection in human nature; in fact, it ought to be an object to its highest affections, which same affections ought

therefore, on this hypothesis to find scope for exercise towards a man's own will as such. Surely it is hardly possible to conceive a greater absurdity. Again, what can be the meaning of the perfection of man's will, being when it is lost and resolved up into God's will, unless it be that we rest on His will as our end, as being itself most just, and right, and good?

Mr. Solly has in reality done nothing else here than revive the old assertion, though he has dressed it in new language, that 'if the natures and essences of things should not depend upon the will of God, it would follow from hence that something that was not God was independent upon God.' This is the form in which the view was expressed and refuted by Cudworth, in a work to which Mr. Solly often refers, and from which it is evident that he has not ventured to differ without great reluctance. With regard to the human will, he considers, and perhaps rightly, that he has the sanction of Cudworth's name; and it is strange that Cudworth's refutation of the Cartesian theory should have produced so little effect upon his mind; for perhaps this is the clearest and most convincing piece of reasoning to be found in the whole works of this ponderous writer.

We must not quit this subject without noticing the only remaining argument adduced by Mr. Solly against the objection to his theory:—

'Still it may perhaps be argued, that morality, as one form of eternal truth, must be independent of the will of any being, even though that being should be the Eternal God. Now let us consider the soundness of this objection. Supposing God had never created a reasonable or even a sentient creature, where would the moral law have been then? In the mind of God, perhaps will be the answer. Good; but now suppose there never had been a God or any other reasonable being, where would the moral law have been then? Moral perfection, or any other principle, however eternal it actually is, presupposes a reasonable mind as its abiding place. If, however, we contemplate an absolute void without either God or man, and still maintain morality as an eternal principle, it is merely as a possibility which is first to come into existence on the creation of reasonable beings. But a mere possibility is objectively absolutely nothing. A possibility is the conception of what may take place without violating the laws of thought of the conceiving being, and in assuming the possibility we have thus assumed the conceiving being, and therefore the mind in which the morality, by the necessary laws of human thought, appears as one of its phases. In other words, the speculator has not succeeded in the impossible problem of producing an absolute void, as he can never annihilate the speculating mind that endeavours to conceive it.

'The whole objection may be shortly answered thus. Whenever we think an imaginary state of things, or rather of nothing, we think at least a thinking subject, and, therefore, the moral law has already found a resting-place. But as this moral law has no significance except for thinking beings, we are justified in saying that if none such had ever existed, there would have been no moral law; though we can never represent such a void by any effort of the imagination, as that faculty cannot annihilate itself.'—Pp. 279, 280.

Now, if we understand the author, we really do not here differ from him at all. We think we could subscribe to every assertion in this paragraph; but we profess our entire inability to see what it has to do with the doctrine of the dependence or independence of the laws of morality upon the will of God. We have only further to object, that it was quite unnecessary to invent a supposition such as this, which no one admitting the existence of a moral law ever did make, or ever could make.

He continues:—‘It has been attempted by Cudworth to adduce an argument for the independence of the principles of morality of the Divine will from the necessity of other formal laws of thought. Could God, for instance, have made the square of the hypotenuse greater than the sum of the squares of the other sides?’ Now, to say nothing of this not being one of Cudworth’s instances—though, of course, it might have been—we observe that Cudworth by no means founds his argument for the eternity of moral distinctions upon the immutability of other principles, but adduces these latter as illustrations of what he otherwise proves. And the best instance in point is spoken of as follows:—‘Or, lastly, to instance in things relative only: Omnipotent will cannot make things like or equal to one another without the natures of likeness and equality.’ Will Mr. Solly maintain that likeness and equality are only functions of space, and that space being a mere creation, it is conceivable that the ideas of likeness and equality might never have existed?

The absurdity of resolving all moral distinctions into the will of God may be shown by the consequences which flow directly from this doctrine; and especially from this consideration, that we possess no guarantee for its stability and immutability. Mr. Solly seems to himself to have provided against this contingency by asserting that ‘the will of God *must* agree with itself.’ Surely no such necessity can exist on any other grounds than the presupposed goodness and perfection of the Divine nature, or, if the reader pleases so to express it, perfection of the Divine will; and what imaginable perfection of will is there other than to be guided by wisdom and goodness?

Again, it is, perhaps, of the very nature of will to be free in a certain sphere and within certain limits. These limits are variable in the case of human individuals, some having a larger sphere than others; in the case of the Deity the limits are the possibilities of things. If any one should think the controversy on the subject of the absolute immutability of moral distinctions, and their independence upon the will of God, unimportant, we proceed to apply what has been said to some practical questions. And in the first place we say that this doctrine—

that the Divine will is 'the absolute ground of all things in heaven and in earth, in time and in eternity'—cuts away from us the most valuable arguments in natural theology.

Again, this view cannot be made to square with the revelation which God has been pleased to make of Himself. Holy Scripture declares that 'God is love;' and this alone, it appears to us, ought to be regarded as conclusive against a theory which virtually, if not in terms, asserts that God is will. Nor is this an isolated form of expression. The whole tenor of God's dealings with man, as recorded in the Bible, implies a subjection of the will of God to those higher attributes, all of which may, for all we know, be intimately resolvable into love. Man is even permitted and encouraged to look (if one may so say) beyond the will of God, and in some cases to see the reasons by which it is actuated. It behoves us, indeed, to be very cautious in speaking of such mysterious subjects; but surely we have authority for speaking of God as being bound by His own promise. If all obligations were resolvable into the will of God, it would be conceivable that an act of will subsequent to such promise might interfere and serve to abrogate or annul it. It is no adequate answer to this to say that the will of God has once for all laid down and determined the principles of morality, has pronounced against the breaking of promises, and therefore cannot now alter. It can, of course, change, unless it be part of the perfection of will to be unchangeable; and why should the will of God be unalterable, unless it be part of God's presupposed nature to be so? Again, it may be worth consideration whether the existence of evil, which, on the supposition of God being love, is a mystery, is not represented as a contradiction on the hypothesis of God being will.

At the risk of appearing tedious to the reader we will, considering the difficulty and importance of the subject, repeat what we have said on the subject of the foundations of morality. The theory, then, which appears in the 'Leviathan' and other works of the philosopher of Malmesbury is this, that moral obligation is simply the obligation that lies upon all men, to obey the laws of the state in which they live. We do not mean to assert that Hobbes is always consistent with himself in enunciating this view. On the contrary, he frequently expresses himself so as to convey the impression that he considered the laws of morality to result immediately from the will of God. However, it is not our business to adjust the inconsistencies of erroneous views, though we may observe, in passing, that error is always inconsistent, and may generally be shown to be so by a patient investigation. The view itself, however absurd, is at least intelligible; and though, as we observed

before, it is not worth while in this place to show its absurdity any further, yet we may notice that its admission would entirely destroy the chief arguments in natural religion for the character and attributes of the Almighty. The view is, in fact, the legitimate lineal descendant of the philosophy of Protagoras, which entirely denied objective reality.

The second view shelters itself under the garb of piety, and in religion appears in the form of Calvinism. It may be expressed as follows:—Right and wrong are what they are, because God has once for all willed them so to be. This, as far as their philosophical development goes, is the view of Mr. Solly, who, however, is very far from adopting the religious views which have, in some part, connected themselves with it. We conceive that it is conclusive against this theory that it makes it the perfection of God's will, or of will in the abstract, to be perfectly arbitrary; from which it follows, as a necessary consequence, that the perfection of man's will also is to be perfectly arbitrary, than which nothing can be reduced to a greater absurdity.

The remaining—which is the true—theory of obligation asserts the independence of the laws of morality of the will of God, resolving them into goodness which is prior to and governs His will. And, we repeat, this view imposes no restriction on the idea of Divine power. It does, indeed, define Omnipotence; that is to say, it says what it *is* not, not what it cannot do. It lays down the limit of those things which are, and those things which are not, objects of power.

We are inclined to believe that Mr. Solly has been led into the error which we have been combating, by forgetting to observe that the will of God may be perfectly free, though in subordination to His wisdom, just as wisdom may be perfect in kind, though directed by the still higher attribute of goodness; and though we shrink from what appears to us the irreverence of Leibnitz's view, which represents God as selecting the best from different plans proposed to His mind as possible, with different degrees of perfection, yet it is plain that in all creative acts God exercised His free will. That is, it was possible to Him to have created or not, at His own pleasure. To deny this would, indeed, be to represent the Deity as a mere machine, acting fatally; but we are plainly going beyond our depth when we speak of any creature of His as being the best that could have been. It is sufficient for us to know that all were created very good. The reader will perceive that we are bordering upon the mysterious question of the origin of evil—a question which Mr. Solly has wisely abstained from touching upon. He appears to think that to speak of the wisdom or

goodness of God being prior to or directing and governing His will, entirely destroys the idea of its freedom. It seems to us that, in so saying, we are only explaining what will is, and assigning the field in which it is free to act, viz. creative energies. Thus, in designating the second and third Persons of the blessed Trinity as uncreate, we imply that the Son and the Holy Ghost do not owe their existence to the will of the Father. The following extract, from page 278, further illustrates the author's view, and contains the opinions of Dr. Reid and Sir William Hamilton. The reader will easily see that we entirely differ from them all:—

'The moral perfection of the Deity consists, "not in having no power to do ill, otherwise, as Dr. Clarke justly observes, there would be no ground to thank him for his goodness to us, any more than for his eternity or immensity; but his moral perfection consists in this, that when He has power to do everything,* a power which cannot be resisted, He exerts that power only in doing what is wisest and best."—*Reid's Essays on the Active Powers*, Essay IV. Chap. iv.

'On the above passage Sir W. Hamilton has the following note:—

* "To do everything consistent with his perfection. But here one of the insoluble contradictions in the question arises; for if, on the one hand, we attribute to the Deity the power of moral evil, we detract from his essential goodness; and if, on the other, we deny Him this power, we detract from his omnipotence."—*Hamilton's Reid*, p. 609.

'In the above passages Reid's text seems to me to contain a sounder view than the commentator's note. The power to do evil does not detract from the goodness of the Deity as long as it remains unexercised, any more than my power to kill a man makes me at all the worse morally, provided I never attempt it. But if it be urged that the power to do evil detracts from his essential goodness, meaning thereby, goodness that is necessary, and not chosen freely in preference to evil, then I would observe, that such moral goodness is neither man's nor God's, as freedom is essential to all moral goodness.—P. 278.

We have dwelt the longer upon the subject of the last chapter of this volume, because the earlier part of the work had led us to form a very high opinion of the author's powers of mind. We have finished the ungrateful task of finding fault, and now proceed to notice another part of his argument. —

Our attention has principally been directed to Mr. Solly's book with the view of illustrating further some positions laid down in an article on Natural Theology which appeared in the last Number of this Review.

The dissertations which occupy the second and third chapters of the first part of the first book, which treats on the subject of the human will in relation to nature, are of great value, and, in our opinion, establish the author's claim to rank amongst the highest class of English philosophical writers. They enter fully into the subject of *a priori* knowledge and the question of causality; and we are glad to find so powerful a writer advo-

cating the side which we attempted to defend in the article to which we have alluded. It was there observed that the idea of cause was distinct from that of invariable sequence. In arguing this conclusion, the author addresses himself especially to Dr. Brown's mode of stating the case, and reasoning upon it; the theory itself is the same with that more recently adopted by Mr. Mill. There is certainly no difficulty in comprehending what Dr. Brown meant when he said that the 'mere relation of 'uniform antecedence constitutes *all* that can be philosophically 'meant in the words power or causation.' In other words, *cause* is the name of the invariable antecedent of a particular change; *effect*, that of the invariable consequent. But easy of comprehension as this statement is, and conclusive as is the reply to it, it is far from easy to make its refutation intelligible to ordinary readers. Even Mr. Solly, who unites the qualities of depth and clearness in a very unusual degree, will not be understood without great and continued attention on the part of his readers.

Dr. Brown's theory, as he observes, leaves out all consideration of the continuity of causation. According to him, philosophy would be nothing but a record of discontinuous facts, suggestive and prophetic of a similar series of facts, on the hypothesis of a similar set of circumstances arising. Now, we think the comparison of this view with the statement of any tolerably well-ascertained law of nature ought to be sufficient to convince any one that there is *some* discrepancy between Dr. Brown's idea of cause and the meaning which he himself attaches to the term; for instance, what an absurdity would it appear to speak of the law of universal gravitation; considered as a continuous law, and contemporaneous with the effects resulting from it, in the way in which Dr. Brown speaks of cause and effect as invariable antecedent and consequent. It was this neglect of contemporaneous phenomena, which stand in the relation of cause and effect, that was the principal cause of Dr. Brown's mistake. A weight resting upon a spring may as truly be said to be the cause of its compression, or, suspended by a string, to be the cause of its tension, as the stroke of a hammer on a stone to be the cause of the sound which reaches our ears. If so, priority in point of time is not a necessary element in our idea of cause. Nor is it any answer to this to say that we should never have discovered the cause of the compression of the spring, or of the tension of the string, by merely seeing these phenomena of statics, and that we only know of the relation of cause and effect which exists by having seen the change produced subsequently to the imposition or suspension of the weight. The question here is, not how we

arrived in this particular case at the idea of causality, but whether it is not, in point of fact, produced by the statical as convincingly as by the dynamical phenomenon. Sensible experience of priority in point of time may have been the means by which we learned the doctrine of causation, whilst the doctrine itself may be entirely independent of any such considerations. With reference to this subject, Mr. Solly has well added that Nature does not present us with an isolated series, but with an organic complex of phenomena which may be regarded with reference to space, or kept at every moment in their peculiar relative states by their reciprocal action on each other, and, as regards time, are determining in each moment the nature of the phenomena that are to succeed them in the next. We have only to express our regret that the author should have used so clumsy an expression as that 'causality has two dimensions;' meaning, as we suppose, nothing more than that causality may be viewed under two different aspects, or, in other words, that cause may be divided logically into cause of contemporaneous nature and cause of successive nature.

In proceeding with his investigation of the law of causality, the author is led to notice what we may call an equivocal sense of the word cause, common in popular language, when the concrete is spoken of as the cause of the concrete. Now, the only really valuable form of causality is that in which causes and effects are arranged under abstract conceptions. The instances he gives are, the cue being considered the cause of the motion of a billiard-ball, or the moon of the tides. Now, the mutual dependence of all things in nature is such that the alteration of any circumstance in one causes a corresponding variation in all the rest; so that no one phenomenon would be exactly what it is, had there been any difference in other phenomena which must have acted upon and influenced it.

Now, continues Mr. Solly:—

'If we seek for a formula of causality expressing the actual state of things as they are in nature, it is clear that we must look for it in some expression of the relationship between concrete causes and their effects. But if, on the other hand, we seek for a formula which shall be available for the extension of human knowledge and the determination of the course of nature, abstract causes and their effects can alone help us on our way.'

—P. 59.

This subject will bear illustration from the analogous case of what have been most unfortunately designated by some logicians as perfect and imperfect inductions,—the perfect induction being nothing but a re-statement in one proposition of a given finite number of separate statements,—the imperfect being the only one that can help us to extend the domain of science.

Of the two considerations alleged by the author, in justification of his position that abstract causes and effects alone are available for the extension of human knowledge, the first is as well put as it is conclusive. If there is a mutual action and re-action throughout nature, the concrete cause, as he has termed it, is inexhaustible to human observation, because for any given phenomenon it is the complex of all the phenomena that preceded it. Mr. Solly deserves our thanks for not being afraid to state his case nakedly, and explain it by instances which will serve to expose him to the ridicule of dabblers in science, who abound in our day, and who cannot reconcile themselves to anything in philosophy but what is vague and indefinite, and who appear to think it a necessary attribute of truth to be expressed in unintelligible language. The great charm of this work is that it is entirely free from affectation; and the writer, unlike most German writers in philosophy, is possessed with the notion that a work will stand no chance of permanence unless there are at least some readers who are able to understand its drift. The following extract will probably enable the reader to understand the view which is put out better than any attempt on our part to explain it by generalizations:—

‘ Every atom in the universe is acting on every other atom, and reciprocally acted on by the same. Annihilate ten grains of the moon’s substance, and you will not only diminish the influence of its attraction on the sea, and thus affect the tides, but you will alter its attraction of all the bodies in the solar system, and every atom in them. A fly crawling on the dome of S. Paul’s alters the centre of gravity of the earth with every step he takes. The electrical telegraph renders the instantaneous action and reaction of distant particles of matter an actual object of vision; and such telegraphs are in constant operation through the whole of nature, only we unfortunately do not understand the dials, and cannot therefore read the messages they might otherwise convey to us. And in the same manner there is not an object in any part of the world which does not, through the laws of gravity, electricity, and other mysterious agents of nature, affect the course, number, weight, temperature, or direction of the drops of a shower of rain. That the shower, therefore, has been precisely such a shower, and no other than it has been, is the effect of a cause coextensive with the universe.

‘ We have all of us laughed at the philosophy of the old man who told Master More, that Tenterden steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands. But directly we consider the actual concrete Goodwin Sands as the effect, and ask for the actual concrete thing that was the cause of them, most assuredly was Tenterden steeple a part of it. After the steeple had been built, every wind that blew against it met with a new object of resistance, and was slightly altered in its course. It thus affected other currents of wind, produced a different effect on the waves of the sea, which rolling with greater or less violence, or in a somewhat different direction, deposited certain grains of sand otherwise than would have been the case had there been no steeple at Tenterden. A sandbank might have arisen just the

same, but it would not have been the identical sand-bank which did arise ; and directly we allow any change in the phenomenon to be unessential, we have then left the phenomenon itself, and are discoursing only on an abstract conception, as that alone can be equally applicable to both cases.'—Pp. 59—61.

With regard to the second reason adduced by Mr. Solly, we are at a loss to comprehend why he should have so designated it. 'It is impossible,' he says, 'to give an absolute proof that two entirely similar phenomena have never taken place since the creation ; but it is easy to show that the probabilities against it are as infinity to one.' Further on he says:—'It is true there is a possibility of two similar phenomena, but it only appears at the limit ; that is to say, the chance in its favour is infinitely small, and may, therefore, be neglected.' Now, we will not enter here further into the mathematical theory of probabilities than to say that $\frac{1}{\alpha}$ is not approximately, but

absolutely, nothing ; and that if there were any possibility of two precisely similar events happening, the case would have to be considered. The truth is, that, on Mr. Solly's own showing, the possibility of such a coincidence is excluded ; for, granting that two similar phenomena are contemporaneous or conspacial, they cannot be both contemporaneous and conspacial. If they happen at the same precise instant of time, (we are speaking now of physical phenomena,) they necessarily happen in different portions of space ; and, *vice versa*, if it is conceivable that two sensible phenomena occupy precisely the same space, it is certain that they must be successive in point of time. The very language used in describing phenomena is apt to mislead, inasmuch as, to a certain extent, it must abstract from the individual case under consideration. And Mr. Solly himself seems to have been misled when speaking of the flight of a projectile in a parabola ; and describing the infinite variety of possible parabolas, he says that the chance is, no two such curves described are of exactly the same form. It will be seen that it is absolutely impossible they should be. In fact, the author has fallen here into the very error he is protesting against, in speaking of this case in a much more abstract way than was necessary, and has not expressed his meaning with that precision which seems generally to characterise his statements.

It is true that each geometrical point, in a stone thrown by a boy standing on the seashore into the sea, describes a curve which somewhat resembles a parabola ; but slight as the resemblance is, on the hypothesis of its moving in a resisting medium, how much is the figure of the curve modified by the very shape

of the stone, the variations in the currents of air, &c. The author would have made his case much stronger if he had noticed how mere language, in its attempt to describe phenomena, must, from the very nature of the case, deal in abstractions; but it surely was to the purpose of Mr. Solly's argument to have described it as much in the concrete as possible.

We entirely agree with him in the conclusion he has arrived at; we differ from him only as to the second reason which he assigns for his views—that the study of abstract causes alone can lead us to a knowledge of nature. The dissimilarity of all phenomena, considered in the concrete, is no additional proof; but if it had been better exhibited it would have formed a good *illustration* of his first argument on the inexhaustible nature of the concrete cause. And yet, perhaps, it is only want of precision in expression which the author has fallen into; for the passage following that which we have been examining states the case in a way which is almost entirely free from the objection which we have been making. It is as follows:—

'Considered then purely objectively, and merely as phenomenon, the outward world presents a vast organic whole, undergoing a succession of change, no two parts of which, either in time or space, exactly coincide with each other. From this purely objective point of view it is absurd to use the language sometimes employed, and to say that the same (meaning, precisely similar) phenomena as effects succeed the same phenomena as causes, inasmuch as there never are any *same* phenomena at all. Neither, on the other hand, is the succession of cause and effect very nearly the same at all times, in short, an approximation to perfect law. The natural philosopher cannot always measure the exact results of natural laws, but he never entertains a doubt that these laws are carried out in the external world with absolute and mathematical precision, and that not a single grain of sand lies a hundredth of an inch from the spot where such laws must inevitably have placed it. As then the phenomena in the different cases are dissimilar, while the laws they observe are absolutely the same, it follows that it is not the phenomena themselves, but the abstract conceptions of the relations between the phenomena, which can alone constitute the subject-matter of the laws.'—Pp. 61, 62.

And again:—

'It follows from this, that phenomena cannot be compared as mere objects of sense, and classed under the category of cause and effect, by the observation of the fact of their contemporaneousness or succession alone, but that they require an additional act of the understanding, in short an act of abstraction, by means of which we discover some relation of their parts, and thus frame a law for such connexion. Instead therefore of saying that the same or similar phenomena as antecedents are invariably succeeded by the same or similar phenomena as consequents, it would be more correct to say, that phenomena falling under a certain relation as causes are invariably accompanied or succeeded by phenomena falling under a certain other relation as effects.'—P. 63.

In accordance with this, he distinguishes a twofold definition

of causality, the one concrete and objective, the other abstract and subjective. The former is described thus:—every phenomenon is determined by the complex of all other phenomena antecedent to or contemporaneous with it. The latter thus:—phenomena falling under certain relations are determined by phenomena falling under certain other relations, respectively, according to a law. And the principal fallacy in the erroneous view of causality which Mr. Solly is combating consists in the ignoring of the fact that phenomena must be arranged under abstract conceptions before the causal relation between them can be an object of human inquiry. The very imperfection of our senses causes us to abstract to some extent from the phenomena presented to them, and it is by the mental power of arbitrary abstraction that we are enabled to recognise the meaning of causality, and to attain to the knowledge of laws of nature. The principle of causality originates in the subject, not in the object; and the conclusion arrived at, in the chapter on 'The Conception of Causality,' is expressed as follows—that 'though it arises in the subject, it can only be predicated of objects.'

Having explained the nature of the conception of causality, Mr. Solly proceeds in his third chapter to elucidate the grounds of our belief in causality; and as this is the main question at issue between two parties who maintain and deny respectively the existence of *à priori* knowledge, he is, in the course of the chapter, led on to a dissertation on the nature of *à priori* knowledge.

That the idea of causality is in some sense *à priori* is manifest from the fact that it cannot be derived from experience. In speaking of the kindred subject of 'inferring the future from the past,' Hume observes:—'To say it (this inference) is experiential, is begging the question. For all inferences from experience suppose, as their foundation, that the future will resemble the past, and that similar powers will be conjoined with similar sensible qualities. If there be any suspicion that the course of nature may change, and that the past may be no rule for the future, all experience becomes useless, and can give rise to no inference or conclusion. It is impossible, therefore, that any arguments from experience can prove this resemblance of the past to the future, since all these arguments are founded on the supposition of that resemblance. Let the course of things be allowed hitherto ever so regular, that alone, without some new argument or inference, proves not that for the future it will continue so.' We are not concerned here to notice the fallacy of Hume's own solution of the difficulty, nor need we follow him through this part of the investi-

gation. We cordially concur in the conclusion arrived at,—that we must look for the ground of causality in some *à priori* principle in the subject, or one entirely independent of all empirical foundation.

The advocates of the *à priori* view not only assert that the mind, by its power of abstraction, distinguishes between the different parts of the object presented to it, (which is not questioned by any party,) but also that it can distinguish between that part of the act which is supplied by the senses, and is called the matter, and that which depends on the nature of the subject, which is supplied by the conditions of the intellect, and is called the form.

It must not be supposed that the assertion that the mind is possessed of *à priori* conceptions implies that, previous to the presentation of an object to sense, a complete idea of any abstraction which may be made from that object has been formed, but that a law of the understanding has existed in the mental cognition of the object, which determines its form; and that when such cognition takes place the mind is able to distinguish between that part of it which is absolutely determined by the conditions of its own activity, and that other part which is dependent solely on the nature of the object. It is no objection to this view of *à priori* conceptions that the action of sense may have been necessary to their development. To use the author's elegant illustration—suggested, we suppose, as an opposition to the *tabula rasa* theory—‘The mind and all its hidden wealth of *à priori* conceptions may be compared to a cabinet containing many drawers and secret places stored with precious things, and presented to every human soul on its entrance into the world. The cabinet and all its contents are the legitimate property of the soul from the first moment of its existence; but only after patient search does it find the hidden springs which reveal those secret places, and make it conscious of its wealth.’—(P. 80.) It may further be observed, that not only is the action of outward sense necessary, but the very imperfection of our senses facilitates this development. Had our sense of sight, for instance, been keener than it is, as in viewing a line which is professedly straight, we should, by detecting more imperfections, probably have experienced greater difficulty in forming the conception of a perfectly straight line; and similarly in other cases.

The admission of *à priori* conceptions paves the way for that of *à priori* judgments; and, indeed, a judgment of some kind is implied in every conception—a true judgment in a possible conception, a false in an impossible. Thus the idea of a figure bounded by three straight lines implies the true judgment that

such figures are possible; the idea of a figure bounded by two straight lines is rejected as impossible, and the judgment which asserts it is false. It is on the subject of *à priori* judgments that the author joins issue with Mr. Mill, who objects entirely to this theory, and explains the belief in axiomatic truths as the mere result of experience. We have already had occasion to allude to the shallow arguments adduced in behalf of this hypothesis; and Mr. Solly has, in our opinion, entirely demolished all that Mr. Mill has brought to bear upon the subject. There is one assertion of Mr. Mill's on this subject which, had it been true, would have been entirely beside the point, viz. that it cannot be denied that the truth of the axiom—two straight lines cannot enclose a space—even if evident independently of experience, is also evident from experience; that the axiom, whether it needs confirmation or not, certainly receives confirmation at every instant, since we cannot look at two straight lines which intersect without seeing that they continue to diverge more and more. Now, a conclusive reply to this has been quoted by our author from an article in the *Zeitschrift für Philosophie*, by Professor Ulrici, which his own view, as expressed in the text, very much resembles. It is to the effect that mere sense cannot determine what lines are, and what are not, straight, and that the very conception of absolute straightness is derived from the understanding; and that, waiving these two objections, the utmost that sense could determine would be that the particular lines intersecting at the particular angle which had been presented to it would never meet again. To this we may venture to add, that as sense can only take cognisance of the finite, it is impossible to make it evident to sense that lines produced *ad infinitum* will never meet.

But beyond all these objections, we have further to object to Mr. Mill, that it is not true that this axiom receives confirmation from experience. We deny that any *à priori* truth can receive any confirmation from experience. This is simple matter of fact, and we appeal to any sensible person's judgment, whether any alleged instances of the exhibition of this truth have made them more certain of it than they were when they first heard it enunciated, and understood the terms in which it was couched. This is, in point of fact, the distinguishing characteristic of *à priori* judgments, that they are incapable of confirmation to the mind that has once grasped their meaning. There exist *à priori* judgments, indeed, which people may endeavour to reduce to more simple elements, as is evidenced by the numerous attempts to demonstrate the 12th axiom of the first book of Euclid; but the endeavour to resolve a given truth into other simpler truths does not, of course, imply any doubt of that

truth, or hesitation in the acceptance of it. The grand distinction, then, between *à priori* and *à posteriori* truths is, that the latter are regarded as established with more or less amount of probability; the former are felt to be incapable either of confirmation or refutation. In illustration of this, we ask the reader to compare together his two views of the following truths:—Things that are equal to the same are equal to one another; and—the force of gravity varies inversely as the square of the distance.

Mr. Solly, in treating this part of the subject, has expressed his meaning in somewhat different language from that which we have used; but our view is precisely the same as his, the difference in expression being owing to his having included in *à priori* truths such truths as are deduced *à priori*, whereas we have been speaking only of such as are intuitive and axiomatic. There is one point, however, which we must not omit to notice, that it is quite possible for truths to pass from the region of *à posteriori* into that of *à priori*; and we have elsewhere expressed our opinion, that this is the case with two of the laws of motion. Dr. Whewell and Mr. Solly consider that all the laws of motion are *à priori* truths; this is a doctrine which we are far from wishing to impugn, though we are obliged to confess that the third law of motion does not commend itself to our mind as such. The following is Mr. Solly's summary of the results arrived at in this section:—

‘Our conceptions, and the propositions we form by their combination, are either derived from the repeated observation of phenomena; or they are intuitions embraced as certain on their first appearance in the consciousness; or else they are derived from combinations of the latter by processes of reasoning, the correctness of which is of an equally axiomatic character. The first class are said to be empirical, or *à posteriori*, on account of their being subsequent to, and dependent on, experience, and embrace all our knowledge of natural phenomena. The second class are *à priori* on account of their enunciating the formal laws of our thought and intuition, and thus being prior to, and independent of, any particular experience,—as, for instance, the axioms of geometry. The third class are also *à priori*, as they are deduced by *à priori* reasoning from *à priori* premises, and include, among other things, the results of the processes of pure mathematics.

‘The first class of truths admit of a degree of probability so great, that it falls short of absolute certainty by a quantity almost inappreciable. That the sun will rise to-morrow, or that if I throw a stone into the air, it will fall to the ground, are propositions of this character. So far as all moral conviction is concerned they are certain; but they are not absolutely so, because not only are their contradictories conceivable, but we can conceive no form of reasoning by which they can be shown to be absolutely inconceivable.

‘The second class admit of absolute certainty. They stand or fall with the human intellect itself. No greater degree of certainty is conceivable than that attached to the proposition, that two straight lines cannot enclose a space. Its contradictory is absolutely inconceivable.

'The third class differ from the second class, inasmuch as their falsity contradicts no single intuition, and is therefore perfectly conceivable even to persons who have a clear conception of the terms of the proposition. But they are, nevertheless, susceptible of absolute demonstration, as they can be deduced from axioms by *à priori* reasoning.'—Pp. 102, 103.

It will have been anticipated that the object of explaining the nature of *à priori* knowledge, is to establish the fact of causality being an *à priori* conception; and this forms the subject of the remaining section of this chapter. If the view which has been taken is correct, it evidently must be so, though it is obvious to remark, that the existence of an external world is necessary to its recognition. The very act of consciousness implies the law of causality. To use Mr. Solly's words:—

'Our consciousness has been constructed on such a pattern as to enable us to assert, that, whatever is not subject to causality can never become its object, or, in other words, to predicate causality of all the objects of possible experience; and as this conclusion is based on the nature of an act of consciousness in general, and is quite independent of all particular phenomena in space and time, it is strictly *à priori*.'—P. 124.

'We found, in the first place,' (he continues,) 'that we conceive an act of consciousness as taking place in a certain time; that the particularity of this time can only be determined by the objects in it; that to prevent the absorption of the past in the present, (by the distinction between which particular times are alone possible,) we must have objects external to our thinking subject; and, lastly, that the latter would be absolutely incognisable by a human mind if there were no law binding their parts in space and time into one whole. All this has been shown to follow simply from the nature of an act of consciousness in general, and to be quite independent of any repeated observations of particular objects either sensible or intellectual. The deduction is accordingly strictly *à priori*, i. e. independent of all particular experience.'—P. 125.

Again—

'The conception of causality is so intimately bound up with the very heart-strings of all our conscious thought, that if we assume thought at all, we assume causality with it. It follows, therefore, that causality is not only subjective in the form of its application through abstract ideas, but subjective also in its origin, and consequently, that it is not predicable of things in themselves, but only of objects of possible experience; that is to say, of such things alone as the subject can represent to itself as objects.'—P. 127.

We can imagine the reader asking the question, what a dissertation on the true conception of causality, and the existence of *à priori* truths, has to do with the subject of 'The will, Divine and human?' We should not be doing justice to the work which we have been reviewing, and upon only one of whose main subjects we have as yet touched, if we omitted to give a brief account of its argument, and to show how the discussion of these subjects forms a necessary part of the author's plan.

The first chapter is occupied with stating the point at issue between the advocates of liberty and necessity. Both agree in considering the will as the immediate cause of our actions, differing, however, materially as to the sense of the word cause, which is used for that which is itself the effect of a prior cause, and also for that which is itself uncaused and unconditioned. And whilst the advocates of necessity assert that the cause of human actions exists in motives determined by laws of human nature imposed on it by some power external to man, the upholders of liberty, on the contrary, attribute human actions to some unconditioned cause in the human soul itself as their first principle; the sphere, however, in which unconditioned cause has play being limited.

By quotations from Anthony Collins and Dr. Priestley, who may be considered the fairest writers on the subject of necessity, he establishes the following proposition as the view in which they would assent, viz. :—

• The whole human soul is subject to the law of causality.

Collins says, ‘Man is a necessary agent, if all his actions are so determined by the causes preceding each action, that not one past action could possibly not have come to pass, or have been otherwise than it hath been, nor one future action can possibly not come to pass, or be otherwise than it shall be.’ The quotation from Priestley is more definite and to the point. He asserts that the will is never determined without some cause foreign to itself; that motives influence in some definite and invariable manner; that there is a necessary connexion between all things, past, present, and to come, in the way of proper cause and effect, as much in the intellectual as in the natural world. Yet both these philosophers claim as consistent with their views ‘a certain kind of liberty,’ viz., as Collins expresses it, ‘a power in man to do as he wills or pleases;’ and as Priestley explains, ‘all the liberty or power that is possible in itself.’ Jonathan Edwards expresses precisely the same view; and Locke, so far as anything can be gathered from his vague and inconsistent statements, must be classed with these authors. To these we may add the name of a far greater genius than any of these,—Hobbes, of Malmesbury, who illustrates his position concerning the consistency of liberty and necessity by the comparison of water, ‘which has not only liberty but a necessity of descending in the channel. So, in the actions which men voluntarily do, which, because they proceed from their will, proceed from liberty; and yet, because every act of man’s will, and every desire and inclination, proceedeth from some cause, and that from another cause, in a continual chain, (whose first link is in the hand of God, the first of all causes,) proceed from necessity.’

Such explanations and endeavours to reconcile contradictions are mere attempts to impose upon the reader's judgment, who, if he will exercise his common sense, must see the truth of what the author observes upon them, that man is thereby only handed over from one form of necessity to another, being not allowed any liberty within those limits which the laws of physics impose upon him. Just as a complicated machine adapted to a certain end has in itself no unity, its unity existing only in the mind of its inventor, so, if you suppose man's volitions determined by laws not made by himself, his actions cease to be his; and whatever unity may be in them, exists, not in him, but in his Creator. Man is, in fact, reduced to a machine invented by the Almighty. Now, if liberty and necessity are contradictions, as the foregoing analysis entirely proves, we arrive at this truth at least, as a representation of the view of the advocates of liberty, whether it be considered an adequate definition of liberty or not, viz.—

‘Every human soul contains a principle of action not dependent upon the law of causality.’—P. 44.

Accordingly, the author, instead of following the indirect method usually pursued by writers on both sides of this question, which consists in showing the inconsistency of their opponents' view with admitted propositions—as, for instance, that on the supposition of the whole soul not being subject to causality, human actions would be the mere result of chance, &c.—adopts the direct method; and hence, with the view of settling the question what the freedom of will is, and how far it answers the conditions of being free from the dominion of causality, discusses the question as to causality and *a priori* truth which we have been attempting to analyse.

Having ascertained that the region of causality is the objective, and that our knowledge of it is derived from the subject alone (p. 128), he is led on to view liberty as the self-determination of the subject. He regards will as exerting itself infinitesimally in each indefinitely small portion of time, and at each instant, therefore, influencing and changing the character. Thus, if a bystander were to pronounce upon the probability of a given individual performing a given act, though he might have even a perfect knowledge of his character, he would be unable to pronounce certainly, owing to the impossibility of will being measured. We must, however, give the reader Mr. Solly's conclusion in his own words:—

‘Human actions are the combined result of law and liberty. The law extends to so much of the action as by its objective nature comes under the conditions of causality. Pure liberty only enters infinitesimally in each particular action as the momentary self-determination of the subject.

The whole influence of the latter, however, in the choice of conduct is very considerable, inasmuch as the purely subjective element of one instant becomes objectivized into character in the next. For not only does character assist in the determination of conduct, but conduct reciprocally contributes to the determination of character.'—Pp. 155, 156.

Now, it will be asked, what is gained by this? or how does the author differ from other advocates of liberty? The mode in which he arrives at this conclusion throws some light upon both these questions. 'There is something in us,' he says, 'of which we cannot be conscious as an object, and which therefore does not answer the conditions of causality, that is, the I, the *Ego*, as it is the fashion to speak; in other words, the principle of individual personality.' He truly says that the affections, principles, &c. in human nature cannot be summed up into personality. This freedom which the will possesses is bound to action, and cannot choose between action and inaction: its freedom, therefore, must be in the determination of the action; and that not by an immediate choice between objects founded on an intellectual appreciation of their difference—which is pretty much the ground occupied by the advocates of Reid's theory of liberty—but by what the author terms a *mediate* choice effected through the self-determination of the subject. His theory is, that the subject has a certain power of determining its own status or condition, and that, in an act of subjective determination, there is but one positive element—the adoption of the accepted state.

'Now the subject, by its power of determining in some measure its own state, is able to change one of the principal elements in every action. Objects which excite one set of feelings and motives in the subject in one state, excite a different one in the subject in another state,—and that, without the least violation of their allegiance to the law of causality. The subject, therefore, while it is quite unable to choose directly with perfect freedom between objects, determines such choice in some measure indirectly by the determination of its own state, upon which the feelings and impulses which the objects excite and which are subjected to the understanding for its contemplation and choice, very materially depend. The principle of the self-determination of the subject, and the nature of the changes it produces, will be considered at a future page.

'The result at which we have arrived may be stated as follows. Every action, in as far as it is a pure act of the will, and cannot be objectivized, consists in a modification of the empirical character of the actor through the determination of the subject, and is thus the exponent of the individual personality for the moment in which it takes place;—and up to this point it is free. In so far, however, as it is an object of the senses, either external or internal, it follows according to laws of human nature from the character so determined as above, and like the latter, therefore, is the product of law and liberty combined.'—P. 137.

It is in the second section of this chapter that we are unable to follow the writer; its subject is 'the principle of the self-

'determination of the subject;' and in it he thinks he has established that 'the idea of duty arises from the relation of our consciousness of our own individual will to another higher absolute principle of willing in general.'

'That this is its real nature is no less evident' (he says) 'from experience. When, for instance, a first attempt is made to awaken the moral sentiment in a young child, and he is told that he is not to say that which is not true, what is the suppressed thought which completes the reasoning, and gives it weight to the child's mind? Clearly, the thought that there is some more comprehensive will than his own which has determined that he is to go beyond the requirements of his merely personal feelings in the determination of his conduct, and that this will is for him an absolute rule. This absolute will, or universal principle of willing, though subjective in itself, gives rise to two objective ideas, of which the one is the relation of the individual to the absolute will in its objective result as a system of ethics,—the other the personification of the absolute will in the idea of God.'—P. 160.

Now, if the reader has followed us with attention through the remarks made at the commencement of this article, he will see that it is impossible to assent to this view. We profess our entire inability to understand the obscure language of our author in this part of his subject. We cannot, therefore, attempt to give a minute refutation of his argument. Surely it is preposterous to say that this is the view in the mind of a child, or is that of any individual whose mind is being formed by a superior; that is to say, who is under a process of education. Surely one might rest the issue of this between Mr. Solly and ourselves on the notorious fact, that 'will' is an idea of very difficult conception, whereas the idea of 'right' is fixed as an original intuition in our minds. And, except on the principle that another's will is governed by a higher wisdom and goodness, we can see no reason for anybody's picturing to himself that will as an absolute rule for his own. That the particular precepts of the moral law fall in with what Mr. Solly calls the universal will—that is, that their contradictories may be made to appear contradictions in terms—when established as a universal rule, is true certainly, but is a very circuitous mode of establishing the reasonableness—and does not at all establish the abstract goodness—of those precepts.

He observes that his view falls in with Kant's fundamental principle of Ethics—the Categorical Imperative: act so as if the maxim of thy action should become through thy will a *universal law of nature*: And we have no other reply to make to this, than that there are many obligations of morality which man with his finite power of understanding is unable to compare with the *universal law of nature*—is unable, that is, to trace to their remote consequences and pronounce certainly whether they

would exemplify or violate it—but which at once commend themselves to the intuitive sense of right.

To give the reader a further insight into Mr. Solly's view, we will give a short account of the last chapter of Part the First, which contains a comparison of different theories. The analysis contained in it of the three conceptions of liberty which have been propounded is particularly able: The two forms which he rejects are, perhaps, best known from the works of Edwards and Reid respectively. The first is the advocate of the theory of necessity; and it might seem a contradiction in terms to speak of this as in any sense a theory of liberty, if it were not that its advocates (as we have seen) pretend to be assertors of liberty. It is very difficult to show up a theory which cannot be stated without a contradiction in terms by any arguments or illustrations which shall make its absurdity clearer. The liberty which the advocates of necessity contend for is in reality nothing but a separation in thought of the laws of man's physical motion from the other conditions which determine his action. „

‘The following illustration may serve to give an insight into the nature and value of the Necessarian liberty. Three balls, black, white, and red, are offered for choice. The black ball has a hole in it, and the red ball has a notch in it; complete liberty of choice is granted, as far as the colour is concerned, but there are two other little conditions to be observed. First, no ball may be chosen that has a hole in it; secondly, no ball may be chosen that has a notch in it; but as long as I determine to ignore all other considerations but colour, my liberty of choice will appear unrestricted, as there is no law respecting it.’—P. 177.

The second theory is that of Reid, and may be called the Arbitrarian, and consists in making the will act against the net result of motives. Sir William Hamilton, in commenting upon this, observes that, after all, we do not *in thought* ever escape determination and necessity, though, he adds, he does not consider this any disproof of the *fact* of free will. The difference between this view and that which the author adopts is, that the former places liberty as a motive above or exterior to the motives; the latter makes it a determinant in the motives by constituting one of their factors. Of this latter view, in which, as a general view, the author coincides with both Kant and Schelling, there are two distinct forms; the one adopted by these philosophers characterising liberty as a constant, the other, put forth by Mr. Solly, which regards liberty as a variable. What the meaning of this distinction is, the reader must gather, if he can, from the following passage:—

‘Now the views advocated in the foregoing pages bear a considerable analogy to those expressed in the first part of the above extract, but not to those expressed in its conclusion. As far as I understand the last

paragraph, Schelling places man's freedom in a single act out of all time, by which, at his creation and once for all, man determines his intelligible essence or purely subjective character. This theory seems to me a bolder statement of that of Kant in its inevitable consequences. Liberty undoubtedly is saved in the single act out of time, manifesting itself in innumerable free actions in time, just as the same common hidden root sends up its sap and life through all the branches of a tree. But what is a liberty worth which reduces a man's conduct in all its moral relations to a single act, and allows of no internal change or motion between the various moments of his moral being? A man commits a murder, is afterwards overwhelmed with remorse, and endeavours by a total change of life to atone in some measure for his crime. But this change is a mere illusion, as it is nothing more than the exhibition of the same will under different circumstances. The crime and its repentance are both free, but they are equally determined consequences of the same free act, and are thus bound together in the fetters of a rigid consistency, an inexorable necessity. This liberty of Kant and Schelling is unquestionably to be preferred to Necessarianism; but it is utterly powerless to satisfy the conditions of the various phases of our moral consciousness.

'To sum up the general result of the foregoing chapter, I object to the Necessarian liberty, because it is no liberty whatever. It consists in the isolation of certain conditions of action by the imagination, and then ignoring the others as completely as if they did not exist. I object to the Arbitrarian theory, because, as it makes liberty to consist in a faculty of giving the weaker motives the ascendancy over the stronger, it makes it consist in what, by the very hypothesis, must be an unmotivated act; and such a liberty, if conceivable, would be a mere negation, and have no moral significance or value. And lastly, I object to the liberty of the single act of self-determination advocated by Kant and Schelling, because, by its being out of all time, and consisting in a single immutable act, it would make such a vast proportion of the phenomena of our moral consciousness mere illusions, that we might almost as well give up our moral sentiment altogether.'—Pp. 202, 203.

Before we conclude this part of the subject, we may be allowed to express our surprise that Mr. Solly has omitted all mention of the chapter on 'Mill's Logic,' which treats of liberty and necessity. Mr. Mill has not, indeed, put forth anything particularly original or profound upon this subject; but the amount of popularity which his works have gained makes it advisable to show up the errors into which he has fallen: and, indeed, we suppose that more of Mr. Solly's readers will have learned what they know of this celebrated question from the ten pages which Mr. Mill has devoted to it than from the elaborate treatises of Edwards and Priestley. Many a candidate for honours at Oxford is tolerably familiar with the greater part of 'Mill's Logic,' who has never read, and probably never will read, a word of either Priestley or Edwards. And we wish to call the attention of such to this particular chapter, in which Mr. Mill avows himself a necessarian, and describes his view of necessity with such apparent fairness, that many will be induced to think with him that the doctrine of necessity is a truism from which it is impossible to escape.

Consistently with his view, which resolves causation into invariable sequence, this author removes all difficulty from the case, at least for those whose only objection to the doctrine of necessity arises from their dislike to consider the will mysteriously constrained by something external to itself. If once the doctrine of invariable sequence can be established as constituting the whole idea of causation, such a necessity as this does not interfere with the freedom of the will. This seems to him to secure the freedom of the will; and so in a manner it does; but it surely puts an end to the idea of necessity, or at least renders it impossible to ascertain that necessity exists anywhere. He himself admits that those who think that causes draw their effects after them by a mystical tie, are right in believing that the relation between volitions and their antecedents is of another nature; but he adds, they should go further, and admit that this is also true of all other effects and their antecedents. If such a tie is considered to be involved in the word necessity, the doctrine is not true of human actions; but neither is it then true of inanimate objects. It would be more correct to say that matter is *not* bound by necessity than that mind *is* so. Now, we quite agree with Mr. Mill in his objection to the use of the word necessity as applied to physical phenomena, not, however, on his own principles. With him necessity appears to us to have no meaning at all. In our view it is only applicable to abstract truths. But if necessity be, as he asserts, nothing but uniformity of order, and capability of being predicted, and if the assertion that the will is governed by the balance of motives, means only that whoever knew the motives, and our habitual susceptibilities to them, could predict how we should will to act, we should still demur to his conclusion. It is absurd to put a hypothetical case which is absolutely impossible. And such is the case supposed by Mr. Mill, viz. that if we knew the person thoroughly, and knew all the inducements which are acting upon him, we could foretell his conduct with as much certainty as we can predict any physical phenomena. If this means, that if we knew which way he was going to act we could predict it, we do not wish to controvert so evident a truism; but if it takes for granted the possibility of certainly pronouncing upon the conduct of any given person under given circumstances, this is equivalent to saying that we know the mind of the Almighty, and how He influences the human will. We are, of course, implying a belief in Revelation, and its doctrine of preventing and co-operating grace.

After all, the question recurs, Where is the grand distinction between an unmotivated self-determination of the subject, and the liberty for which Reid contends, consisting in an unmotivated

supplementary act giving a weaker motive preponderance over a stronger? Are not both, being equally unmotivated, equally removed from the sphere of moral responsibility? The author conceives that he establishes an important difference, by showing that Reid's theory gets rid of the motive by denying its existence altogether; whilst his view, by identifying the act and its reason, makes the distance between them vanish, and thus annihilates the very essence of motive, which consists in the relation of means to end, and implies the anticipation of such end in the imagination. With regard to the four views principally alluded to at the conclusion of this chapter, this much is clear,—that Reid is an advocate of liberty; but it may be considered doubtful whether he has advanced one step beyond the assertion of the fact of the freedom of the will. The author is on this side too, and we must leave to the reader to judge whether he has proceeded much further. Of one thing we are sure,—that he differs far more than he imagines from the theories of Kant and Schelling. The view of the latter is nothing but a disguised theory of necessity, and utterly irreconcilable with the philosophical view of responsibility, and the revealed truth of the operation of Divine grace. And Kant's view, as represented by our author, amounts to the same thing. It is possible we may misunderstand Mr. Solly; but he appears to us in this part of his subject to have confused will in the abstract with will in subordination to the Divine will, and to have expressed his meaning as if the very act of willing were necessarily good.

We have now given some account of the greater part of this volume. It only remains for us to notice the last two parts of the First Book, touching respectively upon 'The Relation of the Will to the Intellect,' and 'The Relation of the Will to God.' But we should only weary the reader to no purpose if we attempted to analyse these chapters, and we must be content to refer those who are interested in the subject to the work itself. Indeed, any attempt at epitomizing what has been written on so intricate a subject would be abortive, for the reader would not understand it, and we should lay ourselves open to the charge, not, perhaps, in some instances, altogether unfounded, of having misunderstood and misrepresented the author; and were we to make long extracts from the work itself, we should exceed the limits which are allowed to a subject in which confessedly so few take any interest. We acquiesce the more readily in this omission, because we do not conceive that Mr. Solly has thrown any light upon this part of his subject, whilst from much of what he alleges we are compelled to dissent. Thus, whilst agreeing with the author in his repre-

sentation of the difficulty of conceiving an act of creation, we cannot at all assent to his view that the hypothesis of the human will being a free centre of action involves no other difficulties. On the contrary, whatever be the difficulty of imagining an act of creation, where the creature is made and pronounced good, and is dependent on its Creator, surely the power to will what is evil carries us up at once into that most difficult of all investigations—the subject of the origin of evil.

Again: we cannot agree with the author in his notion that the difficulties on the subject of prescience consist in the establishing that prescience, not in the reconciling it with human freedom. The following is an interesting passage upon this subject:—

‘ But the most important consideration in this question is the nature of time. Do what we will, we can never give any definition of it (not already involving the conception) which shall be essentially different from this: that it is that form of human consciousness in which the events of the world within and without are doled out to us in portions. It is, in short, the subjective form of the most abstract conception of limitation. Now on what grounds are we obliged to assume that God’s own universe is apportioned out to Him, as He thinks right to apportion it out to us? With God one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. Why then should we imagine that His knowledge of the future is at all a less immediate intuition than that of the present? We see the universe and its events piecemeal, as in a moving panorama; God sees the whole stretched out at once and for ever before Him. We see the effect follow the cause; God may see how the effect which is to follow has predetermined the preceding cause. Omniscience is surely as far beyond our grasp as prescience; and if we assume the former, it is absurd for us to pretend to determine the forms of the Divine consciousness.’—Pp. 250, 251.

And now, in conclusion, if we are asked, What do Mr. Solly’s conclusions come to, and has he thrown any light upon the question he has attempted to solve? we are obliged to answer, that he has done very little towards its solution. The value of the book consists in the remarks that have been made on collateral subjects; and we gladly part from Mr. Solly with the observation that the chapters on *a priori* knowledge and the doctrine of causality form a very valuable addition to our philosophical knowledge.

ART. VII.—*A Plain Commentary on the Psalms.* (*Prayer-Book Version.*) London and Oxford: J. H. and J. Parker.

‘If we keep vigil,’ says S. John Chrysostom, ‘in the church, David comes first, last, and midst. If early in the morning we seek for the melody of hymns, first, last, and midst, is David again. If we are occupied with the funeral solemnities of the departed, if virgins sit at home and spin, David is first, last, and midst. O marvellous wonder! Many who have made but little progress in literature, nay, who shall scarcely even have mastered its first principles, have the whole Psalter by heart. Nor is it in cities and churches alone that, at all times, through every age, David is illustrious; but in the midst of the forum, in the wilderness and the uninhabitable land, he excites the praises of God. In monasteries, amongst those holy choirs of angelic armies, David is first, midst, and last. In the convents of virgins, where are the bands of them that imitate Mary; in the deserts, where are men crucified to this world, and having their conversation with God; first, midst, and last, is he. All other men are at night overpowered by natural sleep: David alone is active, and, congregating the servants of God into angelic bands, turns earth into heaven, and makes men into angels.’ Nothing can more admirably express the feelings of the Church to her *κτῆμα ἐς αἰὲν* than these words of the great Doctor of the East. The love, the veneration, the delight, which she has expressed for the Psalter, have almost turned it into a part of her own being. It is not only that, from the beginning till now, the whole Book of Psalms has been weekly recited by so many thousand priests: but that the spirit of the Psalter permeates and kindles every other part of the service; that its principal features have received a new and conventional character, have been transfigured from the worship of the synagogue to that of the Church; that, to use the mediæval metaphor, the trumpets of the tabernacle have given place to the psaltery and the New Song of the Christian ritual. We propose to give a brief sketch of the method in which the Church of the Middle Ages adapted the Psalter to her own needs; in which she employed all the luxuriance of her imagination to elicit, to develop,—if you will, to play with,—its meaning. There is—to use the word in a good sense—a perfect treasure of mythology locked up in mediæval breviaries and commentaries,—a mythology, the beauty of which grows upon the student, till that which at first sight appears strange, unreal, making

anything out of anything, perfectly fascinates. If the present writer should seem to be carried away by the richness and loveliness of mediæval allegory, it will not afflict him to plead guilty to the charge. The reader may, if he pleases, view the subject more coolly: it is, at all events, to the advantage of truth, as well as of interest, that any system should be sketched by a warm and loving partisan.

The first thing that would strike one in the mediæval use of the Psalter, is the large proportion of time which its recital employed out of the whole period disposable by ordinary human strength for the service of God. And not its recital only, but its being committed to memory—an ordinary practice of the first twelve centuries. So we find that S. Gennadius, patriarch of Constantinople, in the fifth age, refused to ordain any clerk who could not repeat 'David' from memory. So the eighth Council of Toledo (653) orders that 'None henceforth shall be promoted to any ecclesiastical dignity who do not perfectly know the whole Psalter, and, in addition to that, the usual Canticles and Hymns, and the formula of Baptism.' In like manner, the Council of Oviedo (1050) decrees that 'The Archdeacons shall present such Clerks for ordination at the Ember Seasons as know perfectly the whole Psalter, the Canticles, the Hymns, the Epistles, the Gospels, and the Collects.' Long before this, S. Gregory the Great refused to consecrate a bishop because he could not repeat the Psalter: and the same practice was enjoined by the second Œcumenical Council of Nicæa.

And when we say that all the Psalms were weekly recited by every ecclesiastic, we mean, in point of fact, much more than this. For, additionally, the 119th Psalm was said daily: three of those in Lauds scarcely ever varied. while the four at Compline remained unchangeable. In the Eastern Church it is well known that were the Mesoria, as they are called,—the half-way prayers between every two of the Hours,—repeated with the Hours themselves, at only a moderate speed, it would be absolutely impossible to get through the services of the day within the space of the day.

And this constant and frequent repetition naturally involved the development of a conventional meaning in the Psalms so recited. The same Psalm was said at Christmas, said at Easter, said in Lent, said on the Festivals of Martyrs, said in the Office for the Dead: it could not, at all these seasons, be said with the same feelings, in the same frame of mind. Its different emphases required to be brought out: the same sun-ray from the Holy Ghost rested, indeed, at all times, on the same words, but the prism of the Church separated that colourless light into its com-

ponent rays—into the violet of penitence, the red of a martyr's festival, the gold of the highest seasons of Christian gladness. Hence arose that wonderful system of antiphons, which, out of twenty different significations, definitely, for the time being, fixed one; which struck the right key-note, and enabled the worshippers to sing with the spirit, and to sing with the understanding also.

In order to observe a degree of method in sketching the outlines of so vast a subject, it will be well, in the first place, to point out some of the leading features and most prominent conventionalisms of the mediæval Psalter; then to notice the appropriation of particular Psalms to particular days or hours; and, lastly, to consider the general form and character of those adjuncts to the Psalter itself, Invitatories, Antiphons, and Responsory Verses.

Let us for a moment, however, speak of the different versions of the Psalms which the Church has employed. The two put forth by S. Jerome, both from the LXX., claim the first notice. Of these the one was prepared at Rome at the instigation of S. Damasus; the other, in Palestine, at the solicitation of S. Paula and her daughter S. Eustochium. The former, known as the *Roman*, or *Italic*, was at first employed all over Europe. But S. Gregory of Tours, having introduced a copy of the second, or corrected version, into Gaul, led by the weight of his authority to its introduction there, whence it obtained the name of the *Gallican*. Thence it found its way into Germany, where it was struggling for mastery as early as the time of Walafrid Strabo: in Spain it intruded when the Roman Ritual supplanted the Mozarabic, in the time of S. Gregory VII. It shortly invaded Italy itself; for we find S. Francis enjoining on his Order the use of the Roman Office, *except* the Psalter. Under Sixtus IV. the Italic use survived only in the city of Rome itself, and the suburban district, marked out by a radius of forty miles from the capitol. By the Council of Trent it was abrogated; but the canons of S. Peter's fought so strenuously for its retention, that Pius V., probably not unwilling to dispense with a decree of the Council, sanctioned their wish; and by them it is used to this day. Those Spanish Churches which have retained the Mozarabic use have also retained this version. The modern Roman Breviary employs it in many versicles and responses, and from it the 95th Psalm is always recited, except on the Epiphany. Hence it exhibits some marked differences from the Vulgate, as when it gives, 'Forty years long was I *near* this generation,' instead of 'was I grieved with this generation.' And where it introduces the curious addition: 'For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above

'all gods; for the Lord will not cast out His people, because in His hands are all the corners,' &c. In this version the famous text is still retained: 'Tell it out among the heathen, that the Lord hath reigned from the tree.' In this, also, occurs the passage which was received as a token of providential interference in approval of the election of S. Martin to the episcopate,—'That thou mightest destroy the enemy and the defender:' Defensor having been the name of the prelate who chiefly opposed the consecration of that great saint.

Between the Italic and the Gallican versions of the Psalms there is no such very wide difference: but in the translation of the Canticles used by the Church the two are sometimes scarcely to be recognised as intended to represent the same passages. Take, for instance, the song of Isaiah (in the 26th chapter):—

ITALIC.

'Behold the city, our virtue and salvation* set a wall, and around the wall the munition of the wall.

After the sceptre of the man open ye the gates,* let the people that keepeth righteousness enter in, they that are partakers of truth, they that observe peace.

For they have hoped in thee, O Lord, for ever* God is great and eternal.

How hast thou humbled and brought them down,* those that dwelt in the high places!

Thou shalt throw down the most mighty cities,* and shall bring them even to the ground: and the feet of the gentle and humble shall tread upon them.

The way of the righteous is made straight,* and the path of the saints is prepared.

For the ways of the Lord are judgment,* we have hoped in his name, and in the memorial which my soul hath desired.'

GALLICAN.

'The city of our strength, Sion, the Saviour,* there shall be set on it a wall and an outwork.

Open ye the gates, and let the righteous nation that keepeth the truth enter; ancient error hath departed,* thou shalt keep peace, peace, because we have hoped in thee.

Ye have hoped in the Lord in eternal ages,* in the Lord God that is mighty, for evermore.

Because He shall bow down them that dwell on high,* He shall humble the lofty city.

He shall humble it even to the ground,* he shall bring it low, even unto the dust.

The foot shall tread it down,* the feet of the poor, the steps of the needy.

The way of the just is right,* right is the path of the just to walk therein.

And in the way of thy judgments, O Lord, have we waited for thee: thy name and thy memorial are in the desire of the soul.'

No one can doubt that two of the finest translations ever made of any part of the sacred writings—we are not now speaking so much of their accuracy as of their majesty and beauty—are the revised edition of S. Jerome and our own Prayer-Book version. If a third can be mentioned in the same sentence, it is Luther's. The Prayer-Book translation, doubtless, in most points, yields to the Vulgate, though in particular passages it seems to excel it,—but how infinitely superior is it to the version in the English Bible!

First, as compared to the Vulgate. We must remember the large number of passages in mediæval sermons which would strike the English reader as strange and far-fetched, unless he remembered the Vulgate reading of texts, which would be familiar enough to him in their English dress. For example: it is not so easy to recognise,—‘But they that run after another god shall have great trouble,’ in, ‘Their infirmities were multiplied: after that they made haste:’ or, ‘He maketh them also to skip like a calf, Libanus also and Sirion, like a young unicorn,’ in, ‘And He shall diminish them like a calf of Libanus, and He is beloved as the son of the unicorn:’ or, ‘Nevertheless, though I am sometime afraid, yet put I my trust in Thee,’ in, ‘From the height of the day will I fear, yet I will trust in thee:’ or, ‘As the hill of Basan so is God’s hill, even an high hill, as the hill of Basan,’ in, ‘A rich hill, a fat hill; wherefore look ye up to the fat hills?’ or, ‘The wild beasts of the field devour it,’ in, ‘The singular beast hath caten it down:’—a text most faithfully carried out by the sculptors of Romanesque fonts, with whom the subject was a favourite one, and who have depicted the animal that roots up the vine as a beast of the most truly singular description:—or, ‘I am anointed with fresh oil,’ in, ‘My age shall be in rich mercy:’ or, ‘The fir trees are a dwelling for the stork,’ in, ‘The house of the stork is their leader:’ or, ‘Lord, remember David and all his trouble,’ in, ‘all his gentleness.’ Then, again, there is a large collection of passages where the Vulgate gives a Christian and ecclesiastical meaning, which it is vain to seek in our version. Thus, ‘Thou shalt maintain my lot,’ is, ‘Thou shalt restore mine heritage to me.’ And a similar variation between the two versions is noticeable in S. Luke, where, ‘Bring forth the best robe,’ is, ‘Bring forth the first robe, and put it upon him.’ So, ‘Put them in fear, O Lord,’ is, ‘Thou shalt set a legislator over them, O Lord, that the heathen may know themselves to be but men:’ so, ‘My cup shall be full,’ is, ‘My inebriating cup, how glorious is it!’ so, ‘My heart danceth for joy,’ is, ‘My flesh hath blossomed again:’ so the passage (Psalm xlii. 4), ‘For I went with the multitude,’ &c. is given with a wonderful richness and depth, ‘These things I remember, and I poured out my soul: because I shall pass over into the place of the wonderful tabernacle, even to the house of God: in the voice of exultation and confession, a sound of them that banquet.’ Which last expression is retained in one of the fairest flowers of mediæval poetry:—

‘Est ibi pascua mitibus afflua, præstita sanctis;
Reges ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.’

So again: ‘Every man in the deep of his heart; but God

'shall suddenly shoot at them with a swift arrow, that they shall be wounded,' becomes, 'Man shall draw near to the deep heart,' and God shall be exalted: the arrows of the little ones are made their wounds.' so, 'The help that is done upon earth, He doeth it Himself,' is, 'He hath wrought our salvation in the midst of the earth:' so, 'Blessèd is the man whose strength is in Thee; in whose heart are Thy ways,' is, 'Blessed is the man whose help is from Thee; he hath made ascensions in his heart:' so, 'How dear are Thy counsels unto me, O God, how great is the sum of them!' appears as, 'But to me exceedingly honoured are Thy friends, O God, exceedingly strengthened is their principality.' To this same class belong those passages where the Vulgate gives the word *CHRIST* instead of our Anointed. For example: 'Behold, O God, our defender, and look upon the face of Thy *CHRIST*:' 'Touch not my *CHRIST*, and do my prophets no harm:' 'For Thy servant David's sake turn not away the presence of Thy *CHRIST*:' 'I have ordained a lantern for my *CHRIST*.' Again: there are not a few passages where, without any especial difference of meaning, the expression is given with far more beauty. For example: 'Moab is my wash-pot,' which, but for our hearing it so constantly, is a phrase which we should hardly endure, is, 'Moab is the vessel of my hope.' 'My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh also longeth after Thee,' is, 'My soul hath thirsted for Thee, in how manifold manners has my flesh!' 'Yea, the waters had drowned us, and the stream had gone over our soul; the deep waters of the proud had gone even over our soul,' is thus given, 'Peradventure the water had swallowed us up; our soul had passed through the torrent: perchance our soul had passed through the intolerable water.' We must, however, allow, in fairness, that our own version has sometimes the advantage. How much grander, for instance, is, 'But as for me, I will behold Thy presence in righteousness; and when I awake up after Thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it,' than, 'But I shall appear in justice in Thy presence, I shall be satisfied when Thy glory shall have appeared!' How inferior is, 'A brother redeemeth not, man shall redeem: he shall not give to God his propitiation, and the price of the redemption of his soul, and he shall labour for ever,' to, 'But no man may deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him; for it cost more to redeem their souls, so that he must let that alone for ever!' Or, again: 'The Lord shall give the word to them that evangelize in much virtues,' to, 'The Lord gave the word, great was the company of the preachers!'

Let us try the four versions to which we have referred in that which is, confessedly, one of the sublimest passages of the whole Psalter:—

10. Inclinauit celos,
et descendit aether
sub pedibus ejus.

11. Et ascendit super
cherubim, et volavit:
exalavit super pennas
ventorum.

12. Et posuit tenebras
latibulum suum,
in circuitu ejus taber-
naculum ejus: tene-
brosa aqua in nubibus
aeris.

13. Præ fulgore in
conspectu ejus nubes
conspiciunt, grando et
carbones ignis.

14. Et intonuit de
celo Dominus, et Al-
tissimus dedit vocem
suam: grando et car-
bones ignis.

10. Er neigte den
Himmel und fuhr he-
rab, und Dunkel war
unter seinen Füßen.

11. Und er fuhr auf
dem Cherub, und flog
daher, er schwebete
auf den Pittigen des
Windes.

12. Sein Gezelt um
ihn her war, finster,
und schwarze dicke
Wolken, darin er ver-
borgten war.

13. Vom Glanz vor
ihm trenneten sich die
Wolken, mit Hagel und
Blitzen.

14. Und der Herr don-
nerte im Himmel, und
der Höchste ließ seinen
Donner aus mit Hagel
und Blitzen.

10. He bowed the
heavens also, and came
down; and darkness
was under his feet.

11. And he rode upon
a cherub and did fly;
yea, he did fly upon the
wings of the wind.

12. He made dark-
ness his secret place;
his pavilion round about
him were dark waters;
and thick clouds of the
skies.

13. At the brightness
that was before him his
thick clouds passed,
hailstones and coals of
fire.

14. The Lord also
thundered in the hea-
vens, and the Highest
gave his voice: hail-
stones, and coals of fire.

10. He bowed the
heavens also and came
down: and it was dark
under his feet.

11. He rode upon the
cherubims and did fly:
he came flying upon
the wings of the wind.

12. He made dark-
ness his secret place;
his pavilion round about
him with dark water,
and thick clouds to
cover him.

13. At the brightness
of his presence his
clouds removed: hail-
stones, and coals of fire.

14. He sent out his
arrows, and scattered
them: he cast forth
lightnings, and de-
stroyed them.

To pass to another part of our subject.

The first marked point which distinguishes mediæval from modern interpretation of the Psalms is the constant reference to our Lord in which the former delights, and which the latter invariably eschews. Take, for example, the first Psalm. 'It establishes,' says Scott, the commentator, 'the important distinction between the righteous and the wicked; and assures us of the felicities of the former and the miseries of the latter. In such portions of the word of God we ought not to look for the way in which sinners are made righteous: ' (had Scott written the Psalm instead of David, we should probably have had an additional verse or two to explain the method of their justification;) 'for they only inform us of the characters of such as are accepted by God, and are in the way to heaven.' Of our Lord there is not one syllable in this writer's commentary on the whole Psalm; whereas, in mediæval authors, not only every verse is applied to Him, but the very absence of any title is made significative of Him also. 'The first Psalm has no title,' says venerable Bede, 'because nothing ought to precede the Lord and Saviour, who is our Head, and of whom, and whom only, it is about to speak.' How He did not walk in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stand in the way of sinners; how He exercised Himself in the law of the Lord, in the day of prosperity as well as in the night of adversity; how His fruit was brought forth in due season, and not before.—'My time is not yet come, but your time is alway ready;'—how His leaf—his words, the leaves of the tree which are for the healing of the nations—shall not wither; because 'heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.'

Or take, again, the third Psalm: 'I laid me down and slept, and rose up again, for the Lord sustained me.' Can there be a clearer prophecy of the resurrection than this? Yet our commentator only tells us that 'the afflicted Psalmist having

'now, as in many former instances, committed himself to the Divine protection by faith and prayer, was enabled to sleep with as much composure as if he had been in perfect peace.' It was from S. Augustine that the mediæval Church principally drew her symbolism respecting our Lord, as seen in the Psalter; and well and faithfully she carried it out. Look, for example, at some of the most ancient titles of the Psalms. The fifth: 'That CHRIST always hears the Church: they are the words of CHRIST to the FATHER concerning the Jews, and also to the Church.' The sixth: 'That CHRIST is the destroyer of our enemies, the Voice of CHRIST to the FATHER.' The seventh: 'That CHRIST is the scrutinizer of all consciences.' The eighth: 'That CHRIST, the Son of Man, was in His Passion made a little lower than the angels.' The ninth: 'That CHRIST, by His Holy Advent, will overthrow Antichrist. The Prophet tells the praise of CHRIST, and speaks of the Jews, and the Prince of the Devils, and the worshippers of idols, whose name is put out for ever and ever; and of the Advent of CHRIST, who came that man might no more be exalted upon the earth: for dead men were worshipped as gods.' The eleventh: 'That CHRIST arose on account of our miseries and necessities: the Voice of CHRIST concerning His own Passion, and that of His members, to the FATHER; also concerning the devil and his members.' And so on to the end of the Psalter. Let us try an example or two somewhat further on, and parallelize it with the aforesaid Scott's heading. We will take Psalm xlii. as a specimen. We need not specify which is which:—

'That CHRIST blots out our sins by the ablation of Baptism: the Voice of CHRIST and of penitents after Baptism hastening to, or yearning after, the fountain of tears.—Before Baptism: the Voice of CHRIST to those who are about to be received to the faith. Read it with Isaiah.'

Psalm li.

'That CHRIST, without sin, for the sins of the people, when He was judged overthrew His judges; the Voice of the Penitent. This Psalm is to be read at the lection of Isaiah the Prophet and of the Acts of the Apostles, where the history is of Paul. The Voice of CHRIST for the penitent people. The Voice of Paul, and of every penitent believer. The Doctrine of Confession, and a prophecy of the Church.'

'The Psalmist thirsts after God; mourns his absence from the Sanctuary, while amongst besetting foes; and recollects with regret former seasons of comfort. He struggles against unbelief and despondency, complains unto God, and stays his dejected soul on Him.'

'David earnestly prays for mercy, humbly confesses his sins, and laments his original depravity. He entreats forgiveness, sanctification, and renewed comforts, that he may glorify God, and promote the conversion of sinners. He shows that God delights more in a contrite heart, than in legal sacrifice. He prays for the prosperity of the Church.'

One might well ask, why writers of Scott's calibre—so fearful

of seeing Christ anywhere in the Psalms—are never afraid of finding the Church there?

• Or again, let us take some of the references to Christ, which to mediæval expositors were easy, and trite—I had almost said common-place—and then reflect how many of them would occur to an ordinary preacher in selecting a text from the ‘Psalms for the day.’ What wonderful beauty there is in, ‘Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice,’ when applied to that One Great Sacrifice which was offered up in the evening of the world—in the evening, too, of the Paschal day—by the stretching forth of His hands on the Cross! in, ‘I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord,’ when we refer it to the morning of the first Easter-day, and the commission to the Apostles to make disciples of all nations: in, ‘I am a stranger upon the earth,’ when it alludes to Him who came unto His own, and His own received Him not: in the double answer to the question, ‘Who is the King of Glory?’ the first, ‘The Lord mighty in battle,’ because our Lord’s first ascension was so soon after His triumph over death and hell; the second, ‘The Lord of Hosts,’ because His other ascension will be with the multitude of His redeemed when their warfare is accomplished! Again, in such a text as, ‘O think upon Thy servant as concerning Thy Word, wherein Thou hast caused me to put my trust,’ when we take it of that coeternal Word, Who is, indeed, all the salvation and all the trust of His people! Or, when we so take, ‘Now for the comfortless troubles’ sake of the needy, and because of the deep sighing ‘of the poor,’ as to refer to Him who was so needy as to have no place where to lay His head, and of whom it is written, ‘Neither found I any to comfort me.’ Indeed, it is remarkable how much emphasis we may almost always give by taking the poor as applying to our Lord. ‘For when He maketh inquisition for blood, He remembereth them,’ to be compared, in this sense, with that saying of S. Paul’s, ‘The blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than that of Abel’s:’ ‘and forgetteth not the complaint of the Poor;’ ‘Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.’ Or again: ‘The Poor shall not always be forgotten.’ Or again: ‘The Poor committeth himself unto Thee;’ ‘Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.’ Or, once more: ‘As for you, ye have made a mock at the counsel of the Poor;’ that counsel ordained before the foundation of the world,

‘Multiformis proditoris
Ars ut artem falleret.’

Again: ‘He hath not despised nor abhorred the low estate of the Poor.’ Or, again, very remarkably, ‘All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto Thee, who deliverest the poor

‘from him that is too strong for him?’ if we take it with reference to the prophecy, ‘A bone of Him shall not be broken;’ to which, indeed, all mediæval writers refer that other text, ‘Great are the troubles of the Righteous, but the Lord delivereth Him out of all; He keepeth all His bones, so that not one of them is broken.’ In the same way the so constantly occurring phrase, ‘The righteous,’ may be applied with admirable beauty. But to take some further examples. To our Lord also we may refer such a text as, ‘While mine enemies are driven back; they shall fall and perish at Thy presence:’ understanding it of that speech of His which, when His enemies had heard, ‘They went backwards and fell to the ground.’ Or that whole passage, ‘The sorrows of death compassed me, &c., the earth trembled and quaked;’ to those sorrows which did indeed compass our Lord on the Cross, when ‘The earth did quake, and the rocks rent;’ and when ‘He made darkness His secret place,’ at the time when ‘there was darkness over all the earth, from the sixth hour till the ninth hour.’ So also, ‘When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell;’ of Judas’s fall into final perdition, after the first sacrilegious communion. Or, if we carry on the allusion in, ‘False witnesses did rise up; they laid to my charge things which I knew not,’ (where even Scott the commentator allows that there may be a reference to our Lord) to the next verses, ‘Nevertheless, when they were sick,—the *Salvati mundum languidum* of the Advent hymn,—‘I put on sackcloth,’ that is, the miseries and infirmities of human nature, ‘and humbled my soul with fasting,’ as in the forty days in the wilderness. Or, to take a curious example of a double sense: ‘Blessed is the man that considereth the poor and needy, the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble;’ which we may either understand of the blessedness of him who fixes his faith and hope on the King who became poor and needy for our sakes,—or, of the blessing due to His name who, ‘considering’ us, poor and needy as we were, was Himself delivered in the time of His greatest trouble,—was ‘preserved’ and ‘kept alive,’ that He might be ‘blessed,’ not only, as before, in heaven, but also ‘upon earth.’ Passages like these show the folly of some attempts which have been lately made to print those words in the Psalms, which are supposed to bear reference to any Person of the blessed Trinity, with capital initials. For it must entirely depend on the sense in which we take the Psalm for the time being, as to how those capitals are to be disposed; and, as in the example just given, we could not print *both*, ‘Blessed is the Man that considereth the poor and needy, the Lord shall deliver Him in the time of trouble;’ and *also*, ‘Blessed is the man that con-

'sidereth the Poor and Needy, the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.'

But to resume our subject. So a glorious prophecy of the Resurrection was seen in that verse, 'As for me, I will sing of Thy power, and will praise Thy mercy betimes in the morning;'—that morning on which the stone was rolled away so early from the sepulchre. Again, of the Passion: in that, 'Their device is only how to put Him out,'—out of the Synagogue, out of the city, out of the world,—'Whom God will exalt'—'to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins:' and in that again, 'But, Lord, I make my prayer unto Thee in an acceptable time;'—the time of that Sacrifice accepted, once and for all, for the sins of the whole world. So again of the Resurrection: 'Yet dost Thou turn and refresh Me; yea, and broughtest Me from the deep of the earth again:;' and yet once more of the Passion, 'He shall refrain the spirit of princes, and is wonderful among the kings of the earth,'—as when He stood in His majesty before Pilate and Herod, and answered not a word, 'inasmuch that the governor marvelled greatly.' So,—in a less important event, there is a remarkable coincidence between that verse,—'Thy way is in the sea, and thy paths in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known;' and the passage in St. John's Gospel, where, after our Lord had crossed the sea of Tiberias, 'they also took shipping, and came to Capernaum, seeking for Jesus. And when they had found Him on the other side of the sea, they said unto Him, Rabbi, when comest Thou hither?' So again in, 'Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt,' those mediæval writers saw a type of the 'True Vine,'—the Son 'called out of Egypt,'—and applied the prophecy that followed to Him. Especially, according to their interpretation, is that verse noticeable, 'She stretched out her branches unto the sea, and her boughs unto the river;' which, in common with that other passage, 'His dominion shall be also from the one sea to the other, and from the flood unto the world's end:' they referred to the Sea of Baptism at the one end of Christian Life, and to the Sea of Glass before the Throne, at the other. And not less strikingly did they see a prophecy of the prayer, 'Father, glorify Thy name,' in that, 'O turn Thee then unto me, and have mercy upon me: give Thy strength unto Thy servant, and help the son of Thine handmaid. Shew some token upon me for good, that they who hate me may see it, and be ashamed: because Thou, Lord, hast holpen me, and comforted me.'

Again, consider the following, as taken in reference to the Resurrection: 'Up, Lord, why sleepest Thou? awake, and be not absent from us for ever:' or, 'In the multitude of the sorrows I had in my heart, Thy comforts have refreshed my soul;' com-

pared with the agony in the garden, when there appeared unto Him an angel from heaven, strengthening Him: or, 'Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour till the evening;' in reference to the thirty-three years of our Lord's work, and the evening in which He said, 'I have glorified Thee upon earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do.' Consider, once more, the allusion to the Atonement in those passages, 'So He said, He would have destroyed them, had not Moses His chosen stood before Him in the gap: to turn away His wrathful indignation, lest He should destroy them;' and, 'They angered Him also at the waters of strife: so that He punished Moses for their sakes:' or, 'At midnight will I rise to give thanks unto Thee,' with reference to that glorious midnight, when our Lord burst the bars of death, because it was not possible that He should be holden of them: or, 'The plowers plowed upon my back, and made long furrows,' to His scourging: or, 'My soul fleeth unto the Lord, before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch,' to His rising up a great while before day, on that night before He left the Apostles.

Another conventionalism which, from the time of S. Augustine downwards, directed and influenced the whole mediæval course of scriptural interpretation, was the appropriation of the name Jerusalem—the Vision of Peace—to the Church triumphant; that of Zion—expectation—to the Church militant. It will be found that this rule, with scarcely a single exception, holds good in the Psalms; and even in those instances which at first sight appear to deviate from the canon, a peculiar beauty is often afforded by following up the clue. Take, for example, some of the passages in which the rule clearly and unmistakeably holds good:—

'Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion.' '*Regiam suam potestatem,*' says Aygvan, '*primo ostendit in ecclesia tam ex Judæa quam ex Gentibus quæ per montem Sion intelligitur, secundum glossam.*' 'O praise the Lord, which dwelleth in Zion.' 'That I may show all Thy praises within the ports of the daughter of Zion.' 'Who shall give salvation unto Israel out of Zion?' 'Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion,' a manifest antithesis of the glorified and the militant Church. 'The hill of Zion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth.' 'Walk about Zion and go round about her.' 'Out of Zion hath God appeared in perfect beauty.' 'O that the salvation were given unto Israel out of Zion.' 'For God will save Zion and build the cities of Judah,'—the latter clearly a prophecy of the many mansions built up in the true 'Judah,' the everlasting habitation of 'Praise.' 'To speak of all Thy works in the gates of the daughter of Zion.' 'Think upon the tribe of Thine inheritance,

and Mount Sion, wherein Thou hast dwelt.' 'But chose the tribe of Judah, even the hill of Sion which he loved.' 'Of Sion it shall be reported that He was born in her.' 'Sion heard of it and rejoiced, and the daughters of Judah were glad because of Thy judgments, O Lord.' 'Thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Sion.' 'That they may declare the Name of the Lord in Sion and His worship at Jerusalem, when the people are gathered together, and the kingdoms also, to serve the Lord.' His Name in the earthly Sion now; His worship in the heavenly Jerusalem, when the ransomed and elect 'people' of the saints shall be gathered together after the 'kingdoms' of this world have become the 'kingdoms' of our Lord and of His Christ. 'The Lord shall send the rod of thy power out of Sion; be thou ruler, even in the midst among thine enemies,'—where the last clause distinctly shows the militant character of the Church. 'When the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion.' 'As many as have evil will at Sion.' 'The Lord hath chosen Sion to be an habitation for Himself.' 'Praised be the Lord out of Sion, who dwelleth at Jerusalem.' 'The Lord thy God, O Sion, shall be king for evermore.' 'Let the children of Sion be joyful in their king.'

In all these passages it is very plain that the mediæval interpretation *may* hold, and in many of them it *must* hold. To turn now to a second class of texts, where at first sight the meaning seems less clear. 'O be favourable and gracious unto Sion;' and then, by a very beautiful sequence, 'Build Thou the walls of Jerusalem;' because by God's love and mercy, to the Church here, those spiritual stones are prepared by which the walls of the eternal temple are to be built on high. And to the same purpose, and in the same sense, is that other text, 'Stablish the thing, O God, that Thou hast wrought in us, for Thy temple's sake at Jerusalem.' Again, what an emphasis there is in—'Thou, O God, art praised in Sion, and unto Thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.' 'The saints,' says Aygual, 'praise God indeed in the Way, but shall perfectly praise Him in their Country, when they behold Him face to face. The first vow which we make to God in Baptism is to renounce the devil and all his works, and to keep God's holy will and commandments. But this vow, through the infirmity of the flesh, we cannot fully observe in the present life, but we shall perfectly perform it in the heavenly Jerusalem.' In like manner of the completed vow: 'I will pay my vows unto the Lord, in the sight of all His people,' of the great multitude that no man can number, 'in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.' 'There is the seat of judgment, even the seat of the house of David: O pray for the peace of Jerusalem;' that is, seeing there is joy in the presence of the angels of God

over one sinner that repenteth, this joy, this 'peace,' is to be earnestly sought for. So Ayguan, after S. Augustine—'They that put their trust in the Lord shall be even as the Mount Sion, which may not be removed, but standeth fast for ever. The hills stand about Jerusalem.' The names in our version would more naturally be reversed; but then we find in the Vulgate, 'They that trust in the Lord shall be even as the Mount Sion; He shall never be moved that dwelleth in Jerusalem;' which is a plain example of the rule. 'The Lord from out of Sion shall so bless thee, that thou shalt see Jerusalem in prosperity all thy life long.' Here, at first sight, it would seem that the names should be changed. 'But we may rather elicit this meaning: the Lord shall so give thee His grace while thou art still in the Church militant, that thou thyself, with thine own eyes, shalt see the prosperity of His heavenly kingdom all thy life long; and what is the 'life long' of the soul, but eternity? '*Videus*,' says Ayguan, '*bona celestis Hierusalem que sunt perpetua. Et quia resuscitatus semper vivis, semper illa bona videbis.*' The 137th Psalm occasions a difficulty. 'The earlier clauses, 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth,' plainly point to heaven. But then, how are we to explain what follows, —'Remember the children of Edom, O Lord, in the day of Jerusalem: how they said, Down with it?' And mediæval writers answer, that by the children of Edom the heathen and the unbelievers are set forth; and that these will indeed be remembered and brought into the fold, in the day of Jerusalem—the day when the Vision of Peace shall shine forth perfectly—and there shall be one fold and one shepherd: although, in attacking the earthly Church, they did, in point of fact, so far as in them lay, direct their malice against that heavenly communion—(Down with it).—with which the other forms but one family. Once more: 'Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Sion:' in the one, 'He hath made fast the bars of thy gates,' namely, those gates through which nothing shall pass that defileth; in the other, a promise of a lower character, 'He hath blessed thy children within thee.'

There remain only three passages which cannot be, by any reasonable stretch of fancy, brought within the canon. Two of these occur in one Psalm: 'Thy holy temple have they defiled, and made Jerusalem an heap of stones: their blood have they shed like water on every side of Jerusalem.' But though this is called a Psalm of Asaph, yet there is a general tradition of the Church that it was composed in the time of the Maccabees. 'It is said in the person of the Maccabees,' writes S. Athanasius. 'Asaph relates,' says Bede, 'the suffer-

'ings of the people of the Jews, during the times of Antiochus.' A prophecy,' explains Eusebius, 'of that which befel the Jews through Antiochus.' If this be so, is there any approach to neology in imagining that the inspired writer of the Psalm, whoever he were, had nevertheless lost the tradition, which in a better and purer age had distinguished the two names? The remaining passage—if indeed this be an exception—is that in the 84th Psalm: 'They will go from strength to strength: and unto the God of gods appeareth every one of them in Sion.'

The same rule applies to a considerable, though not altogether an equal, extent, to Isaiah. It will be sufficient to refer to some of the passages where it holds good. Isaiah i. 8, 27; viii. 18; xii. 6; xiv. 32; xxiv. 23; xxvii. 13; xxviii. 16; xxix. 8; xxxi. 4; xxxiii. 5; xlix. 14; li. 3; lii. 7; lix. 20; lx. 14; lxi. 3; lxii. 1, 11; lxv. 18, 19; lxvi. 8, 10, 13, 20. But there are also no small number of texts which, to say the least, require explanation, and sometimes repay it with additional beauty. 'Out of Sion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem;' the *law* of Christian life from the Church on earth; the coeternal *Word* from the heavenly Jerusalem. 'It shall come to pass that he that is left in Sion,' that is, who still lingers behind on earth, 'and he that remaineth in Jerusalem,' that is, he that abideth for ever in the heavenly city,—'shall be called holy, even every one that is written among the living in Jerusalem;' with which last clause compare such expressions as, 'I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living'—and, 'I should utterly have fainted, but that I believe verily to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.'—'When the Lord shall have washed away the filth of the daughters of Sion, and shall have purged the blood of Jerusalem from the midst thereof:' the latter clause in the same sense as Bernard of Cluny's,—

'Tota negotia, cantica dulcia dulce tonare;
Tum vula debita, quam bona prebita conjubilare.

'And now, O inhabitants of Jerusalem, and men of Judah, judge, I pray you, betwixt Me and my vineyard;' as if our Lord appealed to those who are hereafter to judge the earth: those that shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. 'For the people shall dwell in Sion at Jerusalem:' understand it of those happy times in which the Church militant, again at unity with itself, shall exhibit no faint resemblance of the Church triumphant. 'That confirmeth the word of His servants, and performeth the counsel of His messengers; that saith to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be inhabited; and to the cities

'of Judah, Ye shall be built, and I will raise up the decayed places thereof: that saith to the deep, Be dry.' (Compare that prophecy, 'There shall be no more sea.')->'I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace, day nor night. Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give Him no rest, till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth;' in other words, an amplification of our Lord's own words, 'Thy kingdom come.' At the same time we must confess that there are a few passages in Isaiah in which the conventional sense cannot by any possibility exist; for example, 'The Lord of Hosts doth take away from Jerusalem . . . the whole stay of bread and the whole stay of water . . . for Jerusalem is ruined, and Judah is spoiled, because their tongue and their doings are against the Lord.' The reader also may be referred to the following passages:—Isa. viii. 14; x. 10, 11; xxii. 10; xxviii. 14.

To turn to another subject. Another favourite conventionalism of mediæval writers was to show how frequently, in describing the Christian's enemies, the Psalmist speaks of them, and that in very close juxtaposition, in the singular and the plural number: whence they gather that no trials or afflictions could hurt at all, that they could not be our enemies, unless it were the malice of Satan, the hatred of THE enemy which gave them their venom. And certainly it is remarkable how often this arrangement of words may be observed; so that it has been said, perhaps without much exaggeration, 'It seems to me scarcely ever to be otherwise.' Take the following examples: 'Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness, because of *mine* enemies; for there is no faithfulness in *his* mouth. Save me from *all them* that persecute me, and deliver me, lest HE devour my soul like a lion,' (where compare those words, 'Your adversary, the devil, like a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour.') 'Because of Thine *enemies*, that Thou mightest still THE enemy and THE avenger.' 'Thou hast destroyed the ungodly, Thou hast put out *their* name for ever and ever.' O THOU enemy, destructions are come to a perpetual end.' 'The ungodly for *his* own lust doth persecute the poor: let *them* be taken in the crafty wiliness that they have imagined.' 'They lie waiting in our way on every side . . . Up, Lord, disappoint HIM and cast HIM down.' 'He shall deliver me from my *strongest enemy* and from *them* which hate me.' And again, in the same Psalm, 'It is HE that delivereth me from my *cruel enemies*, and setteth me up above mine *adversaries*. Thou shalt rid me from the *wicked man*.' 'Save me from the *lion's mouth*; Thou hast heard me also from among the horns of the *unicorn*.' 'For they have privily

‘laid ~~their~~^{his} net to destroy me without a cause Let a sudden destruction come upon HIM unawares, and HIS net that he hath laid privily, catch HIMSELF.’ ‘*Wicked doers* shall be rooted out Thou shalt look after HIS place, and HE shall be away.’ ‘Mine *enemies* speak evil of me And if HE come to see me he speaketh vanity.’ ‘Defend my cause against the ungodly *people*; O deliver me from the deceitful and wicked *man*.’ ‘The *enemy crieth* so, and the *ungodly cometh* on so fast, for *they* are minded to do me some mischief.’ ‘Let them consume away like a snail, and be like the untimely fruit of a woman, and let *them* not see the sun so let indignation vex HIM.’ ‘The enemy shall not be able to do him violence; the *son of wickedness* shall not hurt him; HE will smite down his *foes* before his face, and plague them that hate him.’ ‘Let not HIS mischievous imagination prosper, lest *they* be too proud.’

We hardly, perhaps, find so many references to the Cross in the mediæval Psalter as we might, *a priori*, have expected; yet some there are which are not a little quaint and striking. So that verse, ‘And now shall HE lift up mine head above mine enemies round about me,’ is expounded of the lifting up of Christ on the Cross; an allusion which naturally bases itself on our Lord’s own words, ‘And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, shall draw all men unto Me;—this spake HE, signifying what death HE should die.’ And also in the expressions of Joseph, in that history, which the Middle Ages viewed as that type of the salvation of the good, and the final reprobation of the impenitent, thief: ‘Yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thy head from off thee, and shall hang thee on a tree.’ And so S. John the Baptist’s prophecy, ‘He must *increase*, but I must decrease,’ is taken by the same writers—

‘Crux præsignat sublimari
Christum; sed hunc minuari
Capitis supplicio.’

And in the same sense they also took these other passages:—‘I will be *exalted* among the heathen, and I will be exalted in the earth;’ and, ‘Now will I arise, saith the Lord, now will I be *exalted*: now will I lift up Myself.’ And still more finely, they saw the Cross predicted as the Throne in those verses:—‘And *set up Thy Throne* from one generation to another.’ ‘I have laid help upon One that is mighty, I *have exalted* One chosen out of the people.’ ‘His *Throne* is as the days of heaven.’ So again: ‘The green olive-tree in the House of God,’ and ‘the joy of all the trees of the wood before the Lord,’ may be taken to point the same way: while that text,

'The Lord shall send the rod of Thy power out of Sion; by Thou ruler even in the midst among Thine enemies,' is a noble prophecy of the same thing. And yet, once more, it is not difficult to see both the Incarnation and the Atonement predicted in one verse of the 132d Psalm, when, after speaking of the 'habitation for the mighty God of Jacob,' the prophet continues, 'Lo, we heard of the same at Ephrata, and found it 'in the wood;'—the manger of Bethlehem; and the Cross of Mount Calvary, being thus set forth. So also, 'I stretch forth my hands unto Thee, my soul gaspeth unto Thee as a thirsty land,' well expresses the extension of our Lord's arms on the Cross and His cry, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, 'I thirst.' Or consider, once more, 'The righteous shall flourish like a palm-tree, and shall spread abroad like a cedar in Libanus,' compared with that, 'All the day long have I stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people.'

Again, it is remarkable how, by applying the term, 'Thy Word,' to the coeternal Word of God, we heighten the meaning of the Psalms; a remark which applies, beyond all others, to the 119th. Consider the following expressions in it:—'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? even by ruling himself after Thy Word,' compared with, 'Leaving us an example, that we should follow His steps.' 'I will not forget Thy Word,' taken with reference to the 'Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' 'O quicken Thou me, according to Thy Word,' compared with, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' 'Comfort Thou me according to Thy Word,' said of Him who is the 'Father of mercies and the God of all consolation.' 'My trust is in Thy Word.' 'O think upon Thy servant as concerning Thy Word;' for if not thought of as concerning Him, how could we hope to stand before the Righteous Judge? 'I have a good hope because of Thy Word.' 'Mine eyes long sore for Thy Word;' which last expression can hardly be taken in any other sense than of the Son of God. 'O Lord, Thy Word endureth for ever in heaven;' to which the same remark is applicable. 'Thy Word is a lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths:' compare, 'A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel:' and, 'I am the light of the world.' 'Quicken me, O Lord, according to Thy Word;' in the same sense as, 'For as the Father raiseth up the dead and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whom He will.' 'My trust is in Thy Word.' 'Mine eyes are wasted away with looking for Thy health, and for the Word of Thy righteousness.' 'When Thy Word goeth forth, it giveth light and understanding unto the simple;' with which that noble passage in the Book of Wisdom may be compared,

‘For while all things were in quiet silence, and that night was in the middle of her swift course, Thine Almighty Word leaped down from heaven out of Thy royal throne.’ ‘Quicken me according to Thy Word:’—the constant connexion of quickening with the Word is surely remarkable. So we may take those passages where there is a reference to the blessed Trinity. ‘By the Word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the hosts of them by the Breath of His mouth:’ and again, ‘He sendeth out His Word and melteth them; He bloweth with His Wind and the waters flow.’

To proceed to another part of our subject:—the distribution of the weekly Psalms, as made both by the Eastern and Western Churches. We will give a tabular view of the ferial use of the Psalms: first, those of the two great sources of all the ancient Western uses—the Gregorian and the Benedictine; then, an example of the Gallican reform of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and, lastly, the Eastern use. We shall distinguish the Offices of Nocturns, Lauds, Prime, Tierce, Sexts, Nones, Vespers, and Compline, by their initial letters: N. standing for Nocturn, and N. for Nones; while P. Mes., T. Mes., &c., stand respectively for the Mesorion of the first and third Hours, &c. We will select the *Clermont*.

ROMAN.	MONASTIC.	FRENCH.	GREEK.
<i>Psalm</i>			
1. 1 N. Sunday	P. Monday	1 N. Sunday	
2. 1 N. Sunday	P. Monday	1 N. Sunday	
3. 1 N. Sunday	Daily, before Invitatory.	1 N. Sunday	
4. C. daily	C. daily	C. Sunday	L. Great C.
5. L. Monday	L. Monday	2 N. Sunday	P. Great C.
6. 1 N. Sunday	P. Monday	2 N. Sunday	
7. 1 N. Sunday	P. Tuesday	3 N. Sunday	
8. 1 N. Sunday	P. Tuesday	2 N. Sunday	
9. 1 N. Sunday	P. Tuesday	N. Monday	
10. 1 N. Sunday	F. Wednesday	N. Monday	
11. 1 N. Sunday	P. Wednesday	3 N. Sunday	
12. 1 N. Sunday	P. Wednesday	N. Monday	Great C.
13. 1 N. Sunday	P. Thursday	N. Monday	
14. 1 N. Sunday	P. Thursday	N. Monday	
15. 1 N. Sunday	P. Thursday	N. Monday	
16. 2 N. Sunday	P. Friday	P. Monday	
17. 2 N. Sunday	P. Friday	N. Monday	T.
18. 2 N. Sunday	{ 1—24 P. Friday; 25 — end P. Saturday. }	L. Monday	
19. 3 N. Sunday	P. Saturday	P. Monday	
20. 3 N. Sunday	P. Saturday	P. Tuesday	L. daily.
21. 3 N. Sunday	1 N. Sunday	S. Monday	L. daily.
22. P. Sunday	1 N. Sunday	T. Monday	
23. P. Sunday	1 N. Sunday	S. Monday	
24. P. Sunday	1 N. Sunday	S. Monday	
25. P. Sunday	1 N. Sunday	N. Monday	T. Great C.
26. P. Sunday	1 N. Sunday	N. Monday	
27. N. Monday	2 N. Sunday	N. Tuesday	
28. N. Monday	2 N. Sunday	N. Tuesday	
29. N. Monday	2 N. Sunday	N. Tuesday	
30. N. Monday	2 N. Sunday		T. Mes.
C. daily. 1—6f			Great C.
31. N. Monday	2 N. Sunday	N. Tuesday	T. Mes.
32. N. Monday	2 N. Sunday	N. Tuesday	

ROMAN.	MONASTIC.	FRENCH.	GREEK.
<i>Psalm.</i>			
33. N. Monday	1 N. Monday	L. Tuesday	
34. N. Monday	1 N. Monday	P. Tuesday	
35. N. Monday	1 N. Monday	T. Tuesday	
36. N. Monday	L. Monday	L. Tuesday	
37. N. Monday	1 N. Monday	S. Tuesday	L.
38. N. Monday	1 N. Monday	C. Tuesday	
39. N. Tuesday	2 N. Monday	C. Wednesday	
40. N. Tuesday	2 N. Monday	N. Tuesday	
41. N. Tuesday	2 N. Monday	N. Wednesday	
42. N. Tuesday	2 N. Monday	N. Wednesday	
43. L. Tuesday	L. Tuesday	C. Thursday	
44. N. Tuesday	2 N. Monday	N. Wednesday	
45. N. Tuesday		N. Wednesday	
46. N. Tuesday	1 N. Tuesday	C. Thursday	P. Mes
47. N. Tuesday	1 N. Tuesday	N. Wednesday	
48. N. Tuesday	1 N. Tuesday	L. Wednesday	
49. N. Tuesday	1 N. Tuesday	N. Wednesday	
50. N. Tuesday	1 N. Tuesday	L. Wednesday	
51.* At all the Hours on Week-days...	L. daily	L. Wednesday	N. daily. C.
52. N. Tuesday	1 N. Tuesday	P. Wednesday	
53. N. Wednesday	2 N. Tuesday	P. Wednesday	S.
54. P. Sunday	2 N. Tuesday	P. Wednesday	S.
55. N. Wednesday	2 N. Tuesday	T. Wednesday	S. Mes.
56. N. Wednesday	2 N. Tuesday	T. Wednesday	S. Mes.
57. N. Wednesday	L. Tuesday	S. Wednesday	
58. N. Wednesday	2 N. Tuesday	S. Wednesday	
59. N. Wednesday	2 N. Tuesday	N. Wednesday	
60. N. Wednesday	1 N. Wednesday	S. Wednesday	
61. N. Wednesday	1 N. Wednesday	N. Wednesday	T. Mes.
62. N. Wednesday	1 N. Wednesday	N. Wednesday	
63. L. daily	L. Sunday	L. Sunday	L.
64. N. Wednesday	L. Wednesday	N. Thursday	N. Saturday.
65. L. Wednesday	L. Wednesday	N. Thursday	N. Saturday.
66. N. Wednesday	1 N. Wednesday	N. Thursday	N. Saturday.
67. L. daily	L. Sunday	L. Thursday	N. Saturday.
68. N. Wednesday	1 N. Wednesday	N. Thursday	N. Saturday.
69. N. Thursday	2 N. Wednesday	L. Thursday	{ N. Saturday.
70. N. Thursday	2 N. Wednesday	N. Thursday	{ S. Mes. C.
71. N. Thursday	2 N. Wednesday	P. Thursday	
72. N. Thursday	2 N. Wednesday	P. Thursday	
73. N. Thursday	2 N. Wednesday	T. Thursday	
74. N. Thursday	1 N. Thursday	S. Thursday	
75. N. Thursday	1 N. Thursday	S. Thursday	
76. N. Thursday	L. Friday	C. Friday	
77. N. Thursday	1 N. Thursday	N. Thursday	
78. N. Thursday	1 N. Thursday	N. Friday	
79. N. Thursday	1 N. Thursday	N. Thursday	
80. N. Thursday	2 N. Thursday	N. Friday	
81. N. Friday	2 N. Thursday	N. Friday	
82. N. Friday	2 N. Thursday	C. Wednesday	
83. N. Friday	2 N. Thursday	C. Friday	
84. N. Friday	2 N. Thursday	V. Saturday	N
85. N. Friday	2 N. Thursday		N.
86. N. Friday	1 N. Friday	L. Friday	N.
87. N. Friday	1 N. Friday	L. Friday	
88. N. Friday	L. Thursday	P. Friday	L.
89. N. Friday	1 N. Friday	T. Friday	
90. L. Thursday	L. Thursday	S. Friday	P.
91. C. daily	C. daily	C. Sunday	S. Great C.
92. L. Saturday	L. Friday	P. Friday	P. Mes.
93. L. Sunday	{ L. Sund. (High Feasts) }	L. Sunday	P. Mes.
	{ 1 N. Friday		
94. N. Friday	1 N. Friday	N. Friday	
95. Daily Invitatory ..	Daily Invitatory	Daily Invitatory	
96. N. Friday	2 N. Friday	S. Friday	
97. N. Friday	2 N. Friday	N. Friday	
98. N. Saturday	2 N. Friday	N. Saturday	
99. N. Saturday	2 N. Friday	N. Saturday	
100. L. Sund.; N. Sat...	{ L. Sund. (High Feasts) }	L. Sunday	
	{ 2 N. Friday		

* But this is not now the rule in the Roman Breviary, though retained in the Sarum

ROMAN.	MONASTIC.	FRENCH.	GREEK.
<i>Psalm.</i>			
101. N. Saturday	2 N. Friday	N. Saturday	P. Great C.
102. N. Saturday	1 N. Saturday	N. Saturday	L.
103. N. Saturday	1 N. Saturday	N. Saturday	V.
104. N. Saturday	1 N. Saturday	L. Saturday	
105. N. Saturday	1 N. Saturday	P. Saturday	
106. N. Saturday	2 N. Saturday	T. Saturday	
107. N. Saturday	2 N. Saturday	S. Saturday	
108. N. Saturday	2 N. Saturday	N. Saturday	
109. N. Saturday	2 N. Saturday	N. Saturday	
110. V. Sunday	V. Sunday	V. Sunday	
111. V. Sunday	V. Sunday	V. Sunday	
112. V. Sunday	V. Sunday	V. Sunday	
113. V. Sunday	V. Sunday	V. Sunday	N. Mes
114. V. Sunday	V. Sunday	V. Sunday	
115. V. Sunday	V. Sunday	V. Sunday	
116. V. Monday	V. Sunday	V. Monday	
117. V. Monday	V. Sunday	V. Monday	V.
118. P. Sunday	L. Sunday	P. Sunday	
119. 1—32 P. Sunday ; 33—80 T. daily ; 81—128 S. daily ; 129—176 N. daily	{ P. Sund. 4 portions ; T. Sund. 3 ; T. Thurs. 3 ; S. Mond. 3 ; N. Mond. 3 } { T. daily, except Sunday and Monday }	{ 1—32 P. Sunday ; 33—80 T. Sunday ; 81—128 S. Sunday ; 129—176 N. Sunday }	N. daily.
120. V. Monday	V. Monday	V. Monday	
121. V. Monday	T. ditto	V. Monday	N. daily.
122. V. Tuesday	T. ditto	V. Tuesday	
123. V. Tuesday	S. ditto	V. Tuesday	
124. V. Tuesday	S. ditto	V. Tuesday	
125. V. Tuesday	S. ditto	V. Tuesday	
126. V. Tuesday	N. ditto	V. Tuesday	
127. V. Wednesday	N. ditto	V. Wednesday	
128. V. Wednesday	N. ditto	V. Wednesday	
129. V. Wednesday	V. Monday	V. Wednesday	
130. V. Wednesday	V. Tuesday	V. Wednesday	
131. V. Wednesday	V. Tuesday	V. Wednesday	
132. V. Thursday	V. Tuesday	V. Thursday	
133. V. Thursday	V. Tuesday	C. Monday	
134. C. daily	C. daily	C. Sunday	N. daily
135. V. Thursday	V. Wednesday	V. Thursday	
136. V. Thursday	V. Wednesday	V. Thursday	
137. V. Thursday	V. Wednesday	C. Monday	
138. V. Friday	V. Wednesday	V. Friday	N. Mes.
139. V. Friday	V. Thursday	V. Friday	
140. V. Friday	V. Thursday	V. Friday	N. Mes.
141. V. Friday	V. Thursday	C. Monday	
142. V. Friday	V. Friday	N. Tuesday	V.
143. L. Friday	L. Saturday	V. Saturday	L. V. C.
144. V. Saturday	V. Friday	V. Saturday	
145. V. Saturday	{ V. Friday 1—9 ; V. Saturday 9—end }	V. Saturday	
146. V. Saturday	V. Saturday	L. Saturday	
147. V. Saturday	V. Saturday	{ 13 to the end : 1—12 } { C. Thurs. ; C. Tues. }	
148. V. Saturday	L. Saturday	L. Sunday	
149. L. daily ¹	L. daily	L. Monday	L.
150. L. daily	L. daily	L. Tuesday	

The distribution of the weekly Psalms, as it is now arranged in the Western Church, may be considered as having attained its full perfection in the time of S. Gregory. The main features are, as every one knows, these:—On week-days, twelve Psalms at Matins (or, as they were then called, Vigils) ; five at Lauds, then called Matins ; the 63d and 67th reckoning as one, and the same being the case with the 148th, 149th, and 150th ;

¹ It must be remembered that these Psalms, so far as the Eastern Church is concerned, are independent of the 'cathismata,' which are thus explained. The whole Psalter is divided into twenty sections, or 'cathismata,' as follows:—

on Sundays, twelve Psalms in the first Nocturn, three in the second, and three in the third; at Prime, on Sunday, nine Psalms (including four portions of the 119th, said two and two, under one Gloria); on other days, the same portions of the 119th Psalm, with only one additional Psalm. At Tierce, Sexts, and Nones, six portions each, each two under one Gloria; at Vespers five Psalms, and at Compline four.

The great monastic use, branching out from the rule of S. Benedict, and gradually overspreading the West, differed in some not unimportant particulars. On Sundays, six Psalms in the first Nocturn; six in the second; three Canticles in the third; at Lauds, six, the 148th, 149th, 150th, reckoning as one. On week-days, six Psalms in the first Nocturn, and six in the second; at Lauds, three Psalms and a Canticle; at Prime, three Psalms; at the other Hours, three portions of the 119th Psalm; at Vespers, four Psalms.

Now the first observation to be made is, that in both these great systems the main arrangement of the Psalms is their

I.	contains	Psalms 1—	8 inclusive.
II.	"	"	9— 17 "
III.	"	"	18— 24 "
IV.	"	"	25— 32 "
V.	"	"	33— 37 "
VI.	"	"	38— 46 "
VII.	"	"	47— 55 "
VIII.	"	"	56— 64 "
IX.	"	"	65— 70 "
X.	"	"	71— 77 "
XI.	"	"	78— 85 "
XII.	"	"	86— 91 "
XIII.	"	"	92—101 "
XIV.	"	"	102—105 "
XV.	"	"	106— 109 "
XVI.	"	"	110—118 "
XVII.	"	"	119 "
XVIII.	"	"	120—132 "
XIX.	"	"	133—143 "
XX.	"	"	144—150 "

Each of these 'cathismata' is divided into three 'staseis,' and at the end of the latter only—not of each Psalm, as in the Western Church—the Gloria is said. The word 'cathismata,' in this sense, must not be confounded with the 'troparion' so called.

The general arrangement for the lection of the Psalms is as follows:—In the weeks of the Apocreoſ and Tyrophagus, two 'cathismata' at Matins, one at Vespers; so that the Psalter is said through once a-week. In the six weeks of the Great Fast the quantity is doubled, the Psalter being repeated twice in each week. In Holy Week it is said once, but finishes on the Wednesday. From Maunday Thursday till the Eve of the Anti-Pascha (Low Sunday), it is not said at all. At the first Vespers of Low Sunday it begins again, and, till the 20th of September, two 'cathismata' are said at Matins and one at Vespers. From the 20th of September till the Vigil of the Nativity, three 'cathismata' in Matins: one, namely the 18th, at Vespers, together with the 133d and 136th Psalms. Thence, to the Octave of the Epiphany, two at Matins, one at Vespers. Thence, till the Saturday before the Apocreoſ, one at Lauds, one at Matins, and two at Vespers.

numerical order. Whatever objections may be made to the Psalter of the English Prayer-Book, this at least is not one; and the 'Selected Psalms' of the American Church are utterly opposed to antiquity. And, in point of fact, the early Church saw in the very order of the Psalms, as they occur in the Psalter, a great mystery. The very ancient MS. published by Thomasius has this colophon:—

“Of the completion or order of the Psalms. The first fifty imbæ with faith those that are willing to believe. The second fifty instruct those that believe in the hope of celestial remuneration. The third fifty consummate in the perfection of charity those who hope in the Lord. Otherwise: the first fifty contain the sacraments from the foundation of the world to the Incarnation of Christ. The second, from the first to the second advent of Christ. The third sets forth that glorious harmony which will exist without end among the elect of God. The fiftieth Psalm treats of penitence; the 100th, of mercy and justice; the 150th, of the praise of God and His saints. For this is our course to eternal life: first, to condemn our sins; then to live well; that after the condemnation of evil, and the practice of good, we may merit eternal life. For when we are called, we renounce the devil by penitence, to the end we may not remain under his yoke. Being justified, we are made whole by mercy, to the end we should not fear judgment. Being glorified, we pass to eternal life, when we shall praise God without end.”

Thus the secular Breviary, having begun with the Invitatory Psalm, goes on with the 1st, 2d, 3d, (omitting the 4th as a Compline Psalm, and the 5th as not fitted for a night service, but admirably adapted for an early morning one, and therefore said at Lauds on Monday,) 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th [9th, 10th], 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th; in the second Nocturn, 16th, 17th, 18th; in the third Nocturn, 19th, 20th, 21st. On Monday the same arrangement continues. Five Psalms are omitted, as having been said at Prime on the Sunday; and therefore we take up the Psalter again at the 27th, and go regularly on, without one deviation from numerical order. And so with the other days of the week; a Psalm never being omitted except from some striking adaptation to another part of the service.

At Vespers, again, the rule is the same, beginning on Sunday afternoon at the 110th, which is the point reached by Matins on Saturday, and following up the Psalms as they come (with the omission of the 119th, otherwise employed) to the 147th inclusive; the three that are said daily at Lauds complete the list.

At Lauds itself the arrangement is not numerical. Here, on the Sundays, we have Psalms 93, 100, 63 and 67 together, the Song of the Three Children, which S. Gregory calls the Benedictions, and the three last Psalms, which he calls Lauds. For week-days there is a kind of stationary framework, in which two portions alone are shifted daily. The immovable parts are the 51st Psalm, which always comes first, the 63d and 67th, which

are always third, and the 148th, 149th, and 150th, which are always fifth. The second place is occupied by the following Psalms in daily order:—5, 43, 65, 90, 143, 92; all these, it will be seen, in numerical order except the last, which, being called, in its Hebrew title, a Psalm or Song for the Sabbath-day, very naturally retained its situation on the Saturday. The fourth place is occupied by the Canticle from the Old Testament. Mediæval ritualists puzzle themselves to account why the 63d and 67th Psalms are said under one Gloria. Our old friend Durandus thus expresses himself:—‘There are four answers,’ (which there would not probably have been had the true answer been extant in his time,) ‘first, because the Psalm, *Deus, Deus meus*, speaks of being athirst for God; in the Psalm, *Deus misereatur*, the Trinity is set forth. To signify, therefore, the thirst and the continual yearning after God, this is done. Secondly, to note that, before the persecution of Antichrist, the Church of the believing Gentiles, which is symbolized by the *Deus, Deus meus*, and that of the converted Jew represented under the *Deus misereatur*, will be one in the faith; and when they shall have been joined, then shall come the tribulation of Antichrist. Thirdly, because the first of those Psalms teaches of the love of God, where it is written, “My soul thirsteth for Thee;” the second expresses the love of our neighbour in that place, “Thy saving health among all nations;” which two things are so joined together that one cannot exist in our Christian profession without the other. Fourthly, because the grace which the Church longs after in the first Psalm is set forth as bestowed upon her in the second.’ Sicardus, not content with these reasons, adds one or two more:—‘Or they are sung under one glory, because in them the one person of Christ is worshipped. Or they are so said because faith and works are set forth by them, and faith without works is dead.’

Now if we turn to the other great family of Breviaries, we shall find the same numerical arrangement, though expressing itself differently. Here the seral Psalms begin, so to speak, at Prime on Monday, when we have the 1st, 2d, and 6th, the 3d, 4th, and 5th being otherwise employed. These bring us down to the 20th, with which Prime on Saturday concludes. Sunday, then, having prefixed first the 3d, and then the 95th Psalm, takes up the series at the 21st, which series goes on, with tolerable regularity, till, like the Roman, it ends in the 109th Psalm on Saturday. Vespers, in like manner, commence at the 110th and end with the 147th. It may be noticed that the Gregorian Breviary agrees with ours in never dividing any Psalm except the 119th. The monastic use divides some of the longest; and this practice, in modern French Breviaries, has been carried to an absurd extent. In many of these we find

the 59th Psalm, which has but seventeen verses, said in two divisions; and the 73d, which has only twenty-seven, said in three, to the utter loss of the sequence in each.

Again, it is a wide departure from primitive use to reverse the order of Psalms,—except where, as with respect to the 51st, 60th, and others, they have an unchangeable position in particular service. It is quite a novelty, for instance, to say first the 143d, and then the 38th; first the 21st, and then the 20th, &c. as in so many French Breviaries.

The principal differences between the Eastern and the Western uses—leaving the ‘cathismata’ out of the question—are:

1. The unvarying character of the Psalms at all the Hours.
2. The appropriation of the 119th, so emphatically the day-Psalms of the West, to the Nocturns of the East.
3. The adaptation of many Penitential Psalms to Compline; an arrangement, however, not without its significance and beauty.
4. The additional use of Psalm 91 at noon; not at all, it must be confessed, inappropriately: for, if we read ‘for the pestilence that walketh in darkness,’ so also mention is made of ‘the sickness that destroyeth in the noon day.’

It may not be amiss now to offer a few remarks on the peculiar titles which some of the Psalms have received, either singly or in groups; and those which first of all present themselves are the Penitential.

The *Penitential*, formerly also called the *Special*, Psalms, are, as every one knows, held to be these:—6, 32, 38, 51, 102, 130, 143. It is not wonderful that seven should have been the number fixed upon for the Psalms of penitence. It applies, in the first place, as those now so called are applied, to the seven deadly sins; the 6th against anger, the 32d against pride, the 38th against gluttony, the 51st against impurity, the 102d against avarice, the 130th against envy, and the 143d against sloth. But why those especial seven should have been chosen it is a harder question to determine. There are others which seem at least as penitential. For example, the 88th Psalm—the only one which has no clause of comfort or of hope—is not among the list; it is difficult also to see why the 142d has not as good a right to the title as the 143d; while, again, the 56th or 57th might seem to have as just a claim to the same character. And so we find that, in the Churches of France and Germany, during the first ten centuries, a very usual reckoning of the Penitential Psalms was this:—6, 51, 57, 67, 70, 86, 130. According to other rituals, the 88th took the place of the 86th; or

- But the *Special* Psalm, when mentioned by itself, is the 130th, as the only one which occurs both among the Penitential and the Gradual Psalms.

both these were retained, and the 67th, which can scarcely be called penitential, was omitted. It is curious to observe how, all through the Middle Ages, the English Church possessed, in one respect, that penitential character which now is notoriously stamped on its ritual. Not only did it add the 51st Psalm to all the Hours, (in which it simply followed the Gregorian use, afterwards dropped by Rome itself,) but in Lent—at least in many localities—it added to this Psalm one of the Penitential Psalms in order; only at Sexts, when it would have been subjoined to itself, the 67th Psalm was substituted. This very substitution is one among many proofs of the extreme antiquity of the sources whence the Sarum ritual was derived: and it is singular that the retention of that Psalm in our own Evening Prayers should point backward to an antiquity which is attained by a very few parts of the Roman Breviary.

Next in importance to these we have the Gradual Psalms, which, as being no arbitrary division, could never vary. Then the Baptismal Psalms, three in number; those, namely, that form the Nocturn on the two ancient baptismal days, Easter and Pentecost; they are the 1st, 2d, and the 4th. Then the Psalms of the Passion: 2, 7, 22, 31, 38, 59, 69, 81, 94, 102, 123, 130, 132, 142. The *Prostrate* Psalms, the Penitential and Gradual conjointly. The Eastern Church has its own nomenclature. The *Hypsosalmos*—the six Psalms said so often at Matins and at Compline—3, 38, 63, 88, 103, 143. The *Avoi*, the *Laudes* of S. Gregory, the 148th, 149th, 150th. The *Proskytia*, the same as the Gradual, so called from the commencement of the 120th. The *Polyeleos*, the 135th and 136th together. The *Præmiac*, the 104th, because it begins Vespers. The *Anompos*, or Blameless, the 119th.

We must now speak of the rise and progress of that which especially characterises the Western use of the Psalter; namely, the system of antiphons. Ancient as is the alternate chanting of Psalms in the Church, it may be doubted whether that of antiphons is not of even more venerable antiquity; and the relation of Socrates about the vision of S. Ignatius, and his introduction into the service of the Church on earth of that which he had seen in the Church in heaven, more probably refers to this system than to that of responsory chanting. An antiphon, then, in the original sense of the word, was the intercalation of some clause or fragment between the verses of the Psalm which was being sung; one choir taking the Psalm, the other the intercalated portion. An example will make this plain:—

First Choir. 'Thy Lord said unto me: Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten Thee.'

Second Choir. 'The Lord said unto me: Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten Thee.'

• *First Choir.* 'Why do the heathen so furiously rage together: and why do the people imagine a vain thing?'

• *Second Choir.* 'The Lord said unto me: Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten Thee.'

First Choir. 'The kings of the earth stand up: and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against His anointed.'

Second Choir. 'The Lord said unto me: Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten Thee.'

'We know that this intercalation was in use among the Arians, who inserted the clause, 'And now where are they who preach the Trinity in Unity?' between the verses of their Psalms. From the East, it was introduced by S. Ambrose into the Church of Milan; while its adoption in the Roman Church is usually ascribed to S. Celestin.

Many traces of this custom are still to be found in the Eastern rituals. A variation from the use we have described forms what are called the *Encomia* on the 'great Sabbath.' Here the 119th Psalm is said in this manner:—

'Blessed are those that are undefiled in the way: and walk in the law of the Lord.

'Thou, O Christ, our Life, wert laid in the tomb, and the armies of angels were struck with astonishment, glorifying Thy condescension.

'Blessed are they that keep His testimonies; and seek Him with their whole heart.

'How dost Thou die, O our Life, and how dost Thou dwell in the tomb. It is that Thou art paying the tribute of death, and raising the dead out of Hades.

'For they who do no wickedness: walk in His ways.

'We magnify Thee, O Jesus, our King, and honour Thy sepulchre and Thy Passion, by which Thou didst save us from destruction.

'Thou hast charged: that we shall diligently keep Thy commandments.

'Thou that didst establish the foundations of the earth, O Jesu, King of all, dwellest to-day in a little tomb; Thou that dost raise up the dead from the tomb.

'O that my ways were made so direct: that I might keep Thy statutes.

'O Jesus Christ, the King of all, why didst Thou go down to those that were in Hades? was it that Thou mightest free the race of mortals?'

Thus the whole 119th Psalm is gone through in three stations: the first choir taking the first and third, the second the second.

On the same day, in the Great Vespers, the 82d Psalm is said exactly as the old antiphons were.

'God standeth in the congregation of princes; He is a Judge among gods.

'Arise, O God, and judge Thou the earth.

'How long will ye give wrong judgment, and accept the persons of the ungodly?'

(Reference is manifestly made to the unjust judgment of Caiaphas and Pilate, and the 'How long' well refers to the anticipated moment of the Resurrection.)

' Arise, O God, and judge Thou the earth.

' Defend the poor and fatherless: see that such as are in need and necessity have right.

' Arise, O God, and judge Thou the earth.

' Deliver the outcast and poor; save them from the hand of the ungodly.

' Arise, O God, and judge Thou the earth.'

In like manner, at midnight before Easter-day, the effect, which is unrivalled by any ritual of any Church, is produced by an antiphon.

' *The Priest thrice.*—Christ hath arisen from the dead, having trampled down death by death, and having bestowed life upon them that are in the tombs.

' *The Choir thrice.*—Christ hath arisen, &c.

(This sixfold repetition is to give time to the multitude, both within and without the church, to light their torches; also, for the bells to ring, cannon to be fired, and rockets to be sent up.)

' Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered; let them also that hate Him flee before Him.

' *Choir.*—Christ hath arisen from the dead, having trampled, &c.

' Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt Thou drive them away; and like as wax melteth at the fire, so let the ungodly perish at the presence of God.

' *Choir.*—Christ hath arisen, &c.

' But let the righteous be glad, and rejoice before God; let them also be merry and joyful.

' *Choir.*—Christ hath arisen, &c.

' This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it.

' *Choir.*—Christ hath arisen, &c.

' Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, now and ever, and to ages of ages.

' *Choir.*—Christ hath arisen, &c.'

Two more examples may suffice for the East. Before the Liturgy on Whit-sunday, the 20th Psalm is thus said:—

' The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the Name of the God of Jacob defend thee.

' Save us, O good Paraclete, who chant to Thee, Alleluia.

' Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Sion.

' Save us, O good Paraclete, who chant to Thee, Alleluia.

' Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifice.

' Save us, O good Paraclete, who chant to Thee, Alleluia.

But of all the antiphons retained, after the ancient manner by the Eastern Church, that is by far the most remarkable which forms a part of the Great Apodeipnon; that is, Compline on the highest festivals. It clearly dates from a time when heathenism, though overthrown, was only just overthrown, and when a change of succession in the line of emperors might have involved the renewal of such a persecution as that of Decius

or Diocletian. It is said immediately after the 91st Psalm, and in the monotone, except (singularly enough) in Lent. And thus it runs:—

- ' God is with us; hear it, O ye nations, and be ye subdued.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' Hear it unto the uttermost bounds of the earth.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' Having been mighty, be ye brought under.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' And if ye shall again become mighty, again also ye shall be brought under.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' And if ye shall devise any counsel, the Lord shall scatter it.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' And if ye shall speak any word, it shall not remain in you.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' And we will not be afraid of your fear, neither will we be troubled.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' But we will sanctify the Lord our God, and He shall be our fear.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' And if I trust in Him, He shall be to me for sanctification.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' And I will trust in Him, and I shall be saved by Him.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' Behold, I, and the children whom God hath given me.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' They that dwell in the land and the shadow of death, the light shall shine upon them.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' And the government shall be upon His shoulder.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' And of His peace there shall be no end.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' And His name shall be called the Angel of the Great Counsel.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' The Wonderful Counsellor.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' The Mighty God, the Potentate, the Prince of Peace.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' The Father of the age to come.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' Both now and ever, and to ages of ages.
- ' *For God is with us.*
- ' God is with us; know it, O ye nations, and be ye subdued.
- ' *For God is with us.*

We might easily show, did time permit, that the use of the Mozarabic rite was the same; as it also is to this day in the Church of Milan.

It would appear that the repetition of the antiphon after every verse lasted far down into the eighth century, at least in religious houses. We find, in the year 814, an anonymous writer thus addressing Batheric, who was Bishop of Batisbon:—
 ‘There are some who, going only to church on account of the fear of man, and, lest they should be judged idle, rush through the Psalms with all possible speed, and leave out the antiphons, in order that they may the sooner be able to return to the ease of their bodies.’ In the tenth century, we find that the practice was everywhere going out of use; for it is recorded of the monks of Cluny, who had a particular devotion to S. Martin, that, because the service for his festival was short, and the nights long, they repeated the antiphon to every verse of the office.

And so it gradually came to pass that the present Roman use prevailed; and the antiphon was restricted, as a general rule, to the beginning and end of the Psalm, or to the beginning and end of two or four Psalms taken together, as the case might be. The 95th Psalm, however, has its antiphon or Invitatory additionally repeated at the end of the second, fourth, seventh, and ninth verses; and a similar repetition takes place when that Psalm is, on the feast of the Epiphany, said at the beginning of the third Nocturn.

The next step in abbreviation was the repetition of only the first three or four words of the antiphon at the commencement of the Psalm, except on high festivals,—an abbreviation which, however, is sometimes not without the advantage of peculiarly riveting, as it does, the attention on the emphatic word. What force, for example, is given by a single word, as the previous antiphon to the 56th and 57th Psalms, at Matins on Wednesday,—FOR; by which word the whole tenor of the two Psalms is made to imply that trust and confidence which man may now have in God, because, as on the Wednesday, God trusted in man, and was betrayed. So again, in the Office for the Dead, the antiphon (as cut off at its mediation) of the 7th Psalm is the word ‘Lest.’

But now, to take some examples of Psalms, the sense of which is directed throughout by means of the antiphon. The perfection of an antiphon is, no doubt, when it can be taken from its own Psalm; but even mediæval piety could not always accomplish that; and a considerable proportion of those said are not even taken from the Psalms at all.

Let us select a few of those which occur most frequently. The 1st Psalm is said in the ordinary Sunday service, in the Common of one Martyr, in the Common of many Martyrs, in the Common of a Confessor and Bishop, Easter-day,

and Whitsun-day. In the first, we have this ordinary everyday duty of a Christian: 'Serve the Lord* with fear, and rejoice unto Him with reverence,' eliciting no peculiar sense from the Psalm, but leaving it appropriate to the duties of common life. In the second, 'His delight* was in the law of the Lord day and night,'—not only, according to the mediæval interpretation, in the day of prosperity, but in the night of affliction, even such affliction as the pains of martyrdom; and then, immediately, 'the way of the ungodly,' 'the seat of the scornful,' 'the ungodly who shall not be able to stand in the judgment,' speak of the unrighteous tribunal at which the martyr stood. The 'tree planted by the rivers of waters' is Christ Himself on the Cross, whom every sufferer for the truth was in some sort 'like;' and the 'fruit in due season' sets forth how the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church. The third gives us the antiphon, 'By the rivers* of water he planted the vineyard of the just, and in the law of the Lord was their delight.' Here, with the same general bearing, their sowing in tears that they may reap in joy is more prominently brought forth. A Bishop and Confessor's Festival directs us to another verse: 'Blessed is the man* who doth exercise himself in the law of the Lord: his will remaineth day and night; and all things whatsoever he doeth shall prosper;' thus referring the Psalm to the study and doctrine of the Saint whom the Church commemorates. At Easter:— 'I am* that I am; and my counsel is not with the wicked; but in the law of the Lord is my delight; Alleluia.' Thus the whole is boldly taken, no longer of the martyrs and confessors of the Lord, but of the Lord of martyrs and confessors. He is the Man that is blessed—that stood not in the way of sinners, that exercised himself in the law of the Lord, as in the threefold answer to the threefold temptation—whose leaf shall not wither, because the leaves of that tree are for the healing of the nations. On Whitsun-day, in ordinary breviaries, the antiphon is, 'Suddenly* there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind; Alleluia, Alleluia;' but in some provincial German uses, 'Look,* whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper;' thus applying the Psalm no longer to Christ or to Christians, but directly to the Holy Ghost. S. Thomas's antiphon for Corpus Christi is, 'The Lord gave His salutary fruit to be tasted in the time of His death;' thus riveting the sequence of thought to the institution of the new Sacrament.

The 51st Psalm, again, is one that occurs as often as most. In the ordinary ferial service at Lauds, the antiphons run on in sequence, according to that favourite rule of the Church, where no very particular point was to be brought out.

‘Miserere mei, Deus. Ver. 1. *Monday.*

‘Dele iniquitatem meam. Ver. 1. *Tuesday.*

‘Amplius lava me ab injustitiâ meâ. Ver. 2. *Wednesday.*

(A good example of the use of the Italic Version, for the Gallican has *iniquitate*.)

‘Tibi soli peccavi. Ver. 4. *Thursday.*

‘Spiritu principali confirma me. Ver. 12. *Friday.*

‘Bene fac, Domine, in bonâ voluntate tuâ Sion. Ver. 18. *Saturday.*

But in the Office for the Dead the one leading feature is, ‘That the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice;’ or, as it is in the Vulgate, ‘The bones which Thou hast *humbled*;’ thus magnificently bringing out the ‘sown in corruption, raised in incorruption; sown in dishonour, raised in glory; sown in weakness, raised in power,’ of the Apostle. On the Wednesday in Holy Week, ‘Deliver me from blood-guiltiness’ (*de sanguinolento*), ‘O God, and my tongue shall sing of Thy righteousness,’ refers the Psalm to Him against whom blood-thirsty men did indeed rise up, and who did indeed sing of the righteousness of the Father, when He said, ‘As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you.’ On Maundy Thursday we have, ‘That Thou mightest be justified in Thy saying’—‘He who had so often prophesied that He should be delivered to the Gentiles, and spitefully entreated, and put to death, and that He should rise again the third day—and clear when Thou art judged;’ according to Pilate’s own confession, ‘I find no fault in this man.’ On Good Friday, the ordinary antiphon is simply borrowed from the New Testament, ‘God spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all.’ But we have seen a Dutch Breviary, which, with the wonderful devotion to the Passion which distinguished the good men of that Church in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, gives a far finer one in the Psalm itself, ‘Tunc acceptis sacrificium justitiæ.’ That same Breviary gives for this Psalm on Easter-eve, instead of the usual, ‘O Death, I will be thy death! O Grave, I will be thy destruction,’ the same as that employed in the Office for the Dead, and, to our taste, with very fine effect.

The last three Psalms, the *Laudes* of S. Gregory, have, of course, a great variety of antiphons. The ferial use is the same as that described with respect to Psalm li., except that the ordinary Sunday antiphon is,—Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia. Otherwise, the sequence of verses is followed: 1. Laudate Dominum de cœlis. 2. Omnes Angeli ejus, laudate Dominum de cœlis. 3. Cœli cœlorum laudate Deum. 4. In Sanctis ejus laudate Deum. 5. In tympano, et choro, in chordis et organo, laudate Deum. 6. In cymbalis is bene sonantibus laudate Deum. That on Wednesday, in Holy Week, is singularly

happy: 'To bind their kings in chains, and their nobles with links of iron:' the reference being to 'Let us break their boards asunder, and cast away their cords from us,' of the second Psalm. Again, in the Office for the Dead, the very exact verse, to harmonise the solemnity of the Office with the joyousness of the Psalms, 'Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord;' literally, 'Let every spirit praise the Lord.'

• As we have had occasion to refer so often to the Office of the Dead, it may be worth while to point out the magnificent manner in which, its key-note having been once pitched, the Psalms fall into their proper place. Take, for example, the 65th. The antiphon is, 'Thou that hearest the prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come;' *come*, that is, when all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live. Of the first verse we have already spoken; the praise of God commenced in Sion, and the vow completed in the heavenly Jerusalem. Next, of the blessedness of those that die in the Lord: 'Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest and receivest unto Thee: he shall dwell in Thy court, and shall be satisfied with the pleasures of Thy house, even of Thy holy temple.' Then, looking forward to the greatest of all wonders, the general Resurrection, 'Thou shalt show us wonderful things in thy righteousness, O God of our salvation; Thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth'—of the countless corpses scattered as it were over the whole surface of the globe—'and of them that remain in the broad sea,' 'looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead.' And still, with reference to the same hope, 'Thou visitest the earth'—at that great visitation at the last day—'and blessest it.' ('Come, ye blessed children of my Father.') 'Thou makest it very plenteous,' when every churchyard shall bring forth its abundant crop of life—

'Satt, von Gott gesäet, amd Tage der Garben zu reifen.'

'Thy clouds'—when the Son of Man shall come in the clouds of heaven—'drop fatness: they shall drop upon the dwellings of the wilderness'—the unknown and lonely resting-places of so many of God's saints—'and the little hills'—the graves of the earth—'shall rejoice on every side.'

Or again, take the 68d Psalm. The antiphon is, 'Thy right hand hath upholden me:' the protecting and providential care which, through the lapse of centuries and amidst all the organic changes of matter, nevertheless upholds and will bring together again the bodies which, 'having been sown in corruption, shall be raised in incorruption.' And, in this sense, how beautiful, is

the 'Early will I seek Thee,' taken in connexion with 'Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection.' 'My flesh also longeth after Thee,' while waiting its reunion with the soul. Once more, 'Have I not remembered Thee in my bed, and thought upon Thee when I was waking?' (Compare, 'When I awake up after Thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it.') 'Those also that seek the hurt of my soul, they shall go under the earth.' So, in Zechariah, 'The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan . . . is not this a brand plucked out of the fire? But the king shall rejoice in God,'

• Et cum multis illic scandet
Unde solus venerat.

The 67th, as we have said, follows without a Gloria. And still the same idea is carried on: 'That Thy way may be known upon earth,'—the way by which our Lord, having conquered death, ascended to the Father, and by which He will come to bring His people with Him,—'Thy saving health' ('for He is the Saviour of the body') 'among all nations.' Again, 'Thou shalt judge the folk righteously'; and, in its full sense, 'then shall the earth bring forth her increase:—'

• Tu depositum tege corpus:
Non immemor ille requiet
Sua munera fietor et auctor,
Propriique enigmata vultus.

Veniant modo tempora justa
Cum spem Deus impleat omnem;
Reddas patefacta necesse est
Qualem tibi tradidit figuram.

Taken in this sense, it would seem as if these two Psalms were written for, and could apply to nothing except, a funeral office; let us now take them with another antiphon, and examine what meaning they may then bear.

On the Epiphany the antiphon is, 'When they had opened their gifts, they presented unto him, gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Alleluia.' Then the 'Early will I seek Thee,' will apply to the general expectation of the King that was to be born, and whom the star in the East heralded. The 'barren and dry land where no water is,' to the heathendom of those distant countries from whence the wise men came. 'Have I not remembered Thee on my bed, and thought upon Thee when I was waking?' will well set forth those watches of the night in which the astronomer kings must have beheld the new star. 'Those that seek the hurt of my soul,'—to whom should they refer, but to Herod and his court? 'The king shall rejoice in God,' will set forth the new kingdom set up on earth, of which

the following Psalm speaks more fully. 'God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and show us the light of His countenance,' well expresses His manifestation to the wise men. 'That Thy way may be known upon earth; Thy saving health among all nations;' the end and aim of His Epiphany, 'that the earth may be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.' So, even more remarkably, the doubly repeated prayer, 'Let the people praise Thee, O God,'—*the* people, hitherto the Lord's only people:—but now, from this day forward, that shall not be enough,—yea, let ALL the people 'praise Thee:' in other words, 'A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel.' 'Then shall the earth bring forth her increase;' true increase, the harvest to which the fields were white, even in the time of our Lord; 'and'—the Psalm well ends with a prophecy of the day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of the Lord and of His Christ—'all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.'

In the Eastern Church, though there are antiphons, yet from always recurring at the end of the Psalms, they have but little of the beauty which those of the Western Churches present. So, for example, at Lauds, the 3d Psalm is begun without any kind of antiphon; but at the end we have, 'I laid me down and slept and rose up again, for the Lord sustained me:' at the end of the 38th Psalm, 'Forsake me not, O Lord my God; be not Thou far from me; haste Thee to help me, O Lord God of my salvation.' At the end of the 88th, 'O Lord God, Thou strength of my health; Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle:' after the 103d Psalm, 'In all places of His dominion, praise the Lord, O my soul.'

One more observation it may be allowed us to make.

It may be, and no doubt it is, a great loss, that the English Church should have theoretically abandoned the weekly recitation of the Psalter; but, in point of fact, since the gradual over-riding of the serial Office, which we noticed some time since in reviewing the Abbé Guellée's History, more than half the Psalms are never recited by a Roman Priest, unless he happens to be in a Gallican Diocese, at all. The plain sense of the matter is this: we are bound to recite the Psalter monthly; he is bound to recite it weekly; but, in point of fact, says about the third part of it weekly, and omits the other two parts altogether. In the Roman Church, they *can* do without the Psalter, and the Breviary sometimes has the Psalter bound out:¹ in the English Church, miserably as we fail in its recitation, we should

¹ 'Je sais des lieux où l'on a fait retrancher par le relieur le psautier de la semaine des Bréviaires tout neufs, pour diminuer le poids des volumes.'—*Lettres Parisiennes*, p. 25.

be rather astonished to have a Prayer-Book presented to us without the whole.

We thus conclude the few remarks which have been suggested to us by the work which stands at the head of this article, and which we can cordially recommend. We do not profess to think that it is equal to that wonderful book—the Plain Commentary on the Gospels—from the same publisher; a Commentary which, in its way, is (to our minds) the best which any Church possesses. But the present work is assuredly superior to the best of the like Commentaries of former times, — Bishop Horne's: it is well calculated to assist many English Churchmen in realizing the real aim and tenets of the Psalter, and in setting forth our Lord therein—we end with the same idea with which we began—

αἰεὶ πρῶτόν τε, καὶ ὕστατον, ἔν τε μέσοισιν.

NOTICES.

WE have already acknowledged with commendation Mr. T. W. Perry's 'Lawful Church Ornaments,' (Masters;) a work which we considered, even in the unpublished state in which the author was desirous to submit it three months ago to our inspection, an important monument of the writer's painstaking research and critical powers. It is now our satisfaction to place it on our shelves as one of the *pièces justificatives* of the famous Knightsbridge Churches' case, and to congratulate not only Mr. Perry on his book, which must always be considered as a constituent in the final decision of the case, but ourselves, and all parties concerned, on that result. Of the substantial victory there can be no question. It is a mere sum in numeration. On the five main points on which the judgment of the two ecclesiastical courts had been given in favour of Mr. Westerton and his Puritan allies, the judgment has on three points been reversed. Sir Herbert Jenner Fust's decision on the stone altar case has been reaffirmed: a fixed altar-cross, as part of the altar structure, has been prohibited; so has lace on the white linen; and the Decalogue has been ordered to be inscribed on the wall. But, on the other hand, the lawfulness of—1. The cross in general, and of the cross over the chancel-screen in particular, together with the principle of symbolism on which it is and has been retained, is affirmed; and so also 2. of the chancel-screen and gates; and 3. of the altar-lights; and 4. of the credence table; and 5. of the various coloured altar-coverings. While incidentally that interpretation of the first canon on ornaments 'of the Church and ministers thereof,' which makes it to revive the special eucharistic vestments, has been also affirmed. These are the facts of the judgment: undoubtedly there is something to deplore in its obvious *animas*, and in its objectionable but extra-judicial statements of doctrine. It was designed rather as a compromise than an exhaustive settlement of the legal facts of the case: otherwise the principle which, in the early part of the judgment, so ably vindicated the use of the cross in general, was bound in all logic to go on without excluding it from the altar. While, on the other hand, the theological principle which, in another division of the subject, rejected the doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, ought scarcely to have permitted the credence table, which certainly is valued only as an appendage and exponent of the Sacramental oblation. Of course, we can almost smile at the results of this compromise, when the judges, compelled alike by law, common sense, and common propriety, to permit, in all its fulness, the symbolical sign of the cross as the distinctive emblem of Christianity, but desirous to give some crumbs of comfort to disappointed Puritanism, flung over, by way of compensation, the poor little scrap of lace. The consolation, to be sure, is one of the coldest, as Mr. Westerton has discovered. The thanks of the Church, as far as we, at least, can venture to represent the general gratitude, are due, and more substantial thanks, in the way of assisting the subscription, ought to be paid, to Mr. Liddell, for

his spirit and resolution, under very trying and difficult circumstances; and, above all, we are deeply indebted to those far-seeing and generous individuals at whose instance, and at whose cost, the Appeal was resolved upon, and has been prosecuted.

'The Epistles of Ovidius Naso,' translated by 'John Jump,' (Bell & Daldy,) is an experiment, and in every respect a failure. Neither in the way of morality, nor as a literary success—excepting always the clever and abominable epistle of Helen to Paris—are these tedious compositions worth the trouble of reading, still less of translating. The person writing under the pseudonym 'Jump' has innovated in metre; and in every other particular—syntax, diction, grammar, and sense—he fails equally. We give a single specimen of what may be characterised as the very worst attempt at translation in the English language, without a single redeeming qualification, except that of bald literalness:—

'Non tibi Thraciis adfixa penatibus ora,' &c. ix. 89—96.

'Of heads on Thracian hall you say your word:

Mares anthropophagous;

Of triple Geryon, rich in flock and herd,

Monster tricephalous:

'And Cerberus, the triple dog in one,

Whose hair immix'd with snakes;

The serpent, too, by every loss who won:

A lopp'd-head double makes.'

Dr. Kynaston, of S. Paul's School, has translated, with considerable taste, and a fine appreciation of his noble subject, Peter Damiani's celebrated 'Rhythm on the Glories of Paradise.' (Fellowes.) He has also pre-faced his composition with a neat and scholarly dissertation on Mediæval Hymns. The Cardinal's Hymn was first brought before ordinary readers in Dean Trench's 'Specimens of Sacred Latin Poetry;' and it is alluded to in Mr. Neale's 'Mediæval Hymns,' who, however, seems to prefer the *Hic brevis vivitur* of Bernard of Clugny; an adaptation of which is familiar to some of our readers in Mr. Neale's own noble translation of it, under the name of 'Jerusalem the Golden,' in some extant collections of Congregational Hymns. Mr. Wackberbarth has preceded Dr. Kynaston in translating Damiani's Hymn; but the last translator has not preserved the triplet arrangement of the original trochaics. By way of comparison, and to show how well Dr. Kynaston acquits himself of his difficult task,—but evidently a labour of love with this accomplished scholar,—we subjoin a specimen of the original and its rival versions:—

'Non alternat luna vices, sol, vel cursus siderum;

Agnus est felix urbis lumen inocciduum,

Nox et tempus desunt ei, diem fert continuum.

Nam et sancti quique velut sol præclarus rutilant,

Post triumphum coronati mutuo conjubilant,

Et prostrati pugnæ hostis jam securi numerant.'

KYNASTON.

'Pale-sick moons no more are waning, stars bespangle not the night,
God is now that city's sunshine, and the Lamb its living light;
'Eve and morn divide no longer, noons disperse a deepening ray,
For each saint is now in glory, shining to the perfect day;
'Crown'd they shout their jubilates, joyous now the fight is done,
Safely, now the foe is prostrate, boast them how the field was won.'

WACKERBARTH.

'There nor waxing moons nor waning, sun nor stars in courses bright,
For the Lamb to that great City shines an everlasting light;
There the daylight beams for ever, all unknown are time and night,
For the saints, in beauty beaming, shine in light and glory pure,
Crown'd in triumphs' flushing honours, joy in unison secure,
And in safety tell their battles and their foes' discomfiture.'

We take the liberty of regretting that, in the first line, Dr. Kynaston has omitted what Damiani so well specified on the apocalyptic characteristics of the New Jerusalem: 'The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon.'

Mr. T. Todd, of Manchester, has printed a pamphlet, 'The Denison Case, and the XXXIX Articles,' (Masters,) in which he deals, in a very convincing and well-argued way, with the assertion that the Articles are the sole test of doctrine. This publication exhibits extensive reading and sound principles.

Mr. Seymour, of Kinwarton, has published in the shape of a pamphlet, under the title 'Lay Membership in Church Synods,' (Conyers,) his recent speech in Convocation, advocating the admission of the laity to Church councils.

Archdeacon Paul has sent from New Zealand a useful little volume on the material as well as spiritual prospects of that colony. Its title is, 'Letters from Canterbury, New Zealand,' (Rivingtons;) and it contains useful and practical hints on sheep-farming, and stocking.

Siebold on 'True Parthenogenesis,' (Van Voorst,) is a dissertation somewhat out of our particular line of study; but it contains some very curious matter on a remarkable physiological phenomenon, which seems to be well authenticated.

Another delightful and characteristic monograph,—'Chatterton,'—from Dr. Maitland, (Rivingtons,) displays not only that veteran writer's delicacy of critical tact, but disposes of much of the glorious haze which has traditionally invested the solitary literary celebrity of Bristol. It proves not only that Chatterton was a dishonest literary adventurer—a libeller and plagiarist of the first or last order—but that he was in his undoubted compositions a very poor creature. Dr. Maitland thinks that the Rowley poems may be recovered, and that Chatterton really had access to them. We cannot on this particular follow Dr. Maitland; rather we are disposed to pronounce that the value of all Chatterton's publications has been grossly exaggerated.

The well-known papers, which appeared originally in our own pages, on the 'Moral and Devotional Theology of the Church of Rome,' (Mozley,) have been long acknowledged by their author, the Rev. Frederick Meyrick. They are now collected in a compact volume, to which is prefixed, from the American edition, a preface by Mr. Cleveland Coxe, of Baltimore. While, of course, special reasons prevent us from enlarging on the value of this volume, its republication across the Atlantic is a sufficient proof of its popularity.

The second volume of 'Sir Robert Peel's Memoirs' has appeared: (Murray.) If it does not add much to the knowledge possessed by ordinary students of our recent politics, it does a good deal in the way of increasing our personal respect for one who, under an unengaging demeanour, had the gift of attaching to himself, by personal ties, the very first men of his age; and who alone of recent statesmen had a personal following, and leaves as a bond of union, however now necessarily weakened, the charm of his own great name. We are tempted to extract a beautiful letter, which does not seem to have attracted the taste of the usual reviewers: it is written to Lord Hardinge, on the occasion of Peel's last departure from Downing-street.

'Sir R: PEEL to Lord HARDINGE, in India.'

Drayton Manor, July 4, 1846.

'MY DEAR HARDINGE,

'You will see that we are *out*—defeated by a combination of Whigs and Protectionists.

'A much less emphatic hint would have sufficed for me.

'I would not have held office by sufferance for a week.

'Were I to write a quire of paper, I could not recount to you what has passed with half so much detail and accuracy as the public papers will recount it. There are no secrets. We have fallen in the face of day, and with our front to our enemies.

'There is nothing I would not have done to ensure the carrying of the measures I had proposed this Session.

'I pique myself on never having proposed anything which I have not carried.

'But the moment their success was ensured, and I had the satisfaction of seeing two drowsy Masters in Chancery mumble out at the Table of the House of Commons, that the Lords had passed the Corn and Customs Bills, I was satisfied.

'Two hours after this intelligence was brought, we were ejected from power; and by another coincidence as marvellous, on the day on which I had to announce in the House of Commons the dissolution of the Government, the news arrived that we had settled the Oregon question, and that our proposals had been accepted by the United States without the alteration of a word.

'I have just got your letter of the 5th of May. You had not then heard of our reception in England of your closing exploits on the Sutlej. I would have sent Johnny [his son] out to you by the first packet if it had not been for recent events—and I am not at all sure that I will not do so still; for I dare say you will have to remain some time.

'Lady Peel and I are here quite alone—in the loveliest weather—feasting on solitude and repose, and I have every disposition to forgive my enemies for having conferred upon me the blessing of the loss of power.

'Most truly and affectionately yours,

'ROBERT PEELE.'

The third and last volume of that excellent manual, 'The Annals of England,' (Mozley,) has recently appeared. As an index to English history, the plan of this work is alike novel and complete. We recommend it to all students, not as a history, but as a guide and companion to all historical study. This volume is enriched by a catalogue, unusually complete, of the sources and authorities of English history.

Among speeches and pamphlets for and against a revision of the Authorized Version of the Scriptures, there has come out a sobering and practical publication, in the form of an actual 'Revision of the Gospel of S. John, by Five Clergymen,' for the most part known as scholars, or as commentators on the New Testament. What individuals only have hitherto attempted in varying degrees of failure, the five clergymen have done together, and, we presume, have eliminated each other's idiosyncrasies. At all events, they have produced a revision which comes nearer to our idea of what might be a practicable revision than any we have seen. The main characteristics of the work are its general adherence to the Authorized Version. There are often several verses in succession without any alteration; and the alterations are in many instances so slight, that we should not have been aware of them, had not the Authorized Version been printed in a parallel column. The causes of this seem to be that the style and diction of the Authorized Version have been carefully preserved, and the rhythm of particular verses retained; so that, while the words flow in the accustomed strain, we are not struck by the change. The text has not been revised critically; but those readings of the Greek text used by the old translators, which have (so to say) no MS. authority to stand on, have been corrected. Of the changes made we can scarcely speak in detail; of many we are not sure that we see the reason; of others we should be inclined to doubt the correctness; but as the translators have given no notes or explanations, except a preface, we cannot decide. The absence of any explanation of the reasons of the alterations is a defect. Some places there are where a wish to be precise, even to the retaining the ambiguity of the original, leads to very awkward English; e. g., 'the light which lighteneth every man coming into the world;' i. 9. And, 'for God giveth not the Spirit by measure;' iii. 34: where we think [to him] must be added to make any sense. And, 'He was the lamp, lighted and shining;' v. 35: agreeing with the translation of 'lamp,' we are sorry to lose 'burning,' especially when we remember that the prototype, the Baptist, is described (and to this our Lord seems to refer us) as 'the light that is come into the world.' The preface is admirably written, expressing wise and moderate thoughts in perspicuous and chaste language. The revisers do not express any opinion on the subject of an authorized revision. They send out this work apparently as affording materials for others to judge by. We conceive that, with some alterations, the present specimen would form a

fair model for the principles of revision. Some portions, particularly ch. xiii. and xv., even an English reader would feel to be great improvements: other parts, as the words of ch. v., would be less acceptable. We trust that the five clergymen will go on to other books of the New Testament.

Dr. M'Caul has published 'Reasons for holding fast to the Authorized Version,' (Wertheim;) and we are glad to find that so able a Hebraist is devoting himself to the task of justifying our received version of the Old Testament from the accusations brought against it. The Edinburgh and Westminster Reviewers, the Paragraph Bible, and Dr. Conquest's 20,000 errors, are the objects of Dr. M'Caul's animadversion. He justifies the divisions of our Scriptures into verses and chapters, the use of so-called Hebraisms and obsolete expressions, and the want of uniformity in translating; and shows that of the alterations suggested by different re-translators or revisers, most are needless, many uncertain, many objectionable. The attempt made on the New Testament in the Revision of the Gospel according to S. John, just noticed, he does not appear to have seen. That portion which refers to the Old Testament is the most full and valuable.

'Liturgical Purity our Rightful Inheritance,' (Hamilton and Adams,) is the title of a thick volume, by Mr. J. C. Fisher, a layman of good spirit and of considerable reading, though of principles entirely opposed to our own. Mr. Fisher argues for the large revision of the Prayer-Book, because, unquestionably, its honest interpretation is favourable to 'the Romanizing tendencies of the present day;' because the doctrine of the Church is to be found in its liturgical forms: and because the meaning of the Baptismal Service is clear and decisive, and the 'charitable hypothesis' is an evasive expedient, and a discreditable one, and not older than the seventeenth century; and Mr. Fisher concludes that the result of the revision of 1662, instigated by 'the universal prevalence, or 'rather predominance,' of Romanizing views of Christian doctrine at the 'period of the Restoration,' was to 'leaven the Liturgy deeply,' with those views; that the services were 'then placed in much closer proximity to the old Sacramentarian theory:' especially did those changes 'involve a positive recognition of the real and essential presence in the Holy Eucharist:' and he adds that we have an 'ordinal as well as a service for the Visitation of the Sick, most extravagantly worded as it regards the higher claims of sacerdotal authority:' and 'an Office for Adult Baptism, compiled for the very purpose of expanding, to its utmost limit the ecclesiastical meaning of the term Regeneration.' In a word, 'that the Church of England is, in the matter of Baptism, 'at the present moment, the most purely sacerdotal of all the Churches that 'comprise the Christian Commonwealth.' We can afford to thank Mr. Fisher very sincerely for this able contribution to the subject. He is a lawyer, and brings to the subject the method and spirit of the legal mind: and we recommend his volume to the especial attention of Mr. Goode.

From Mr. Van Voest we have received a beautiful volume—'Life'—by Mr. Gosse, quite equal in spirit and scientific exactness to the many

delightful works which we owe to this accomplished writer. The defect—and, perhaps, it is in these days a recommendation—is Mr. Gosse's habit of sermonizing.

Two beautiful editions of Taylor's 'Holy Living' and 'Holy Dying' attest Mr. J. H. Parker's taste and feeling in the reproduction of our standard devotional writers.

'Six Lectures on the Prayer-Book,' by Mr. Reichel, (Hodges and Smith,) are really beneath criticism: Mr. Fisher's book would do Mr. Reichel good: as would Mr. T. T. Carter's very able work 'On the Priesthood,' (Masters,) which we recommend as ~~at once~~ conciliatory in tone, decisive in its conclusions, and full in its arguments.

Dr. Caswall, under the title of 'The Martyr of the Pongas,' (Livingstone,) has embodied the affecting narrative of the life and labours of Mr. H. J. Leacock, the first Missionary sent out by the West-Indian Church on their own West-African Mission. Mr. Leacock's life was simple enough, and his missionary labours met an untimely end; but he was a person of rare decision and earnestness,—humble, yet resolute, and with a single eye to work. The narrative is an instructive one; and it shows the native African character, and in a favourable light.

Mr. Keble has printed a very momentous 'Argument' against proceeding immediately to repeal the laws which treat the nuptial bond as indissoluble. (J. H. Parker.) It is concerned mainly with the interpretations of the passages in the New Testament which seem to countenance divorce. Happily, by the dissolution of Parliament, the immediate danger is averted: meanwhile, we recommend this pamphlet to the serious consideration of all authorities in Church and State. The subject ought to be kept carefully distinct from the merely secular question of dealing with the property, or even earnings, of married women.

Among practical publications we single out Bishop Forbes' 'Sermons on Amendment of Life,' (Masters,) as particularly valuable and awakening.

Mr. Bright's 'Selection of Ancient Collects,' (J. H. Parker,) translated from the various Sacramentaries, shows how natural in the Scotch Church is the recurrence to primitive sources.

One, and perhaps not the least valuable, of the results of the discussions proposed by the Bishop of Salisbury to the Dean and Chapter of his Diocese, is a thoughtful essay on Cathedrals, read by Mr. Percival Ward, of Compton Valence, at Dorchester. It is enriched with extracts from authorities, which have done much to produce the better feeling of the present day towards these sacred institutions.

A series of impressive and awakening 'Lent Sermons,' preached in the church of St. Mary's, Oxford, by a succession of practical preachers, is now in course of publication by Mr. J. H. Parker. The Bishops of Oxford, London, Salisbury, and Lincoln, are engaged in the course; and preachers of different schools of thought, as represented by Drs. Trench, Goulburn, Hooke, and Heurtley, combine for an object which embodies that most elementary object of the Gospel on which all earnest men ought to delight

to meet. It is with reluctance that we contrast this work in the diocese of Oxford with what has recently occurred in the diocese of Bristol. Bishop Butler, in enumerating the 'obvious occasions of silence,' mentions the having nothing to say but what had better not be said. Bishop Baring seems to have forgotten the advice of his celebrated predecessor in the See of Bristol. It was not long after his consecration, when, at a public meeting at Clifton, he avowed his contempt of all men who were not party-men, and proclaimed his own adherence to the Evangelical interest. He further justified his views by an appeal to the New Testament. We are not able, at a moment's notice, to place our hand upon the passages of the New Testament which can be alleged in defence of schism. We cannot, however, accuse the Bishop of not acting up to his principles. It has been usual for many years to hold special services at Bristol during Lent, and a sermon is preached in one of the city churches every day during that season. Somewhat above thirty of his Clergy being engaged to take part in this scheme, it was thought desirable to apply to the Bishop for his sanction and assistance. This, however, was promptly declined; the Bishop replying that the whole affair was a party move, and declining to occupy a pulpit after such men,—mentioning by name two or three of the most respectable Clergy in the diocese; adding, that for similar reasons he had refused to take any part in the Lent services at Oxford, which we have just specified, not feeling that he could associate himself with the Bishops of Oxford and Salisbury. The party, it seems, is large enough to hold such divines as we have mentioned. Under these circumstances, we feel inclined to ask, who are Bishop Baring's party?

An apt memorial of the late Bishop of Sydney has been furnished by the publication of a volume of his 'Sermons on the Church of England,' &c. (Bell and Daldy.) It is enriched with a preface, the composition of which must have been a labour of love to its writer, Archdeacon Harrison. Bishop Broughton was selected as the first master-builder of the Australian Church by the Duke of Wellington; and he eminently fulfilled that promise which the high and able curacy had recommended him to that distinguished position.

Of Sermons, we have to mention:—a new volume, 'Five Sermons,' preached at Cambridge, by the Dean of Westminster, (J. W. Parker)—a new volume, and equal to its predecessor, by Mr. Gurney, of Marylebone, (Rivingtons).—a volume, by Mr. Mossman, (Masters).—a publication remarkable for originality, verging on quaintness, by Mr. Evans, of Enfield, —'Lectures on Job,' and a good set of Sermons 'On the Commandments,' by Mr. Chaffer, of Greenwich, (Rivingtons.)

ERRATA.

Page 216, line 7 from the bottom, for 'naval officer' read 'naval instructor.'
Page 215, line 14, insert 'not' before 'to reason.'

